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Napoleon crossing the Alps.

THE

CAMPAIGNS

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE,

EMBRACING

THE EVENTS OF HIS UNEXAMPLED
MILITARY CAREER,

FROM THE

SIEGE OF TOULON TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

ALSO,

THE PERIOD FROM HIS ABDICATION OF THE THRONE,

TO

HIS FINAL IMPRISONMENT AND DEATH,

ON THE

ROCK OF ST. HELENA.

PREVIOUS TO WHICH

AN ACCOUNT OF THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

COMPILED FROM DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

EMBELLISHED WITH FINE ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

This work advances no greater claim to public consideration than that of a compilation. In the prosecution of his task, the compiler has made numerous extracts from the works of Scott, Lockhart, Clarke, and other English authors, yet he has avoided those comments upon the political character and acts of Napoleon which evidently partake of the national feelings and prejudices of those writers. The design of this work is to give to the reader a faithful narrative of those great military operations, which agitated Europe for a period of twenty years. The materials have been drawn from sources that may be relied upon, and the compiler has endeavored to arrange them so as to present a comprehensive narrative of Napoleon's military career, together with the most important incidents of his private and political life,—leaving to the reader the privilege of making his own comments, and to history the task of doing justice to the character of Napoleon.

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CAMPAIGNS OF NAPOLEON.

CHAP. I.

Causes of the French Revolution. Meeting of the States-General, May 1789. Predominant influence of the Third Estate. Formation of the National Assembly. Destruction of the Bastile. Sacrifices made by the privileged classes. Horrors of the civil war waged betwixt the rich and poor. Plan of the Democrats to bring the King and Assembly to Paris. Mob of women march to Versailles, and compel the King and Royal Family to return with them to Paris. La Fayette resolves to enforce order. A baker murdered by the rabble. Decree imposing martial law, in case of insurrection. General view of the operations of the Assembly. Enthusiasm of the people for their new privileges.

Before we proceed to narrate the brilliant achievements of Napoleon, it is necessary, in the first place, briefly to review that great and hitherto unheard of course of events which prepared, carried on, and matured the French Revolution:—a period of history the most important, perhaps, which the annals of mankind afford.

After the peace concluded at Versailles in 1783, the state of Europe in general was either pacific, or disturbed by troubles of no long duration. But it was in France that a thousand circumstances, some arising out of the general history of the world, some peculiar to that country herself, mingled like the ingredients of the witches' cauldron, to produce in succession many a formidable but passing apparition.

The first cause of the Revolution in France was the great change which had taken place in the feelings of the French towards their government, and the monarch who was at its head. The devoted loyalty of the people had been for several ages the most marked characteristic of the nation.—Every true Frenchman submitted without scruple, to that abridgement of personal liberty which appeared necessary to render the monarch great, and France victorious. The same feeling was awakened, after all the changes of the Revolution, by the wonderful successes of the individual of whom the future pages are to treat, and who transferred to his own person, by deeds almost exceeding credibility, the devoted attachment with which France formerly regarded the ancient line of her kings.

The necessity of a great change in the principles of the ancient French monarchy had its source in the usurpations of preceding kings over the liberties of the subject, and the opportunity for this change was afforded by the weakness and pecuniary distresses of the present government. The original movements of the Revolution, so far as they went to secure the people the restoration of their natural liberty and the abolition of the usurpations of the crown, had become not only desirable, through the change of times, and by the influence of public opinion, but peremptorily necessary and inevitable.

The immediate, and most effective cause of the Revolution must be referred to the distresses of the people, and the embarrassments of the government, occasioned by the enormous expenses of the war in which France supported the independence of the American colonies. The profligacy of the Court; the dissentions of the clergy; the gradual progress of general intelligence; the dissemination of revolutionary principles, occasioned by the American contest, and the long established oppressions to which the mass of the people were subjected, all contributed to the same effect, but in a subordinate degree. It was not till the Court and the ministers were reduced to the most desperate expedients of finance, and compelled to court the favor, while they insulted the distresses of the nation, that the latent dissatisfaction of the people was excited to activity, and terminated in the fury of revolutionary enthusiasm. Exhausted by oppression, irritated by the continual presence of insulting tyranny, and unblushing licentiousness, excited to resentment of their wrongs, and instructed in the knowledge of their rights, the people of France awakened to one universal spirit of complaint and resistance. The cry of liberty resounded from the capital to the frontiers, and was reverberated to the Alps, the Pyrennees, the shores of the Meditteranean and the Atlantic. Like all sudden and violent alterations in corrupt states, the explosion was accompanied by evils and attrocities, before which the crimes and the miseries of the ancient despotism faded into insignificance.

On the first of May, 1789, after an interval of 175 years, the States General of France met for the first time. It was soon discovered that the Assembly was divided into various descriptions of delegates, marshalled under their respective chiefs and ready to combat their antagonists on the field of political warfare. It likewise appeared that the Third Estate, which in 1614, the Nobles had refused to acknowledge even as a younger brother of their order, was now, like the rod of the prophet, to swallow up all those who affected to share its power. Even amid the pageantry with which the ceremonial of the first sitting abounded, it was clearly visible that the wishes, hopes and interest of the public, were exclusively fixed upon the representatives of the commons. The rich garments and floating plumes of the nobility, and reverend robes of the clergy, had nothing to fix the public eye; their sounding and emphatic titles had nothing to win the ear; the recollection of the highs feat of the one, and long sanctified character of the other order, had nothing to influence the mind of the spectators. All eyes were turned on the members of the Third Estate, in a plebeian and humble costume, corresponding to their lowly birth and occupation, as the only portion of the assembly from whom they looked for the lights and the counsels which the time demanded.

Five or six weeks elapsed in useless debates concerning the form in which the Estates should vote; during which period the Tiers Etat showed, by their boldness and decision, that they knew the advantage which they held, and were sensible that the other bodies, if they meant to retain the influence of their situation in any shape, must unite with them, on the principle according to which smaller drops of water are attracted by the larger. This came to pass accordingly. The Tiers Etat were joined by the whole body of inferior clergy and by some of the nobles, and on 17th June, 1789, proceeded to constitute themselves a legislative body, exclusively competent in itself to the entire province of legislation; and, renouncing the name of the Third Estate, which reminded them they were only one out of three bodies, they adopted that of the National Assembly, and avowed themselves, not merely the third branch of the representative body, but the sole representatives of the people of France, nay, the people themselves, wielding in person the whole gigantic powers of the realm. The members took, and attested by their respective signatures, a solemn oath, to continue their sittings until the constitution of the country should be fixed on a solid basis.

But the National Assembly, though almost unanimous in resisting the authority of the crown, and opposing the claims of the privileged classes, was much divided respecting ulterior views, and carried in its bosom the seeds of internal dissention, and the jarring elements of at least four parties, which had afterwards their successive entrance and exit on the revolutionary stage; or rather one followed the other like successive billows, each obliterating and destroying the marks its predecessor had left on the beach.

The measures adopted by the court to defeat the designs of its adversaries, and accomplish its own, were planned without judgment and enforced without energy. Eleven of the foot-guards were prosecuted for disobedience to orders, and were liberated by the populace without incurring the infliction of punishment for so outrageous a violation of the peace. The disorderly state of the metropolis and the unfitness of the guards for re-establishing tranquility, were advanced as ostensible reasons for collecting in the neighborhood of the capital a considerable body of troops from various parts of the kingdom. The citizens, determined to co-operate with the National Assembly in the establishment of a free government in opposition to the military force brought against them, formed themselves into a regular militia, classed according to their several sections, and amounting to 48,000 men. They afterwards took the name of the National Guard and appointed La Fayette commander in chief.

Some unknown individual, on the morning of the 14th of July, after attracting the attention of the citizens, exclaimed, "Let us take the Bastile." The name of this fortress, which recalled to the memory of the people every thing hateful and oppressive in the ancient despotism, operated with immediate and irresistible effect. The cry of "To the Bastile," resounded from rank to rank, from street to street, and from the Palais Royal to the suburbs of St. Antoine. An army composed of citizens and soldiers provided with pikes forged during the night, and with muskets procured at the Invalids, was immediately formed. The French guards were prevailed upon to join this motley crew, and the close order of their march, their shining firelocks, their military appearance and their cannon, while they exhibited a striking contrast to their party colored allies, afforded the only reasonable hope of reducing a fortress hitherto terrible to the Parisians, and which since the time of Louis XI, had been accustomed to receive the victims of royal despotism. Deputations from the Hotel de Ville, an astonishing crowd in motion from the vicinity, a body of armed men in front, and forces marching to their support from all parts of an immense capital, equally intimidated and perplexed de Launey the governor, who sometimes parleyed and sometimes fought with the assailants. To the astonishment of all military men, the Bastile, defended by ditches apparently impassable, and to the towers and battlements of which there seemed no access, was carried by storm after an assault of two hours. De Launey the governor, was conveyed to the place de Greve, and instantly massacred. M. de Losme the mayor, a man of great humanity, unhappily shared a similar fate. The marquis of Pelleport was so deeply penetrated with the kindness which the mayor had shown him while a prisoner in the Bastile, that ardently clasping him in his arms, he implored the people, in the most pathetic manner, to spare the life of a friend to whom he was so deeply indebted. But his supplications were unavailing. The mayor's head was inhumanly severed from his body, and it was with great difficulty that the generous marquis, a young nobleman of rank and merit, escaped the same unmerited doom. Regnart, a subaltern officer, who had prevented the governor from setting fire to the magazine, was also killed, and the whole garrison would have been sacrificed by the populace, had it not been for the generous interposition of the French guards, who implored and obtained mercy. The populace now proceeded to insult and mutilate the remains of the dead, and exhibited their heads on pikes, to the gaze of insulting multitudes. The victorious Parisians, exploring the gloomy dungeons of oppression, in expectation of delivering numbers of unfortunate victims, found only seven captives, four of whom were confined for forgery; so little was this engine of tyranny employed under the mild and humane sway of the reigning monarch.

The insurrection of Paris being acquiesced in by the sovereign, was recognised by the nation as a legitimate conquest, instead of a state crime; and the tameness of the king in enduring its violence, was assumed as a proof that the citizens had but anticipated his intended forcible measures against the Assembly, and prevented the military occupation of the city. In the debates of the Assembly itself, the insurrection was vindicated; the fears and suspicions alleged as its motives were justified as well-founded; the passions of the citizens were sympathized with, and their worst excesses palliated and excused. When the horrors accompanying the murder of Berthier and Foulon were dillated upon by Lally Tolendahl in the Assembly, he was heard and answered as if he had made mountains out of mole-hills. Mirabeau said, that "it was a time to think, and not to feel." Barnave asked, with a sneer, "If the blood which had been shed was so pure?" Robespierre, rising into animation with acts of cruelty fitted to call forth the interest of such a mind, observed, that "the people, oppressed for ages, had a right to the revenge of a day."

But how long did that day last, or what was the fate of those who justified its enormites? From that hour the mob of Paris, or rather the suborned agitators by whom the actions of that blind multitude were dictated, became masters of the destiny of France. An insurrection was organized whenever there was any purpose to be carried, and the Assembly might be said to work under the impulse of the popular current, as mechanically as the wheel of a water engine is driven by the cascade.

The king came, or was conducted to the Hotel de Ville of Paris, in what compared to the triumph of the minister, was a sort of ovation, in which he appeared rather as a captive than otherwise. He entered into the edifice under a vault of steel, formed by the crossed sabres and pikes of those who had been lately engaged in combating his soldiers, and murdering his subjects. He adopted the cockade of the insurrection; and in doing so, ratified and approved of the acts done expressly against his command, acquiesced in the victory obtained over his own authority, and completed that conquest by laying down his arms.

The conquest of the Bastile was the first, almost the only appeal to arms during the earlier part of the Revolution; and the popular success, afterwards sanctioned by the monarch, showed that nothing remained save the name of the ancient government.

The conviction that the ancient monarchy of France had fallen forever, gave encouragement to the numerous parties which united in desiring a new constitution, although they differed on the principles on which it was to be founded. But all agreed that it was necessary, in the first place, to clear away the remains of the ancient state of things. They resolved upon the abolition of all feudal rights, and managed the matter with so much address that it was made to appear on the part of those who held them a voluntary surrender. The debate in the National Assembly was turned by the popular leaders upon the odious character of the feudal rights and privileges, as being the chief cause of the general depression and discontent in which the kingdom was involved. The nobles understood the hint which was thus given them, and answered it with the ready courage and generosity which had been at all times the attribute of their order, though sometimes these noble qualities have been indiscreetly exercised. "Is it from us personally that the nation expects sacrifices?" said the Marquis de Foucault; "be assured that you shall not appeal in vain to our generosity. We are desirous to defend to the last the rights of the monarchy, but we can be lavish of our peculiar and personal interests."

The same general sentiment pervaded at once the Clergy and Nobles, who, sufficiently sensible, that what they resigned could not operate essentially to the quiet of the state, were yet too proud to have even the appearance of placing their own selfish interests in competition with the public welfare.—The whole privileged classes seemed at once seized with a spirit of the most lavish generosity, and hastened to despoil themselves of all their peculiar immunities and feudal rights. Clergy and laymen vied with each other in the nature and extent of their sacrifices. Privileges, whether prejudicial or harmless, rational or ridiculous, were renounced in the mass. A sort of delirium pervaded the Assembly; each member strove to distinguish the sacrifices of his personal claims by something more remarkable than had yet attended any of the previous renunciations. They who had no rights of their own to resign, had the easier and more pleasant task of surrendering those of their constituents; the privileges of corporations, the monopolies of crafts, the rights of cities, were heaped on the national altar; and the members of the National Assembly seemed to look about in ecstacy, to consider of what else they could despoil themselves and others.

There was one order in the kingdom which, although it had joined largely and readily in the sacrifices of the 'day of dupes,' was still considered as indebted to the state, and was doomed to undergo an act of total spoliation. The Clergy had agreed, and the Assembly had decreed on the 4th of August, that the tithes should be declared redeemable, at a moderate price, by the proprietors subject to pay them. This regulation ratified, at least, the legality of the Clergy's title. Nevertheless in violation of the public faith thus pledged, the Assembly, three days afterwards, pretended that the surrender of tithes had been absolute, and that, in lieu of that supposed revenue, the nation was only bound to provide decently for the administration of divine worship. The complaints of the Clergy were listened to in contemptuous silence, or replied to with bitter irony, by those who were conscious how little sympathy that body were likely to meet with from the nation in general, and who therefore spoke "as having power to do wrong."

We must now revert to the condition of the kingdom of France at large, while her ancient institutions were crumbling to pieces of themselves, or were forcibly pulled down by state innovators. That fine country was ravaged by a civil war of aggravated horrors, waged betwixt the rich and poor, and marked by every species of brutal violence. The peasants, their minds filled with a thousand wild suppositions, and incensed by the general scarcity of provisions, were everywhere in arms, and everywhere attacked the chateaux of their Seigneurs, whom they were incited to look upon as enemies of the Revolution, and particularly of the commons. In most instances they were successful, and burnt the dwellings of the nobility, practising all the circumstances of rage and cruelty to which the minds of barbarians are influenced. Men were murdered in presence of their wives; wives and daughters violated before the eyes of their husbands and parents; some were put to death by lingering tortures; others by sudden and general massacre. Against some of these unhappy gentlemen, doubtless, the peasants might have wrongs to remember and to avenge; many of them, however, had borne their faculties so meekly that they did not even suspect the ill intentions of these peasants, until their castles and country-seats kindled with the general conflagration, and made part of the devouring element which raged through the whole kingdom. What were the National Assembly doing at this dreadful crisis? They were discussing the abstract doctrines of the rights of man, instead of exacting from the subject the respect due to his social duties

Yet a large party in the Convention, and who had hitherto led the way in the paths of the Revolution, now conceived that the goal was attained, and that it was time to use the curb and forbear the spur; such was the opinion of La Fayette and his followers, who considered the victory over the Royalists as complete, and were desirous to declare the Revolution ended, and erect a substantial form of government on the ruins of monarchy, which lay prostrate at their feet.

But the various factions, all of which tended to democracy, were determined upon manœuvres for abating the royal authority, more actively powerful than those which the Assembly dared yet to venture upon. For this purpose, all those who desired to carry the Revolution to extremity, became desirous to bring the sittings of the National Assembly and the residence of the king within the precincts of Paris, and to place them under the influence of that popular frenzy which they had so many ways of exciting, and which might exercise the authority of terror over the body of representatives, fill the galleries with a wild and tumultuous band of partisans, surround their gates with an infuriated populace, and thus dictate the issue of each deliberation. What fate was reserved for the king, after incidents will sufficiently show. To effect an object so important, the republican party strained every effort, and succeeded in raising the popular ferment to the highest pitch.

Their first efforts were unsuccessful. A deputation, formidable from their numbers and clamorous violence, was about to sally from Paris to petition, as they called it, for the removal of the royal family and National Assembly to Paris, but was dispersed by the address of La Fayette and Bailli.

A dreadful scarcity, amounting nearly to a famine, rendered the populace even more accessible than usual to desperate counsels. The feasts, amid which the aristocrats were represented as devising their plots, seemed an insult on the public misery. When the minds of the lower orders were thus prejudiced, it was no difficult matter to produce an insurrection.

That of the 5th of October, 1789, was of a singular description, the insurgents being chiefly of the female sex.—The market women, Dames aux Halles, as they are called, half unsexed by the masculine nature of their employments, and entirely so by the ferocity of their manners, had figured early in the Revolution. With these were allied and associated most of the worthless and barbarous of their own sex, such disgraceful specimens of humanity as serve but to show in what a degraded state it may be found to exist. Females of this description began to assemble early in the morning in large groups, with the cries for "bread," which so easily rouse a starving metropolis. There were observed amongst them many men disguised as women, and they compelled all the females they met to go along with them. They marched to the Hotel de Ville, broke boldly through several squadrons of the National Guard, who were drawn up in front of that building for its defence, and were with difficulty dissuaded from burning the records it contained. They next seized a magazine of arms, with three or four pieces of cannon, and were joined by a miscellaneous rabble, armed with pikes, scythes and similar instruments, who called themselves the conquerors of the Bastile. The still increasing multitude re-echoed the cry of "Bread, bread! to Versailles! to Versailles!"

The National Guard were now called out in force, but speedily showed their officers that they too were infected with the humour of the times, and as much indisposed to subordination as the mob, to disperse which they were summoned.—La Fayette put himself at their head, not to give his own, but to receive their orders. They refused to act against women, who, they said, were starving, and in their turn demanded to be led to Versailles, to dethrone,—such was their language, "the king, who was a driveller, and place the crown on the head of his son." La Fayette hesitated, implored and explained; but he had as yet to learn the situation of a revolutionary general. "Is it not strange," said one of his soldiers, who seemed quite to understand the military relation of officer and private on such an occasion, "Is it not strange that La Fayette pretends to command the people, when it is his part to receive orders from them?"

Soon afterwards an order arrived from the Assembly of the Commune of Paris, enjoining the commandant's march, upon his own report that it was impossible to withstand the will of the people. He marched accordingly in good order, and at the head of a large force of the National Guard, about four or five hours after the departure of the mob, who were already far on their way to Versailles.

The female battalion, together with their masculine allies, continued their march uninterruptedly, and entered Versailles in the afternoon, singing patriotic airs, intermingled with blasphemous obscenities, and the most furious threats against the Queen. Their first visit was to the National Assembly, where the beating of drums, shouts, shrieks and a hundred confused sounds, interrupted the deliberations. A man called Malliard, brandishing a sword in his hand, and supported by a woman holding a long pole, to which was attached a tambour de basque, commenced a harangue in the name of the sovereign people. He announced that they wanted bread; that they were convinced the ministers were traitors; that the arm of the people was uplifted, and about to strike;—with much to the same purpose, in the exaggerated eloquence of the period. The same sentiments were echoed by his followers, mingled with the bitterest threats, against the Queen in particular, that fury could contrive, expressed in language of the most energetic brutality.

The Amazons then crowded into the Assembly, mixed themselves with the members, occupied the seat of the president, of the secretaries, produced or procured victuals and wine, drank, sung, swore, scolded, screamed,—abused some of the members and loaded others with their loathsome caresses.

A deputation of these mad women was at length sent to St. Priest, the minister, a determined royalist, who received them sternly, and replied to their demand of bread, "When you had but one king, you never wanted bread—you now have twelve hundred—go ask it of them." They were introduced to the king however, and were so much struck with the kind interest which he took in the state of Paris, that their hearts relented in his favor, and the deputies returned to their constituents, shouting Vive le Roi!

Had the tempest depended on the more popular breeze, it might now have been lulled to sleep; but there was a secret groundswell, a heaving upwards of the bottom of the abyss, which could not be conjured down by the awakened feelings or convinced understandings of the deputation. A cry was raised that the deputies had been bribed to represent the king favourably; and in this humour of suspicion, the army of Amazons stripped their garters for the purpose of strangling their own delegates. They had by this time ascertained, that neither the National Guard of Versailles, nor the regiment of Flanders, would oppose them by force, and that they had only to deal with the Gardes du Corps, who dared not to act with vigour, lest they should provoke a general attack on the palace, while the most complete distraction and indecision reigned within its precincts. Bold in consequence, the female mob seized on the exterior avenues of the palace, and threatened destruction to all within.

It was now night, and the armed rabble of both sexes showed no intention of departing or breaking up. On the contrary, they bivouacked after their own manner upon the parade, where the soldiers usually mustered. There they kindled large fires, ate, drank, sung, caroused and occasionally discharged their fire-arms. Scuffles arose from time to time, and one or two of the Gardes du Corps had been killed and wounded in the quarrel, which the rioters had endeavored to fasten on them; besides which, this devoted corps had sustained a volley from their late guests, the National Guard of Versailles. The horse of a Garde du Corps, which fell into the hands of these female demons, was killed, torn in pieces and eaten half raw and half roasted. Every thing seemed tending to a general engagement, when late at night the drums announced the approach of La Fayette at the head of his civic army, which moved slowly, but in good order.

The presence of this great force seemed to restore a portion of tranquility, though no one seemed to know with certainty how it was likely to act. La Fayette had an audience of the king, explained the means he had adopted for the security of the palace, recommended to the inhabitants to go to rest; he also visited the Assembly, pledged himself for the safety of the royal family and the tranquility of the night, and with some difficulty, prevailed on the President, Mounier, to adjourn the sitting, which had been voted permanent.

A band of the rioters found means to penetrate into the palace about three in the morning, through a gate which was left unlocked and unguarded. They rushed to the queen's apartment, and bore down the few Gardes du Corps who hastened to her defence. The sentinel knocked at the door of her bed chamber, called to her to escape, and then gallantly exposed himself to the fury of the murderers. His single opposition was almost instantly overcome, and he himself left for dead. Over his bleeding body they forced their way into the queen's apartment; but their victim, reserved for further and worse woes, had escaped by a secret passage into the chamber of the king, while the assassins, bursting in, stabbed the bed she had just left, with pikes and swords.

The Gardes du Corps assembled in what was called the Oeil de Bœuf, and endeavored there to defend themselves; but several, unable to gain this place of refuge, were dragged down into the court-yard, where a wretch, distinguished by a long beard, a broad bloody axe, and a species of armour which he wore on his person, had taken on himself, by taste and choice, the office of executioner. The strangeness of the villain's costume, the sanguinary relish with which he discharged his office, and the hoarse roar with which from time to time he demanded new victims, made him resemble some demon whom hell had vomited forth to augment the wickedness and horror of the scene!

Two of the Gardes du Corps were already beheaded, and the Man with the Beard was clamorous to do his office upon the others who had been taken, when La Fayette arrived at the head of a body of grenadiers of the old French guards, who had been lately incorporated with the civic guard, and were probably the most efficient part of his force.

They cleared, and with perfect ease, the court of the palace from these bands of murderous bacchantes and their male associates. The outside of the palace was still besieged by the infuriated mob, who demanded with hideous cries, and exclamations the most barbarous and obscene, to see the Austrian, as they called the queen. The unfortunate Princess appeared on the balcony with one of her children in each hand. A voice from the crowd called out, "No children!" as if on purpose to deprive the mother of that appeal to humanity, which might move the hardest heart. Marie Antoinette, with a force of mind worthy of Maria Theresa, her mother, pushed her children back into the room, and turning her face to the tumultuous multitude, which tossed and roared beneath, brandishing their pikes and guns with the wildest attitudes of rage, the reviled, persecuted and denounced queen stood before them, her arms folded on her bosom, with a noble air of courageous resignation. The secret reason of this summons—the real cause of repelling the children—could only be to afford a chance of some desperate hand among the crowd executing the threats which resounded on all sides.—Accordingly, a gun was actually levelled, but one of the bystanders struck it down; for the passions of the mob had taken an opposite turn, and astonished at Marie Antoinette's noble presence, and graceful demeanour, there arose almost in spite of themselves, a general shout of Vive la Reine!

But if the insurgents, or rather those who prompted them, missed their first point, they did not also lose their second.—A cry arose, "To Paris!" at first uttered by a solitary voice, but gathering strength, until the whole multitude shouted, "To Paris—To Paris!" The cry of these blood-thirsty bacchanals, such as they had that night shown themselves, was, it seems, considered as the voice of the people.

The carriages of the royal family were placed in the middle of an immeasurable column, consisting partly of La Fayette's soldiers, partly of the revolutionary rabble whose march had preceded his, amounting to several thousand men and women, of the lowest and most desperate description, intermingling in groups amongst the bands of French guards and civic soldiers, whose discipline could not enable them to preserve even a semblance of order. Thus they rushed along, howling their songs of triumph. The harbingers of the march bore the two bloody heads of the Gardes du Corps paraded on pikes, at the head of the column, as the emblems of their prowess and success. The rest of this body, worn down by fatigue, most of them despoiled of their arms, and many without hats, anxious for the fate of the royal family, and harrassed with apprehensions for themselves, were dragged like captives in the midst of the mob, while the drunken females around them bore aloft in triumph their arms, their belts and their hats. These wretches, stained with the blood in which they had bathed themselves, were now singing songs, of which the burthen bore,—"We bring you the baker, his wife, and the little apprentice;" as if the presence of the unhappy royal family, with the little power they now possessed, had even in itself a charm against scarcity. Some of these Amazons rode upon the cannon, which made a formidable part of the procession. Many of them were mounted on the horses of the Gardes du Corps, some in masculine fashion, others en croupe. All the muskets and pikes which attended this immense cavalcade, were garnished, as if in triumph, with oak boughs, and the women carried long poplar branches in their hands, which gave the column, so grotesquely composed in every respect, the appearance of a moving grove. Scarce a circumstance was omitted which could render this entrance into the capital more insulting to the king's feelings—more degrading to the royal dignity.

After six hours of dishonor and agony, the unfortunate Louis was brought to the Hotel de Ville, where Bailli, then mayor, complimented him upon the "beau jour," the "splendid day," which restored the monarch of France to his capital; assured him that order, peace and all the gentler virtues, were about to revive in the country under his royal eye.

His wounds salved with this lip-comfort, the unhappy and degraded Prince was at length permitted to retire to the Palace of the Tuilleries, which, long uninhabited, and almost unfurnished, yawned upon him like the tomb where alone he at length found repose.

All the serious parties found their account, more or less, in this state of the royal person, excepting the pure royalists whose effective power was little, and their comparative numbers few. There remained, indeed, attached to the person and cause of Louis, a party of those members, who, being friends to freedom, were no less so to regulated monarchy, and who desired to fix the throne on a firm and determined basis. But their numbers were daily thinned, and their spirits were broken.—The excellent Mounier, and the eloquent Lally Tolendhal, emigrated after the 9th of October, unable to endure the repetition of such scenes as were then exhibited. The indignant adieus of the latter to the National Assembly, were thus forcibly expressed:—

"It is impossible for me, even my physical strength alone considered, to discharge my functions amidst the scenes we have witnessed. Those heads borne in trophy; that Queen half assassinated; that King dragged into Paris by troops of robbers and assassins; the 'splendid day' of Monsieur Bailli; the jests of Barnave, when blood was floating around us; Mounier escaping, as if by miracle, from a thousand assassins; these are the causes of my oath never to enter that den of cannibals. A man may endure a single death; he may brave it more than once, when the loss of life can be useful, but no power under Heaven shall induce me to suffer a thousand tortures every passing minute—while I am witnessing the progress of cruelty—the triumph of guilt—which I must witness without interrupting it. They may proscribe my person—they may confiscate my fortune—I will labour the earth for my bread, and I will see them no more."

The Constitutional party, or those who desired a democratical government with a King at its head, had reason to hope that Louis, being in Paris, must remain at their absolute disposal, separated from those who might advise counter-revolutionary steps, and guarded only by national troops, embodied in the name, and through the powers of the Revolution.—Every day, indeed, rendered Louis more dependent on La Fayette and his friends, as the only force which remained to preserve order; for he soon found it a necessary, though a cruel measure to disband his faithful Gardes du Corps, and that perhaps as much with a view to their safety as to his own.

The Constitutional party seemed strong both in numbers and reputation. La Fayette was commandant of the National Guards, and they looked up to him with that homage and veneration with which young troops, and especially of this description, regard a leader of experience and bravery, who, in accepting the command, seems to share his laurels with the citizen.

La Fayette resolved to enforce order by some bold and successful attacks upon the revolutionary right of insurrection, through which the people of late had taken on themselves the office of judges at once and executioners. This had hitherto been thought one of the sacred privileges of the Revolution; but determined to set bounds to its further progress, La Fayette resolved to restore the dominion of the law over the will of the rabble.

A large mob, in virtue of the approbation, the indulgence at least, with which similar frolics had been hitherto treated, had seized upon and hanged an unhappy baker, who fell under their resentment as a public enemy, because he sold bread dear when he could only purchase grain at an enormous price. They varied the usual detail with some additional circumstances, causing many of his brethren in trade to salute the bloody head, which they paraded according to their wont; and finally, by pressing the dead lips to those of the widow, as she lay fainting before them. This done, and in the full confidence of impunity, they approached the hall of the Assembly, in order to regale the representatives of the people with the same edifying spectacle.

The baker being neither an aristocrat nor nobleman, the authorities ventured upon punishing the murder, without fearing the charge of incivisme. La Fayette at the head of a detachment of the National Guards, attacked and dispersed the assassins, and the active citizen who carried the head was tried, condemned and hanged, just as if there had been no revolution in the kingdom. There was much surprise at this, as there had been no such instance of severity since the day of the Bastile. This was not all.

La Fayette, who may now be considered as at the head of affairs, had the influence and address to gain from the Assembly a decree, empowering the magistracy, in case of any rising, to declare martial law by displaying a red flag; after which signal, those who refused to disperse should be dealt with as open rebels. This edict, much to the purpose of the British Riot Act, did not pass without opposition, as it obviously tended to give the bayonets of the National Guard a decided ascendancy over the pikes and clubs of the rabble of the suburbs. The Jacobins, meaning the followers of Marat, Robespierre and Danton, and even the Republicans, or Brissotines, had hitherto considered these occasional insurrections and murders like affairs of posts in a campaign, in which they themselves had enjoyed uniformly the advantage; but while La Fayette was followed and obeyed by the National Guard, men of substance, and interested in maintaining order, it was clear that he had both power and will to stop in future, these revolutionary excesses.

This important advantage in some degree balanced the power which the republican and revolutionary party had acquired. These predominated, as has been already said, in the Club of Jacobins, in which they reviewed the debates of the Assembly, denouncing at their pleasure those who opposed them; but they had besides a decided majority among the daily attendants in the tribunes, who, regularly paid and supplied with food and liquors, filled the Assembly with their clamours of applause or disapprobation, according to the rules they had previously received. It is true, the hired auditors gave their voices and applause to those who paid them, but nevertheless they had party feelings of their own, which often dictated unbought suffrages, in favor of those who used the most exaggerated tone of revolutionary fury. They shouted with sincere and voluntary zeal for such men as Marat, Robespierre and Danton, who yelled out for the most bloody measures of terror and proscription, and proclaimed war against the nobles with the same voice with which they flattered the lowest vices of the multitude.

There was one order yet remained which was to be levelled,—the destruction of the Church was still to be accomplished; and the Republican party proceeded in the work of demolition with infinite address, by including the great object in a plan for restoring finance, and providing for the expenses of the state, without imposing further burthens on the people. They assumed for the benefit of the public the whole right of property belonging to the Church of France.

As it was impossible to bring these immense subjects at once to sale, the Assembly adopted a system of paper-money, called Assignats, which were secured or hypothecated upon the church-lands. It must be admitted these supplies enabled the National Assembly not only to avoid the gulf of general bankruptcy, but to dispense with many territorial exactions which pressed hard upon the lower orders, and to give relief and breath to that most useful portion of the community.

Victorious at once over altar and throne, mitre and coronet, King, Nobles and Clergy, the National Assembly seemed in fact to possess and to exert that omnipotence, which has been imputed to the British Parliament. Never had any legislature made such extensive and sweeping changes, and never were such changes so easily accomplished. The nation was altered in all its relations; its flag and its emblems were changed—every thing of a public character was destroyed and replaced, down to the very title of the sovereign, who, no longer termed King of France and Navarre, was now called King of the French. The names and divisions of the provinces, which had existed for many years, were at once obliterated, and were supplied by a geographical partition of the territory into eighty-three departments, subdivided into six hundred districts, and these again portioned out into forty-eight thousand communities or municipalities. By thus recasting as it were the whole geographical relations of the separate territories of which France consisted, the Abbe Sieyes designed to obliterate former recollections and distinctions, and to bring every thing down to the general level of liberty and equality.

The Parliaments of France, long the strong-holds of liberty, now perished unnoticed, as men pull down old houses to clear the ground for modern edifices. The sale of offices of justice was formally abolished; the power of nominating the judges was taken from the crown; the trial by jury, with inquests of accusation and conviction, corresponding to the grand and petty juries of England, were sanctioned and established. In thus clearing the channels of public justice, dreadfully clogged as they had become during the decay of the monarchy, the National Assembly rendered the greatest possible services to France, the good effects of which will long be felt.

The National Assembly also recognised the freedom of the press; and in doing so, conferred on the nation a gift fraught with much good and some evil, capable of stimulating the worst passions, and circulating the most atrocious calumnies, and occasioning frequently the most enormous deeds of cruelty and injustice; but ever bearing along with it the means of curing the evils caused by its abuses, and of transmitting to futurity the sentiments of the good and the wise, so invaluable when the passions are silenced, and the calm slow voice of reason and reflection comes to obtain a hearing. The press stimulated massacres and proscriptions during the frightful period which we are approaching; but the press has also held up to horror the memory of the perpetrators, and exposed the artifices by which the actors were instigated. It is a rock on which a vessel may be, indeed, and is often wrecked; but that same rock affords the foundation of the brightest and noblest beacon.

Faithful to their plan of forming not a popular monarchy, but a species of royal republic, and stimulated by the real republicans, whose party was daily gaining ground among their ranks, as well as by the howls and threats of those violent and outrageous demagogues, who, from the seats they had adopted in the Assembly were now known by the name of the Mountain, the framers of the Constitution had rendered it democratical in every point, and abridged the royal authority, till its powers became so dim and obscure as to merit Burke's happy illustration, when he exclaimed, speaking of the new-modelled French government, –

"———What *seem'd* its head,
The *likeness* of a kingly crown had on."

The crown was deprived of all appointments to civil offices, which were filled up by popular elections, the Constitutionalists being in this respect faithful to their own principles, which made the will of the people the source of all power. Never was such an immense patronage vested in the body of any nation at large, and the arrangement was politic in the immediate sense, as well as in conformity with the principles of those who adopted it; for it attached to the new Constitution the mass of the people, who felt themselves elevated from villanage into the exercise of sovereign power.

Called to the execution of these high duties, which hitherto they had never dreamed of, the people at large became enamoured of their own privileges, carried them into every department of society, and were legislators and debaters in season and out of season. The exercise even of the extensive privilege committed to them, seemed too limited to these active citizens. The Revolution appeared to have turned the heads of the whole lower classes, and those who had hitherto thought least of political rights, were now seized with the fury of deliberating, debating and legislating, in all possible times and places. The soldiers on guard debated at the Oratoire—the journeyman tailors held a popular assembly at the Colonnade—the peruke-makers met at the Champs-Elysees. In spite of the opposition of the National Guard, three thousand shoemakers deliberated on the price of shoes in the Place Louis Quinze; every house of call was converted into the canvassing hall of a political body; and France for a time presented the singular picture of a country, where every one was so much involved in public business, that he had little leisure to attend to his own.

There was, besides, a general disposition to assume and practise the military profession; for the right of insurrection having been declared sacred, each citizen was to be prepared to discharge effectually so holy a duty. The citizens procured muskets to defend their property—the rabble obtained pikes to invade that of others—the people of every class everywhere possessed themselves of arms, and the most peaceful burgesses were desirous of the honors of the epaulette. The children, with mimicry proper to their age, formed battalions on the streets, and the spirit in which they were formed was intimated by the heads of cats borne upon pikes in front of the juvenile revolutionists.

CHAP. II.

Escape of Louis—he is captured and brought back to Paris. Riot in the Champ de Mars. Legislative Assembly—its party divisions. Views and sentiments of foreign nations. France declares war. First results of the war. Insurrection of the 20th June. Armed mob intrude into the Assembly—thence into the Tuilleries. La Fayette repairs to Paris—remonstrates in favor of the King. Marseillois appear in Paris.—The day of the 10th of August. Tocsin sounded early in the morning. Swiss Guards. Mandat assassinated. Conflict at the Tuilleries. Massacre of the Swiss Guards. Royal Family spend the night in a neighboring Convent.

SMALL as was the share of public power which the new Constitution of France afforded to the Crown, Louis, in outward semblance at least, appeared satisfied. He went, apparently freely and voluntarily, down to the National Assembly, and, in a dignified and touching speech, (could it have been thought a sincere one,) accepted the Constitution, made common cause with the regenerated nation, and declared himself the head of the Revolution. Constrained as he was by circumstances, anxious for his own safety, and that of his family, the conduct of Louis must not be too severely criticised; but this step was unkingly as well as impolitic; and the unfortunate monarch gained nothing by abasing himself to the deceit which he practised at the urgency of his ministers, excepting the degradation attending a deception, by which none are deceived. No one, when the heat of the first enthusiasm was over, gave the King credit for sincerity in his acceptance of the Constitution; the Royalists were revolted, and the Revolutionists could only regard the speech and accession as the acts of royal hypocrisy. Louis was openly spoken of as a prisoner; and the public voice, in a thousand different forms, announced that his life would be the penalty of any attempt to his deliverance.

Meanwhile, the King endeavored to work out his escape from Paris and the Revolution at once, by the means of two separate agents in whom alone he confided.

The history of the unhappy journey to Varennes is well known. On the night between the 19th and 20th of August, Louis and his Queen, with their two children, attended by one lady, and escorted by three gentlemen of the Gardes du Corps, set out in disguise from Paris. The King left behind him a long manifesto, inculpating the Assembly for various political errors, and solemnly protesting against the acts of government to which he had been compelled, as he stated, to give his assent, during what he termed his captivity, which he seemed to have dated from his compulsory residence in the Tuilleries.

The very first person whom the Queen encountered in the streets was La Fayette himself, as he crossed the Place du Carousel. A hundred other dangers attended the route of the unfortunate fugitives, and the hair-breadth escapes by which they profited, seemed to intimate the favor of fortune, while they only proved her mutability.

An escort placed for them at the Pont du Sommeville, had been withdrawn, after their remaining at that place for a time had excited popular suspicion. At Saint Menehould they met a small detachment of dragoons, stationed there by Bouille also for their escort. But while they halted to change horses, the King, whose features were remarkable, was recognised by Drouet, a son of the postmaster. The young man was a keen Revolutionist, and resolving to prevent the escape of the sovereign, he mounted a horse and pushed forward to Varennes to prepare the municipality for the arrival of the King.

He reached Varennes, and found a ready disposition to stop the flight of the unhappy prince. The King was stopped at Varennes and arrested; the National Guards were called out—the dragoons refused to fight in the King's defence—an escort of hussars, who might have cut a passage, arrived too late, acted with reluctance, and finally deserted the town.—The unfortunate Louis was brought back to Paris. He was, with his wife and children, covered with dust, dejected with sorrow, and exhausted with fatigue. The faithful Gardes du Corps who had accompanied their flight, sate bound like felons on the driving seat of the carriage. His progress was at first silent and unhonored. The guard did not present arms—the people remained covered—no man said God bless him.—At another part of the route, a number of the rabble precipitated themselves on the carriage, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the National Guards, and some deputies, could assure it a safe passage. Under such auspices were the royal family committed once more to their old prison of the Tuilleries.

Meantime the crisis of the King's fate seemed to be approaching. It was not long ere the political parties had an opportunity of trying their respective force. A meeting was held upon the motion of the Republican and Jacobinical leaders in the Champ de Mars, to subscribe a petition for the dethronement of the King, couched in the boldest and broadest terms. There was in this plain a wooden edifice raised on scaffolding, called the Altar of the Country, which had been erected for the ceremony of the Federation of 14th July, 1790, when the assembled representatives of the various departments of France took their oath to observe the Constitution. On this altar the petition was displayed for signature; but each revolutionary act required a preliminary libation of blood, and the victims on this occasion were two wretched invalids, whom the rabble found at breakfast under the scaffolding which supported the revolutionary altar, and accused of a design to blow up the patriots. To accuse was to condemn. They were murdered without mercy, and their heads, paraded on pikes, became as usual the standards of the insurgent citizens. The municipal officers attempted to disperse the assemblage, but to no purpose. Bailli, mayor of Paris, together with La Fayette, resolved to repel force by force; martial law was proclaimed, and its signal, the red flag, was displayed from the Hotel de Ville. La Fayette, with a body of grenadiers, arrived in the Champ de Mars. He was received with abuse and execrations of "Down with La Fayette! Down with martial law!" followed by a volley of stones. The commandant gave orders to fire, and was on this occasion most promptly obeyed; for the grenadiers pouring their shot directly into the crowd, more than a hundred men lay dead at the first volley. The Champ de Mars was empty in an instant, and the Constituted Authority, for the first time since the Revolution commenced, remained master of a contested field.

The work of the Constitution being accomplished, the National, or as it is usually called, the Constituent Assembly, dissolved itself, agreeably to the vow they had pronounced in the Tennis-court at Versailles.

The adieus which they took of power were any thing but prophetic. They pronounced the Revolution ended, and the Constitution completed—the one was but commencing, and the other was baseless as a morning dream.

The first, or Constituent Assembly, in destroying almost all which existed as law in France, when they were summoned together as States-general, had preserved, at least in form, the name and power of a monarch. The legislative Assembly, which succeeded them, seemed preparing to destroy the symbol of royalty which their predecessors had left standing, though surrounded by republican enactments.

There was no party remained which could be termed strictly or properly Royalists. Those who were attached to the old monarchy of France were now almost all exiles, and there were left but few even of that second class of more moderate and more reasonable Royalists, who desired to establish a free constitution on the basis of an effective monarchy, strong enough to protect the laws against licence, but not sufficiently predominant to alter or overthrow them. Cazales, whose chivalrous defence of the nobility,—Maury, whose eloquent pleadings for the church—had so often made an honorable but vain struggle against the advances of revolution, were now silent and absent, and the few feeble remnants of their party had ranged themselves with the Constitutionalists who were so far favorers of monarchy as it made part of their favorite system—and no further. La Fayette continued to be the organ of that party, and had assembled under his banners Duport, Barnave and Lameth, all of whom had striven to keep pace with the headlong spirit of the Revolution, but, being outstripped by more active and forward champions of the popular cause, now shifted ground, and formed a union with those who were disposed to maintain, that the present Constitution was adapted to all the purposes of free and effectual government, and that, by its creation, all further revolutionary measures were virtually superseded.

In stern opposition to those admirers of the Constitution, stood two bodies of unequal numbers, strength and efficacy; of which the first was determined that the Revolution should never stop until the downfall of the monarchy, while the second entertained the equally resolved purpose of urging these changes still further onwards, to the total destruction of all civil order and the establishment of a government in which terror and violence should be the ruling principles, to be wielded by the hands of demagogues who dared to nourish a scheme so nefarious. The first of these parties took its most common denomination from the Gironde, a department which sent most of its members to the Convention.

The Jacobins—the second of these parties—were allies of the Girondists, with the anterior purpose of urging the revolutionary force to the uttermost, but using as yet the shelter of their republican mantle. Robespierre, who, by an affectation of a frugal and sequestered course of life, preserved among the multitude the title of the Incorruptible, might be considered as the head of the Jacobins, if they had indeed a leader more than wolves have, which tune their united voices to the cry of him who bays the loudest. Danton, inexorable as Robespierre himself, but less prudent, because he loved gold and pleasure as well as blood and power, was next in authority. Marat, who loved to talk of murder as soldiers do of battles; the wretched Collot d'Herbois, a broken-down play-actor; Chabot, an excapuchin; with many other men of desperate character, whose moderate talents were eked out by the most profligate effrontery, formed the advanced guard of this party, soiled with every species of crime, and accustomed to act their parts in the management of those dreadful insurrections, which had at once promoted and dishonored the Revolution. It is needless to preserve from oblivion names such as Santerre and Hebert, distinguished for cruelty and villainy above the other subaltern villains. Such was the party who, at the side of the Brissotins, stood prompt to storm the last bulwarks of the Monarchy, reserving to themselves the secret determination, that the spoil should be all their own.

The substantial and dreadful support of the Jacobins lay in the Club so named, with the yet more violent association of Cordeliers and their original affiliated societies, which reigned paramount over those of the municipal bodies, which in most departments were fain to crouch under their stern and sanguinary dominion.

The leaders who were masters of this Club, had possession, as we have often remarked, of the master-keys to the passions of the populace, could raise a forest of pikes with one word, and unsheathe a thousand daggers with another. They directly and openly recommended the bloodiest and most ruffian-like actions, instead of those which, belonging to open and manly warfare, present something that is generous even in the midst of violence. "Give me," said the atrocious Marat, when instructing Barbaroux in his bloody science,—"Give me two hundred Neapolitans—the knife in their right hand, in their left a muff, to serve for a target—with these I will traverse France, and complete the revolution." At the same lecture he made an exact calculation, (for the monster was possessed of some science,) showing in what manner two hundred and sixty thousand men might be put to death in one day.

Hitherto France had acted alone in this dreadful tragedy, while the other nations of Europe looked on in amazement, which now began to give place to a desire of action.

England, the rival of France, might, from the example of that country, have exercised the right of interfering with her domestic concerns, in requital of the aid which she afforded to the Americans; but besides that the publicity of the parliamentary debates must compel the most ambitious British minister to maintain at least an appearance of respect to the rights of other countries. England herself was much divided on the subject of the French Revolution.

There was in other kingdoms and states upon the Continent, the same diversity of feelings respecting the Revolution which divided England. The favor of the lower and unprivileged classes, in Germany especially, was the more fixed upon the progress of the French Revolution, because they lingered under the same incapacities from which the changes in France had delivered the Commons, or Third Estate, of that country. Thus far their partiality was not only natural and innocent, but praiseworthy. It is as natural for a man to desire the natural liberty from which he is unjustly excluded, as it is for those who are in an apartment where the air is polluted, to wish for the wholesome atmosphere.

The princes at the head of despotic governments were, of course, most interested in putting an end, if it were possible, to the present Revolution of France, and extinguishing a flame which appeared so threatening to its neighbors. Yet there was a long hesitation ere any thing to this purpose was attempted. Austria, whom the matter concerned as so near an ally of France, was slow ere she made any decisive step towards hostility.

Prussia, justly proud of her noble army, her veteran commanders and the bequest of military fame left her by the Great Frederick, was more eager than Austria, to adopt what began to be called the cause of Kings and Nobles, though the sovereign of the latter kingdom was so nearly connected with the unfortunate Louis. Frederick William had been taught to despise revolutionary movements by his cheap victory over the Dutch democracy, while the resistance of the Low Countries had induced the Austrians to dread such explosions.

Rusia declared herself hostile to the French Revolution, but hazarded no effective step against them. The King of Sweden, animated by the adventurous character which made Gustavus, and after him Charles, sally forth from their frozen realms to influence the fates of Europe, showed the strongest disposition to play the same part, though the limited state of his resources rendered his valor almost nugatory.

Thus, while so many increasing discontents and suspicions showed that a decision by arms became every day more inevitable, Europe seemed still reluctant to commence the fatal encounter, as if the world had anticipated the long duration of the dreadful struggle, and the millions of lives which it must cost to bring it to a termination.

On the death of Leopold, and the succession of his brother Francis to the imperial throne, the disposition of Austria became much more turned towards war. It became the object of Francis to overcome the revolutionists, and prevent if possible, the impending fate of the royal family. In adopting these warlike counsels, the mind of the new Emperor was much influenced by the desire of Prussia to take the field.—Indeed, the condition of the royal family, which became every day more precarious, seemed to both powers to indicate and authorize hostile measures, and they were at no pains to conceal their sentiments. It is not probable that peace would have remained long unbroken, unless some change of an unexpected or unhoped for character, in favor of royalty, had taken place in France; but after all the menaces which had been made by the foreign powers, it was France herself, who, to the surprise of Europe, first resorted to arms. The ostensible reason was, that, in declaring war, she only anticipated, as became a brave and generous nation, the commencement of hostilities which Austria had menaced.

It is not our purpose here to enter into any detail of military events. It is sufficient to say, that the first results of the war were more disastrous than could have been expected, even from the want of discipline and state of mutiny in which this call to arms found the troops of France. If Austria, never quick at improving an opportunity, had possessed more forces on the Flemish frontier, or had even pressed her success with the troops she had, events might have occurred to influence, if not to altar, the fortunes of France and her King. They were inactive, however, and La Fayette, who was at the head of the army, exerted himself, not without effect, to rally the spirits of the French, and infuse discipline and confidence into their ranks. But he was able to secure no success of so marked a character as to correspond with the reputation he had acquired in America; so that as the Austrians were few in number, and not very decisive in their movements, the war seemed to languish on both sides.

Louis was left to the pitiless storm of revolution, without the assistance of any one who could in the least assist him in piloting through the tempest. The few courtiers—or, much better named—the few ancient and attached friends, who remained around his person, possessed neither talents nor influence to aid him; they could but lament his misfortunes and share his ruin. He himself expressed a deep conviction, that his death was near at hand, yet the apprehension neither altered his firmness upon points to which he esteemed his conscience was party, nor changed the general quiet placidity of his temper. He named his last ministry from the dispirited remnants of the Constitutional party, which still made a feeble and unsupported struggle against the Girondists and Jacobins in the Assembly. They did not long enjoy their precarious office.

The factions last named were now united in the purpose of precipitating the King from his throne by actual and direct force. The voice of the Girondist Vergniaud had already proclaimed in the Assembly, "Terror," he said "must, in the name of the people, burst its way into yonder palace, whence she has so often sallied forth at the command of monarchs."

An insurrection was at length arranged, which had all the character of that which brought the King a prisoner from Versailles. The community, or magistracy, of Paris, which was entirely under the dominion of Robespierre, Danton and the Jacobins, had been long providing for such an enterprise, and under pretext that they were arming the lower classes against invasion, had distributed pikes and other weapons to the rabble, who were to be used on this occasion.

On the 20th of June the Sansculottes of the suburbs of St. Marceau and St. Antoine assembled together, armed with pikes, scythes, hay-forks and weapons of every description, whether those actually forged for the destruction of mankind, or those which, invented for peaceful purposes, are readily converted by popular fury into offensive arms. They seemed, notwithstanding their great numbers, to act under authority, and amid their cries, their songs, their dances and the wild intermixture of grotesque and fearful revel, appeared to move by command, and to act with an unanimity that gave the effect of order to that which was in itself confusion. They were divided into bodies, and had their leaders. Standards were also displayed, carefully selected to express the character and purpose of the wretches who were assembled under them.—One ensign was a pair of tattered breeches, with the motto, "Vivent les Sans Culottes." Another ensign-bearer, dressed in black, carried on a long pole a hog's harslet, that is, part of the entrails of that animal, still bloody, with the legend, "La fressure d'un Aristocrat." This formidable assemblage was speedily recruited by the mob of Paris, to an immense multitude, whose language, gestures and appearance, all combined to announce some violent catastrophe.

The terrified citizens, afraid of general pillage, concentrated themselves,—not to defend the King, or protect the National Assembly, but for the preservation of the Palais Royale, where the splendor of the shops was most likely to attract the cupidity of the Sansculottes. A strong force of armed citizens guarded all the avenues of this temple of Mammon, and, by excluding the insurgents from its precincts, showed what they could have done for the Hall of the Legislature, or the Palace of the Monarch, had the cause of either found favor in their eyes.

The insurrection rolled on to the Hall of the Assembly, surrounded the alarmed deputies, and filled with armed men every avenue of approach; talked of a petition which they meant to present, and demanded to file through the Hall to display the force by which it was supported. The terrified members had nothing better to reply, than by a request that the insurgents should only enter the Assembly by a representative deputation—at least that, coming in a body, they should leave their arms behind. The formidable petitioners laughed at both proposals, and poured through the Hall, shaking in triumph their insurrectionary weapons. The Assembly, meanwhile, made rather an ignoble figure; and their attempts to preserve an outward appearance of indifference, and even of cordiality towards their foul and frightful visitants, have been aptly compared to a band of wretched commedians, endeavoring to mitigate the resentment of a brutal and incensed audience.

From the Hall of the Assembly, the populace rushed to the Tuilleries. Preparations had been made for defence, and several bodies of troops were judiciously placed, who, with the advantages afforded by the gates and walls, might have defended their posts against the armed rabble which approached. But there was neither union, loyalty nor energy, in those to whom the defence was entrusted, nor did the King, by placing himself at their head, attempt to give animation to their courage.

The National Guards drew off at the command of the two municipal officers, decked with their scarfs of office, who charged them not to oppose the will of the people. The grates were dashed to pieces with sledge hammers. The gates of the palace itself were shut, but the rabble, turning a cannon upon them, compelled entrance, and those apartments of royal magnificence, so long the pride of France, were laid open to the multitude, like those of Troy to her invaders.

The august palace of the proud house of Bourbon lay thus exposed to the rude gaze, and vulgar tread, of a brutal and ferocious rabble. Who dared have prophesied such an event to the royal founders of this stately pile, to the chivalrous Henry of Navarre, or the magnificent Louis XIV!—The door of the apartment entering into the vestibule was opened by the hands of Louis himself, the ill-fated representative of this lofty line. He escaped with difficulty the thrust of a bayonet, made as the door was in the act of expanding. There were around him a handful of courtiers, and a few of the grenadiers of the National Guard, belonging to the section of Filles St. Thomas, which had always been distinguished for fidelity. They hurried and almost forced the King into the embrazure of a window, erected a sort of barricade in front with tables, and stood beside him as his defenders. The crowd, at their first entrance, levelled their pikes at Madame Elizabeth, whom they mistook for the Queen. "Why did you undeceive them?" said the heroic princess to those around her—"It might have saved the life of my sister."—Even the insurgents were affected by this trait of heroism. They had encountered none of those obstacles which chafe such minds, and make them thirsty of blood, and it would seem that their leaders had not received decided orders, or, having received them, did not think the time served for their execution. The insurgents defiled through the apartments, and passed the King, now joined by the Queen with her children. The former, though in the utmost personal danger, would not be separated from her husband, exclaiming that her post was by his side; the latter were weeping with terror at a scene so horrible.

The people seemed moved, or rather their purpose was deprived of that energetic unanimity which had hitherto carried them so far. One of them flung a red cap at the King, who quietly drew it upon his head; another offered him a bottle, and commanded him to drink to the Nation. No glass could be had, and he was obliged to drink out of the bottle. These incidents are grotesque and degrading, but they are redeemed by one of much dignity. "Fear nothing, Sire," said one of the faithful grenadiers of the National Guard who defended him. The King took his hand and pressing it to his heart, replied, "Judge yourself if I fear."

Various leaders of the Republicans were present at this extraordinary scene, in the apartments, or in the garden, and expressed themselves according to their various sentiments.—"What a figure they have made of him with the red nightcap and the bottle!" said Manuel the Procureur of the Commune of Paris.—"What a magnificent spectacle!" said the artist David, looking out upon the tumultuary sea of pikes, agitated by fifty thousand hands, as they rose and sunk, welked and waved;—"Tremble, tremble, tyrants!"—"They are in a fair train," said the fierce Gorsas; "we shall soon see their pikes garnished with several heads." The crowds who thrust forward into the palace and the presence, were pressed together till the heat increased almost to suffocation, nor did there appear any end to the confusion.

Late and slow, the Legislative Assembly did at length send a deputation of twenty-five members to the palace. Their arrival put an end to the tumult; for Pethion, the mayor of Paris, and the other authorities, who had hitherto been well nigh passive, now exerted themselves to clear away the armed populace from the palace and gardens, and were so readily obeyed, that it was evident that similar efforts would have entirely prevented the insurrection. The "poor and virtuous people," as Robespierre used to call them, with an affected unction of pronunciation, retired for once with their pikes unbloodied, not a little marvelling why they had been called together for such a harmless purpose.

On the 28th of the same month of June, all parties heard with as much interest as anxiety, that General La Fayette was in Paris. He came, indeed, only with a part of his staff. Had he brought with him a moderate body of troops upon whom he could have absolutely depended, his presence so supported, in addition to his influence in Paris, would have settled the point at issue. But the General might hesitate to diminish the French army then in front of the enemy, and by doing so to take on himself the responsibility of what might happen in his absence; or, as it appeared from subsequent events, he may not have dared to repose the necessary confidence in any corps of his army, so completely had they been imbued with the revolutionary spirit. Still his arrival, thus slightly attended, indicated a confidence in his own resources, which was calculated to strike the opposite party with anxious apprehension.

He appeared at the bar of the Assembly, and addressed the members in a strain of decision which had not been lately heard on the part of those who pleaded the royal cause in that place. He denounced the authors of the violence committed on the 20th of June, declared that several corps of his army had addressed him, and that he came to express their horror as well as his own at the rapid progress of faction; and to demand that such measures should be taken as to ensure the defenders of France, that while they were shedding their blood on the frontiers, the Constitution, for which they combatted, should not be destroyed by traitors in the interior.—This speech, delivered by a man of great courage and redoubted influence, had considerable effect. The Girondists, indeed, proposed to inquire, whether La Fayette had permission from the Minister of War to leave the command of his army; and sneeringly affirmed, that the Austrians must needs have retreated from the frontier, since the General of the French army had returned to Paris: but a considerable majority preferred the motion of the constitutionalist Ramond, who, eulogising La Fayette as the eldest son of liberty, proposed an inquiry into the causes and object of those factious proceedings of which he had complained.

The Girondists and Jacobins, closely united at this crisis, dared not on their part venture to arrest the General. Meantime La Fayette saw no other means of saving the King than to propose anew his attempting to escape from Paris, which he offered to further by every means in his power. The plan was discussed, but dismissed in consequence of the Queen's prejudices against La Fayette, whom, not unnaturally, (though as far as regarded intention certainly unjustly,) she regarded as the original author of the King's misfortunes. After two days lingering in Paris, La Fayette found it necessary to return to the army which he commanded, and leave the King to his fate.

The King's acceptance of the Constitution was repeated in the Champ de Mars before the Federates, or deputies sent up to represent the various departments of France; and the figure made by the King during that pageant, formed a striking and melancholy parallel with his actual condition in the state. With hair powdered and dressed, with clothes embroidered in the ancient court-fashion, surrounded and crowded unceremoniously by men of the lowest rank, and in the most wretched garbs, he seemed something belonging to a former age, but which in the present has lost its fashion and value. He was conducted to the Champ de Mars, under a strong guard, and by a circuitous route, to avoid the insults of the multitude, who dedicated their applauses to the Girondist Mayor of Paris, exclaiming, "Pethion or Death!"—When he ascended the altar to go through the ceremonial of the day, all were struck with the resemblance to a victim led to sacrifice, and the Queen so much so, that she exclaimed and nearly fainted. A few children alone called Vive le Roi! This was the last time Louis was seen in public until he mounted the scaffold.

The departure of La Fayette renewed the courage of the Girondists, and they proposed a decree of impeachment against him in the Assembly; but the spirit which the General's presence had awakened was not yet extinguished, and his friends in the Assembly undertook his defence with a degree of unexpected courage, which alarmed their antagonists. Nor could their fears be termed groundless. The Constitutional General might march his army upon Paris, or he might make some accommodation with the foreign invaders, and receive assistance from them to accomplish such a purpose. It seemed to the Girondists, that no time was to be lost. They determined not to trust to the Jacobins, to whose want of resolution they seem to ascribe the failure of the insurrection of the 20th of June. They resolved upon occasion of the next effort, to employ some part of that departmental force, which was now approaching Paris in straggling bodies, under the name of Federates. The affiliated clubs had faithfully obeyed the mandates of the parent society of the Jacobins, by procuring that the most staunch and exalted Revolutionists should be sent on this service. These men, or the greater part of them, chose to visit Paris, rather than to pass straight to their rendezvous at Soissons. As they believed themselves the armed representatives of the country, they behaved with all the insolence which the consciousness of bearing arms gives to those who are unaccustomed to discipline. They walked in large bodies in the Garden of the Tuilleries, and when any persons of the royal family appeared, they insulted the ladies with obscene language and indecent songs, the men with the most hideous threats. The Girondists resolved to frame a force, which might be called their own, out of such formidable materials.

Barbaroux, one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the Revolution, a youth like the Seid of Voltaire's tragedy, filled with the most devoted enthusiasm for a cause of which he never suspected the truth, offered to bring up a battalion of Federates from his native city of Marseilles, men, as he describes them, who knew how to die, and who, as it proved, understood at least as well how to kill. In raking up the disgusting history of mean and bloody-minded demagogues, it is impossible not to dwell on the contrast afforded by the generous and self-devoted character of Barbaroux, who, young, handsome, generous, noble minded and disinterested, sacrificed his family happiness, his fortune and finally his life, to an enthusiastic though mistaken zeal for the liberty of his country. He had become from the commencement of the Revolution one of its greatest champions at Marseilles, where it had been forwarded and opposed by all the fervour of faction, influenced by the southern sun. He had admired the extravagant writings of Marat and Robespierre; but when he came to know them personally, he was disgusted with their low sentiments and savage dispositions, and went to worship Freedom amongst the Girondists, where her shrine was served by the fair and accomplished Madame Roland.

The Marseillois, besides the advantage of this enthusiastic leader, marched to the air of the finest hymn to which liberty or the Revolution had yet given birth. They appeared in Paris, where it had been agreed between the Jacobins and Girondists that the strangers should be welcomed by the fraternity of the suburbs, and whatever other force the factions could command. Thus united, they were to march to secure the municipality, occupy the bridges and principal posts of the city with detached parties, while the main body should proceed to form an encampment in the Garden of the Tuilleries, where the conspiritors had no doubt they should find themselves sufficiently powerful to exact the King's resignation, or declare his forfeiture.

This plan failed through the cowardice of Santerre, the chief leader of the insurgents of the suburb, swho had engaged to meet the Marseillois with forty thousand men. Very few of the promised auxiliaries appeared; but the undismayed Marseillois, though only five hundred in number, marched through the city to the terror of the inhabitants, their keen black eyes seeming to seek out aristocratic victims, and their songs partaking of the wild Moorish character that lingers in the south of France, denouncing vengeance on kings, priests and nobles.

Meanwhile, though their hands were strengthened by this band of unscrupulous and devoted implements of their purpose, the Girondists failed totally in their attempt against La Fayette in the Assembly, the decree of accusation against him being rejected by a victorious majority. They were therefore induced to resort to measures of direct violence, which unquestionably they would willingly have abstained from since they could not attempt them without giving a perilous superiority to the Jacobin faction. The manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, and his arrival on the French frontier at the head of a powerful Prussian army, acted upon the other motives for insurrection, as a high pressure upon a steam engine, producing explosion.

It was the misfortune of Louis to be as frequently injured by the false measures of his friends as by the machinations of his enemies; and this proclamation, issued by a monarch who had taken arms in the King's cause, was couched in language intolerable to the feelings even of such Frenchmen as might still retain towards their King some sentiments of loyalty. All towns or villages which should offer the slightest resistance to the allies, were in this ill-timed manifesto menaced with fire and sword. Paris was declared responsible for the safety of Louis, and the most violent threats of the total subversion of that great metropolis were denounced as the penalty.

To animate the citizens to their defence, the Assembly declared that the country was in danger; and in order that the annunciation might be more impressive, cannon were hourly discharged from the hospital des Invalids—bands of music traversed the streets—bodies of men were hastily drawn together, as if the enemy were at the gates—and all the hurried and hasty movements of the constituted authorities seemed to announce, that the invaders were within a day's march of Paris.

The King had, since the insurrection of the 20th of June, which displayed how much he was at the mercy of his enemies, renounced almost all thoughts of safety or escape.—Henry IV, would have called for his arms—Louis XVI, demanded his confessor. "I have no longer any thing to do with earth," he said; "I must turn all my thoughts on Heaven." Some vain efforts were made to bribe the leaders of the Jacobins, who took the money, and pursued, as might have been expected, their own course with equal rigour.

The King hastily recalled from their barracks at Courbe-Voie about a thousand Swiss Guards, upon whose fidelity he could depend. The formidable discipline and steady demeanour of these gallant mountaineers, might have recalled the description given by historians of the entrance of their predecessors into Paris under similar circumstances, the day before the affair of the Barricades, in the reign of Henry II.—But the present moment was too anxious to admit of reflections upon past history.

Early on the morning of the 10th of August, the tocsin rung out its alarm peal over the terrified city of Paris, and announced that the long-menaced insurrection was at length on foot. In many parishes the Constitutional party resisted those who came to sound this awful signal; but the well prepared Jacobins were found everywhere victorious, and the prolonged mournful sound, was soon tolled out from every steeple in the metropolis.

To this melancholy music the contending parties arranged their forces for attack and defence, upon a day which was doomed to be decisive.

The Swiss guards got under arms, and repaired to their posts in and around the palace. About four hundred grenadiers of the loyal section of Filles Saint Thomas, joined by several from that of Les Petits Peres, in whom all confidence could justly be reposed, were posted in the interior of the palace, and associated with the Swiss for its defence. The relics of the Royalist party, undismayed at the events of the 28th of February in the year preceding, had repaired to the palace on the first signal given by the tocsin. Their arms were as miscellaneous as their appearance. Rapiers, hangers and pistols, were the weapons with which they were to encounter bands well provided with musketry and artillery. Their courage, however, was unabated. It was in vain that the Queen conjured, almost with tears, men aged fourscore and upwards, to retire from a contest where their strength could avail so little. The veterans felt that the fatal hour was come, and, unable to fight, claimed the privilege of dying in the discharge of their duty.

The distant shouts of the enemy were already heard, while the Garden of the Tuilleries was filled by the successive legions of the National Guard, with their cannon. Of this civic force, some, and especially the artillerymen, were as ill disposed towards the King as was possible; others were well inclined to him; and the greater part remained doubtful.—Mandat, their commander, was entirely in the royal interests. He had disposed the force he commanded to the best advantage for discouraging the mutineers, and giving confidence to the well disposed, when he received an order to repair to the municipality for orders. He went thither accordingly, expecting the support of such Constitutionalists as remained in that magistracy, but he found it entirely in possession of the Jacobin party. Mandat was arrested, and ordered a prisoner to the Abbaye, which he never reached, being pistoled by an assassin at the gate of the Hotel de Ville. His death was an infinite loss to the King's party.

The motions of the assailants were far from being as prompt and lively as on former occasions, when no great resistance was anticipated. Santerre, an eminent brewer, who, from his great capital, and his affectation of popular zeal, had raised himself to the command of the suburb forces, was equally inactive in mind and body, and by no means fitted for the desperate part which he was called on to play. Westerman, a zealous Republican, and a soldier of skill and courage, came to press Santerre's march, informing him that the Marseillois and Breton Federates were in arms in the Place du Carousel, and expected the advance of the pikemen from the suburbs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau. On Santerre's hesitating, Westerman placed his sword point at his throat, and the citizen commandant, yielding to the nearer terror, put his bands at length in motion. Their numbers were immense. But the real strength of the assault was to lie on the Federates of Marseillois and Bretagne, and other provinces, who had been carefully provided with arms and ammunition. They were also secure of the Gens d'arms, or soldiers of police, although these were called out and arranged on the King's side. The Marseillois and Bretons were placed at the head of the long columns of the suburb pikemen, as the edge of an axe is armed with steel, while the back is of coarser metal to give weight to the blow. The charge of the attack was committed to Westerman.

The bridge adjacent to the Tuilleries, called the Point Royale, was occupied by the insurgents, and the Quai on the opposite side of the river was mounted with cannon, of which the assailants had about fifty pieces, served by the most determined Jacobins; for the artillerymen had from the beginning embraced the popular cause with unusual energy.

There was now no alternative for Louis, but to fight at the head of his guards, or submit himself to the pleasure of the Assembly. He preferred the latter. His wife, his sister and children, accompanied him on this occasion; and the utmost efforts of an escort of three hundred Swiss and national grenadiers were scarce able to protect them. They were, at every moment of their progress, interrupted by the deadliest threats and imprecations, and the weapons of more than one ruffian were levelled against them. The Queen was robbed even of her watch and purse—so near might the worst criminals approach the persons of the royal fugitives.

The King's entrance into the Assembly was not without dignity. "My family and I are come among you," he said, "to prevent the commission of a great crime." Vergniaud, who was president at the time, answered with propriety, though ambiguously. He assured the King that the Assembly knew its duties, and was ready to perish in support of them. A member of the mountain observed, with bitter irony, that it was impossible for the Assembly to deliberate freely in presence of the monarch, and proposed that he should retreat into one of the most remote committee rooms—a place where assassination must have been comparatively easy. The Assembly rejected this proposal, alike insulting and insiduous, and assigned a box, or small apartment, called the Logographe, used for the reporters of the debates, for the place of refuge of this unhappy family. This arrangement was scarce made, ere a heavy discharge of musketry and cannon announced that the King's retreat had not prevented the bloodshed he so greatly feared.

The insurgents with the Marseillois and Breton Federates at their heads poured into the court-yard of the palace without opposition, planted their cannon where some small buildings gave them advantage, and advanced without hesitation to the outposts of the Swiss. They had already tasted blood that day, having massacred a patrol of royalists, who, unable to get into the Tuilleries, had attempted to assist the defence, by interrupting, or at least watching and discovering, the measures adopted by the insurgents. These men's heads were, as usual, borne on pikes among their ranks.

They pushed forward, and it is said the Swiss at first offered demonstrations of truce. But the assailants thronged onward, crowded on the barricade, and when the parties came into such close collision, a struggle ensued, and a shot was fired. It is doubtful from what side it came, nor is it of much consequence, for on such an occasion that body must be held the aggressors who approach the pickets of the other, armed and prepared for assault; and although the first gun be fired by those whose position is endangered, it is no less defensive than if discharged in reply to a fire from the other side.

This unhappy shot seems to have dispelled some small chance of a reconciliation between the parties. Hard firing instantly commenced from the Federates and Marseillois, whilst the palace blazed forth fire from every window, and killed a great many of the assailants. The Swiss, whose numbers were now only about seven hundred men, determined, notwithstanding, upon a sally, which, in the beginning, was completely successful. They drove the insurgents from the court-yard, killed many of the Marseillois and Bretons, took some of their guns, and turning them along the streets, compelled the assailants to actual flight, so that word was carried to the National Assembly that the Swiss were victorious. The utmost confusion prevailed there; the deputies upbraided each other with their share in bringing about the insurrection; Brissot showed timidity; and several of the deputies thinking the Guards were hastening to massacre them, attempted to escape by the windows of the Hall.

If, indeed, the sally of the Swiss had been supported by a sufficient body of faithful cavalry, the Revolution might have been that day ended. But the Gens d'arms were devoted to the popular cause, and the Swiss, too few to secure their advantage, were obliged to return to the palace, where they were of new invested.

Westerman posted his forces and artillery with much intelligence, and continued a fire on the Tuilleries from all points. It was now returned with less vivacity, for the ammunition of the defenders began to fail. At this moment D'Hervilly arrived from the Assembly, with the King's commands that the Swiss should cease firing, evacuate the palace and repair to the King's person. The faithful Guards obeyed at once, not understanding that the object was submission, but conceiving they were summoned elsewhere, to fight under the King's eye. They had no sooner collected themselves into a body, and attempted to cross the Garden of the Tuilleries, than, exposed to a destructive fire on all sides, the remains of that noble regiment, so faithful to the trust assigned to it, diminished at every step; until, charged repeatedly by the treacherous Gens-d'arms, who ought to have supported them, they were separated into platoons, which continued to defend themselves with courage, even till the very last of them was overpowered, dispersed and destroyed by multitudes. A better defence against such fearful odds scarce remains on historical record, a more useless one can hardly be imagined.

The rabble, with their leaders the Federates, now burst into the palace, executing the most barbarous vengeance on the few defenders who had not made their escape; and while some massacred the living, others, and especially the unsexed women, who were mingled in their ranks, committed the most shameful butchery on the corpses of the slain.

An almost vain attempt was made to save the lives of that remaining detachment of Swiss which had formed the King's escort to the Assembly, and to whom several of the scattered Royalists had again united themselves. Their officers proposed, as a last effort of despair, to make themselves masters of the Assembly, and declare the deputies hostages for the King's safety. Considering the smallness of their numbers, such an attempt could only have produced additional bloodshed, which would have been ascribed doubtless to the King's treachery. The King commanded them to resign their arms, being the last order which he issued to any military force.—He was obeyed; but, as they were instantly attacked by the insurgents, few escaped slaughter, and submission preserved but a handful. About seven hundred and fifty fell in the defence, and after the storm of the Tuilleries. Some few were saved by the generous exertions of individual deputies—others were sent to prison where a bloody end awaited them—the greater part were butchered by the rabble, so soon as they saw them without arms. The mob sought for them the whole night, and massacred many porters of private families, who, at Paris, are generally termed Swiss, though often natives of other countries.

The royal family were at length permitted to spend the night, which, it may be presumed, was sleepless, in the cells of the neighboring convent of the Feuillans.

Thus ended, for the period of twenty years and upwards, the reign of the Bourbons over their ancient realm of France.

CHAP. III.

La Fayette escapes from France, and is made prisoner by the Prussians. Characters of Danton, Robespierre and Marat. Great massacre of Prisoners in Paris. Murder of the Princess de Lamballe. The National Convention. The King brought to trial—sentence of Death pronounced—beheaded on 21st Jan. 1793. Maria Antoinette on the 16th October, same year. Fate of the rest of the Royal Family.

THE success of the 10th of August had sufficiently established the democratic maxim, that the will of the people, expressed by their insurrections, was the supreme law; the orators of the clubs its interpreters; and the pikes of the suburbs its executive power.

All the departments of France, without exception, paid the most unreserved submission to the decrees of the Assembly, or rather to those which the Community of Paris, and the insurgents, had dictated to that legislative body; so that the hour seemed arrived when the magistracy of Paris, supported by a democratic force, should, in the name and through the influence of the Assembly, impose its own laws upon France.

La Fayette in vain endeavored to animate his soldiers against this new species of despotism. The Jacobins had their friends and representatives in the very trustiest of his batallions. He made an effort, and a bold one. He seized on the persons of three deputies, sent to him as commissioners by the Assembly, to compel submission to their decrees, and proposed to reserve them as hostages for the King's safety. Several of his own general officers, the intrepid Dessaix amongst others seemed willing to support him, Dumouriez, however, the personal enemy of La Fayette, and ambitious of being his successor in the supreme command, recognized the decrees of the Assembly in the separate army which he commanded. His example drew over Luckner, who also commanded an independent corps d'armee, and who at first seemed disposed to join with La Fayette.

That unfortunate General was at length left unsupported by any considerable part even of his own army; so that with three friends, whose names were well known in the Revolution, he was fain to attempt an escape from France, and, in crossing a part of the enemy's frontier, they were made prisoners by a party of Prussians and consigned as state prisoners to different fortresses.

Three men of terror, whose names will long remain, we trust, unmatched in history by those of any similar miscreants, had now the unrivalled leading of the Jacobins, and were called the Triumvirate. Danton deserves to be named first, as unrivalled by his colleagues in talent and audacity. He was a man of gigantic size, and possessed a voice of thunder. His countenance was that of an Ogre on the shoulders of a Hercules. He was as fond of the pleasures of vice as of the practice of cruelty; and it was said there were times when he became humanized amidst his debauchery, laughed at the terror which his furious declamations excited, and might be approached with safety.

Robespierre possessed this advantage over Danton, that he did not seem to seek for wealth, either for hoarding or expending, but lived in strict and economical retirement, to justifiy the name of the 'Incorruptible', with which he was honored by his partisans. He appears to have possessed little talent, saving a deep fund of hypocrisy, considerable powers of sophistry, and a cold exaggerated strain of oratory, as foreign to good taste, as the measures he recommended, were to ordinary humanity. He never was known to pardon any opposition, affront or even rivalry; and to be marked in his tablets on such an account was a sure, though perhaps not an immediate, sentence of death. Danton was a hero, compared with this cold, calculating, creeping miscreant; for his passions, though exaggerated, had at least some touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity was supported by brutal courage.—

Robespierre was a coward, who signed death-warrants with a hand that shook, though his heart was relentless. He possessed no passions on which to charge his crimes; they were perpetrated in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation.

Marat, the third of this infernal triumvirate, had attracted the attention of the lower orders, by the violence of his sentiments in the journal which he conducted from the commencement of the Revolution, upon such principles that it took the lead in forwarding its successive changes. His political exhortations began and ended like the howl of a blood-hound for murder; or, if a wolf could have written a journal, the gaunt and famished wretch could not have ravined more eagerly for slaughter. It was blood which was Marat's constant demand, not in drops from the breast of an individual, not in puny streams from the slaughter of families, but blood in the profusion of an ocean. His usual calculation of the heads which he demanded amounted to two hundered and sixty thousand; and though he sometimes raised it as high as three hundred thousand, it never fell beneath the smaller number. It may be hoped, and, for the honor of human nature, we are inclined to believe, there was a touch of insanity in this unnatural strain of ferocity; and the wild and squalid features of the wretch appear to have intimated a degree of alienation of mind. Marat was, like Robespierre, a coward. Repeatedly denounced in the Assembly, he skulked instead of defending himself, and lay concealed in some obscure garret or cellar among his cut-throats, until a storm appeared, when, like a bird of ill omen, his death-screech was again heard.—Such was the strange and fatal triumvirate, in which the same degree of cannibal cruelty existed under different aspects. Danton murdered to glut his rage; Robespierre, to avenge his injured vanity, or to remove a rival whom he envied; Marat, from the same instinctive love of blood, which induces a wolf to continue his ravage long after his hunger is appeased.

The number of individuals accumulated in the various prisons of Paris, had increased by arrests and domiciliary visits subsequent to the 10th of August, to about eight thousand persons. A force of armed banditti, Marsellois partly, and partly chosen ruffians of the Fauxbourgs, proceeded to the several prisons, into which they either forced their passage, or were admitted by the jailors. A revolutionary tribunal was formed from among the armed ruffians themselves, who examined the registers of the prisons, and summoned the cap-

Murder of the Princess of Lamballe.

tives individually to undergo the form of a trial. If the judges, as was almost always the case, declared for death, their doom, to prevent the efforts of men in despair, was expressed in the words, "Give the prisoner freedom." The victim was then thrust out into the street, or yard; he was despatched by men and women, who, with sleeves tucked up, arms dyed elbow deep in blood, hands holding pikes, axes and sabres, were executioners of the sentence; and by the manner in which they did their office on the living, and mangled the bodies of the dead, showed that they occupied their post as much from pleasure as love of hire.

The captives were penned up in the dungeons like cattle in a shambles, and in many instances might, from windows which looked outwards, mark the fate of their comrades, hear their cries, and behold their struggles, and learn from the horrible scene, how they might best meet their own approaching fate.

Many ladies, especially those belonging to the court, were thus murdered. The Princess de Lamballe, whose only crime seems to have been her friendship for Marie Antoinette, was literally torn to pieces, and her head, and that of others, paraded on pikes through the metropolis. It was carried to the Temple on that accursed weapon, the features, yet beautiful in death, and the long fair curls of the hair floating around the spear. The murderers insisted that the King and Queen should be compelled to come to the window to view this dreadful trophy. The municipal officers who were upon duty over the royal prisoners, had difficulty, not merely in saving them from this horrible inhumanity, but also in preventing the prison from being forced.

In the brief intervals of this dreadful butchery, which lasted for four days, the judges and executioners, ate, drank and slept; and awoke from slumber, or rose from their meal with fresh appetite for murder. There were places arranged for the male, and for the female murderers, for the work had been incomplete without the intervention of the latter. Prison after prison was invested, and under the same form of proceeding, made the scene of the same inhuman butchery.

The bodies were interred in heaps, in immense trenches, prepared beforehand by order of the Community of Paris; but their bones have since been transferred to the subterranean catacombs, which form the general charnel-house of the city. In these melancholy regions, while other relics of mortality lie exposed all around, the remains of those who perished in the massacres of September are alone secluded from the eye. The vault in which they repose is closed with a screen of freestone, as if relating to crimes unfit to be thought of even in the proper abode of death, and which France would willingly hide in oblivion.

When the first accounts were read in the Constituent Assembly, of the massacres perpetrated at Avignon, the President fainted away, and the whole body manifested a horror, as well of the senses as of the mind; and now, that a far more cruel, more enduring, more extensive train of murders was perpetrated under their own eye, the legislative Assembly looked on in apathy. The utmost which the eloquence of Vergniaud could extract from them was a decree, that in future the Community should be answerable with their own lives for the security of the prisoners under their charge.—After passing this decree, the Legislative Assembly, being the second Representative Body of the French nation, dissolved itself according to the resolutions of the 10th of August to give place to the National Convention.

The power of the Jacobins was irresistible in Paris, where Robespierre, Danton and Marat, who shared the high places in their synagogue, were elected to the National Convention by an immense majority; and of the twenty deputies who represented Paris, there were not above five or six unconnected with the massacres. Nor were they any where unsuccessful, whence there existed enough of their adherents to overawe by threats, clamour and violence, the impartial voice of the public.

The Jacobins resolved to engage their adherents and all whom they influenced, in proceeding to the death of Louis. They had no reason to doubt that they might excite the populace to desire and demand that final sacrifice, and to consider the moment of its being offered as a time of jubilee. Nor were the better classes likely to take a warm or decisive interest in the fate of their unhappy prince, so long the object of unpopularity.

Meantime the King with the Queen, his sister and their children, the Dauphin and the Princess Royal, remained in the Tower of the Temple, more uncomfortably lodged, and much more harshly treated, than state prisoners before the Revolution had been in the execrable Bastile. The royal prisoners were under the especial charge of the Community of Paris, who, partly from their gross ignorance, partly from their desire to display their furious Jacobinical zeal, did all in their power to embitter their captivity.

On the 11th of December a formidable body of troops, with artillery, drew up around the prison in which Louis was confined. The mayor appeared and read to the King the Decree of the Convention, that Louis Capet should be brought to their bar.

The crowd pressed much on the King during the passage from the Temple to the Tuilleries, where the Convention had now established their sittings, as men who had slain and taken possession. Loud cries were heard, demanding the life of the tyrant; yet Louis preserved the most perfect composure, even when he found himself standing as a criminal before an assembly of his native subjects, born, most of them in a rank which excluded them from judicial offices, till he himself had granted the privilege.

"Louis," said the President, (the versatile, timorous, but subtle Barrere,) "you may be seated." The King sat down accordingly, and listened without apparent emotion, to a long act of accusation, in which every accident that had arisen out of the Revolution was gravely charged as a point of indictment againt the King. He replied by short laconic answers, which evinced great presence of mind and composure, and alleged the decrees of the National Assembly as authority for the affair of Nancy, and the firing on the people in the Champ de Mars, both of which were urged against him as aggressions on the people.

The King was carried back to his prison amid threats and abuse from the same banditti whose ranks he had before traversed.

On the 26th of December he was again brought up, attended by the three council who were allowed him,—Malesherbes, Tronchet and Deseze. His cause was ably and eloquently opened by the last of these. After descanting on the several charges, he thus closed his address to the assembly. "In this hall men have contended for the glory of the 10th of August. I come not to dispute that glory; but, since it has been proved that that day was premeditated, how can it be made a crime to Louis. And you accuse him! and you would give judgment against him! against him who has never given a sanguinary order! against him who at Varennes, preferred returning a captive, to exposing the life of a single man! against him, who on the 20th, refused every kind of aid, and preferred remaining alone in the midst of his people.—Hear history speak. Louis mounted the throne at the age of twenty; he exhibited upon it an example of morals, of justice, of economy; he abolished servitude in his domains! the people desired liberty, he gave it. We cannot deny to Louis the glory of having always anticipated the wishes of his people. I do not draw conclusions! I appeal to history! recollect that history will JUDGE your JUDGMENT.

Before Deseze ventured upon the performance of his task, he had made every preparation necessary for his own death; so sure was the fate, which seemed to await all those who openly adhered to the interests of the throne.

Preparations, such as might have been expected, were made for the day of trial. All the resources of art and violence were employed to obtain a sentence of death and execution, and to influence the populace against the King; sanguinary petitions demanded his head, and a procession was made of all the diseased and wounded people in the hospitals, who were exhibted as patriots wounded on the 10th of August, and came to the bar of the Convention, claiming vengeance on the tyrant.

The number of suffrages was reduced by death, absence, and refusals to vote, to seven hundred and twenty-one. Thirty-four gave their opinions for death, with various restrictions; two for imprisonment in chains, and three hundred and nineteen for confinement or banishment; total, three hundred and fifty-five. The number of votes for death absolutely was three hundred and sixty-six. The President Vergniaud, after enumerating the suffrages, said, "The punishment pronounced against Louis is DEATH."

During his passage to the place of execution, a profound silence prevailed among the people. The escort amounted to 1200 men; the streets were crowded with national guards; the doors of the houses were shut, and the police had strictly forbidden any one to appear at the windows. The king continued reading his breviary with great devotion during the slow and silent progress of the procession, till he arrived at the foot of the guillotine erected between the pedestal which had supported the statue of Louis XV, and the Champs Elysees or Elysian Fields.

The king, having recommended his confessor to the care of the national guards, threw off his coat, and was preparing to ascend the scaffold, when they seized his hands to tie them behind his back; his first movement was to repel the insult, but Edgworth, his confessor, said, "Sire, this new humiliation is another circumstance in which your majesty's sufferings, resemble those of our Saviour, who will soon be your reward." The king's repugnance was instantly subdued, and with a dignified air of resignation, he presented his hands. The executioners drawing the cords with all their force, he mildly said, "There is no need to pull so hard." While he was ascending the steps, his confessor exclaimed, "Louis, son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." As soon as the king came upon the scaffold, he surveyed for a few moments the immense multitude. He then pronounced loud enough to be heard at the garden of the Tuilleries, "Frenchmen! I die innocent. I pardon all my enemies, and I wish that France"— Here Santerre, fearing the effect of his address on the people, interrupted him by giving a signal for the drums to beat and the executioners to perform their office. They seized their victim, and placed him under the axe of the guillotine. The stroke was then given, and one of the executioners holding up the head to be seen by the people, a few persons more cruel or more mercenary than the rest, cried, Vive la Nation! Vive la Republique! A troop of young men placed there for the purpose, commenced a dance round the scaffold. Several persons dipped the points of pikes, pieces of paper, and pocket-handkerchiefs, in the blood.

M. Le Duc, an old servant of the king's father, prayed for leave to inter him at Sens with the rest of his family; while Legendre required permission to divide the corpse into eighty-four pieces, of which one should be sent to each of the departments, and the heart to the Convention. At length it was determined to bury him in a cemetary of that section of Paris in which he had been imprisoned; and the body was thrown, without any funeral ceremony, into a space in the church-yard of St. Mary Magdalen, which was filled with quicklime, carefully guarded, till the body was supposed to be entirely consumed, and then levelled with the circumjacent ground, that every trace of the spot where the monarch was deposited might effectually be obliterated.

Not to mingle the fate of the illustrious victims of the royal family with the general tale of the sufferers under the Reign of Terror, we must here mention the deaths of the rest of that illustrious house, which closed for a time a monarchy, that, existing through three dynasties, had given sixty-six kings to France.

It was not to be supposed, that the Queen was to be long permitted to survive her husband. She had been even more than he the object of revolutionary detestation; nay many were disposed to throw on Marie Antoinette, almost exclusively, the blame of those measures, which they considered as counter revolutionary. She came to France a gay, young, and beautiful Princess—she found in Louis, a faithful, affectionate and almost uxorious husband.

The terms of her accusation were too basely depraved to be even hinted at here. She scorned to reply to it, but appealed to all who had been mothers, against the very possibility of the horrors which were stated against her. The widow of a King, the sister of an Emperor, was condemned to death, dragged in an open tumbril to the place of execution, and beheaded on the 16th of October, 1793. She suffered death in her 39th year.

The Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis, did not, by the most harmless demeanour and inoffensive character, escape the miserable fate in which the Jacobins had determined to involve the whole family of Louis XVI. She was beheaded in May 1794, and met her death as became the manner in which her life had been spent.

The Dauphin was a promising child of seven years old, an age at which no offence could have been given, and from which no danger could have been apprehended. Nevertheless, it was resolved to destroy the innocent child, and by means to which ordinary murders seem deeds of mercy.

The unhappy boy was put in charge of the most hard-hearted villain whom the Community of Paris, well acquainted where such agents were to be found, were able to select from their band of Jacobins. This wretch, a shoemaker, called Simon, asked his employers, "what was to be done with the young wolf-whelp; was he to be slain?"—"No"—"What then?"—"He was to be got rid of." Accordingly, by a continuance of the most severe treatment—by beating, cold, vigils, fasts and ill usage of every kind, so frail a blossom was soon blighted. He died on the 8th of June 1795.

After this last horrible crime, there was a relaxation in favor of the daughter, and now the sole child of this unhappy house. The Princess Royal, whose qualities have since honored even her birth and blood, experienced from this period a mitigated captivity. Finally, on the 19th of December 1795, this last remaining relic of the family of Louis was permitted to leave her prison and her country, in exchange for La Fayette and others, whom, on that condition, Austria delivered from captivity.

CHAP. IV.

Civil war of La Vendee. Vendeans' method of fighting. Seige of Lyons, its surrender, and dreadful Punishment. Reign of Terror. Revolutionary Tribunal. Horrors perpetrated at Nantes. Assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday. Danton condemned and executed. Cecile Regnaud. Fall of Robespierre and return of tranquility. Ball of the Victims.

The civil war of La Vendee was waged with various fate for nearly two years, during which the insurgents or brigands as they were termed, gained by far the greater number of advantages, though with means infinitely inferior to those of the government, which detached against them one general after another, at the head of numerous armies, with equally indifferent success. Most of the Republicans entrusted with this fatal command suffered by the guillotine, for not having done that which circumstances rendered impossible.

The tactics of the Vendeans were peculiar to themselves, and of a kind so well suited to their country and their habits, that it seems impossible to devise a better and more formidable system. The Vendean took the field with the greatest simplicity of military equipment. His scrip served as a cartridge-box, his uniform was the country short jacket and pantaloons, which he wore at his ordinary labor; a cloth knapsack contained bread and some necessaries, and thus he was ready for service. They were accustomed to move with great secrecy and silence, among the thickets and enclosures by which their country is intersected, and were thus enabled to choose at pleasure the most favorable points of attack or defence. Their army, unlike any other in the world, was not divided into companies, or regiments, but followed in bands, and at their pleasure, the chiefs to whom they were most attached. Instead of drums or military music, they used, like the ancient Swiss and Scottish soldiers, the horns of cattle for giving signals to their troops. Their officers wore, for distinction, a sort of chequered red handkerchief knotted round their head, with others of the same color tied round their waist, by way of sash, in which they stuck their pistols.

The attack of the Vendeans was that of sharp-shooters.—They dispersed themselves so as to surround their adversaries with a semicircular fire, maintained by a body of formidable marksmen accustomed to take aim with fatal precision, and whose skill was the more dreadful, because, being habituated to take advantage of every tree, bush or point of shelter, those who were dealing destruction amongst others, were themselves comparatively free from risk. This manœuvre was termed s'egailler; and the execution of it resembling the Indian bush-fighting, was, like the attack of the red warriors, accompanied by whoops and shouts, which seemed, from the extended space through which they resounded, to multiply the number of the assailants.

When the Republicans, galled in this manner, pressed forward to a close attack, they found no enemy on which to wreak their vengeance; for the loose array of the Vendeans gave immediate passage to the head of the charging column, while its flanks, as it advanced, were still more exposed than before to the murderous fire of their invisible enemies. In this manner they were sometimes led on from point to point, until the regulars meeting with a barricade, or an abbatis, or a strong position in front, or becoming perhaps involved in a defile, the Vendeans exchanged their fatal musketry for a close and furious onset, throwing themselves with the most devoted courage among the enemy's ranks, and slaughtering them in great numbers. If, on the other hand, the insurgents were compelled to give way, a pursuit was almost as dangerous to the Republicans as an engagement. The Vendean, when hard-pressed threw away his clogs, or wooden-shoes, of which he could make himself a new pair at the next resting-place, sprang over a fence or canal, loaded his fusee as he ran, and discharged it at the pursuer with a fatal aim, whenever he found an opportunity of pausing for that purpose.

This species of combat, which the ground rendered so advantageous to the Vendeans, was equally so in case of victory or defeat. If the Republicans were vanquished, their army was nearly destroyed; for the preservation of order became impossible, and without order their extermination was inevitable, while baggage, ammunition, carriages, guns and all the material part, as it is called, of the defeated army, fell into possession of the conquerors. On the other hand, if the Vendeans sustained a loss, the victors found nothing on the field but the bodies of the slain, and the sabots or wooden-shoes of the fugitives. The few prisoners whom they made had generally thrown away or concealed their arms, and their army having no baggage or carriages of any kind, could of course lose none. Pursuit was very apt to convert an advantage into a defeat; for the cavalry could not act, and the infantry dispersed in the chase, became frequent victims to those whom they pursued.

In the field, the Vendeans were courageous to rashness.—They hesitated not to attack and carry artillery with no other weapons than their staves; and most of their worst losses proceeded from their attacking fortified towns and positions with the purpose of carrying them by main force. After conquest they were generally humane and merciful. But this depended on the character of their chiefs. At Machecoul, the insurgents conducted themselves with great ferocity in the very beginning of the civil war; and towards the end of it mutual and reciprocal injuries had so exasperated the parties against each other, that quarter was neither given nor taken on either side. Yet until provoked by the extreme cruelties of the revolutionary party, and unless when conducted by some peculiarly ferocious chief, the character of the Vendeans united clemency with courage. They gave quarter readily to the vanquished, but having no means of retaining prisoners, they usually shaved their heads before they set them at liberty, that they might be distinguished, if found again in arms, contrary to their parole. A no less striking feature, was the severity of a discipline respecting property, which was taught them only by their moral sense. No temptation could excite them to pillage; and Madame La Roche-Jacquelein has preserved the following singular instance of their simple honesty:—After the peasants had taken the town of Bressuire by storm, she overheard two or three of them complain of the want of tobacco, to the use of which they were addicted, like the natives of moist countries in general. "What," said the lady, "is there no tobacco in the shops?"—"Tobacco enough," answered the simple-hearted and honest peasants, who had not learned to make steel supply the want of gold,—"tobacco enough; but we have no money to pay for it."

Upwards of two hundred battles and skirmishes had been fought in this devoted country. The revolutionary fever was in its access; the shedding of blood seemed to have become positive pleasure to the perpetrators of slaughter, and was varied by each invention which cruelty could invent to give it new zest. The habitations of the Vendeans were destroyed, their families subjected to violation and massacre, their cattle houghed and slaughtered, their crops burnt and wasted. One Republican column assumed and merited the name of the Infernal, by the horrid attrocities which they committed. At Pillau, they roasted the women and children in a heated oven

Many similar horrors could be added, did not the heart and hand recoil from the task. Without quoting any more special instances of terror, we use the words of a Republican eye-witness, to express the general spectacle presented by the theatre of civil conflict.

"I did not see a single male being at the towns of Saint Hermand, Chantonnay, or Herbiers. A few women alone had escaped the sword. Country-seats, cottages, habitations of whichever kind, were burnt. The herds and flocks were wandering in terror around their usual places of shelter, now smoking in ruins. I was surprised by night, but the wavering and dismal blaze of conflagration afforded light over the country. To the bleating of the disturbed flocks, and bellowing of the terrified cattle, was joined the deep hoarse notes of carrion crows, and the yells of wild animals coming from the recesses of the woods to prey on the carcasses of the slain. At length a distant column of fire, widening and increasing as I approached, served me as a beacon. It was the town of Mortagne in flames. When I arrived there no living creatures were to be seen, save a few wretched women who were striving to save some remnants of their property from the general conflagration."

Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Toulon and Lyons, had declared themselves against the Jacobin supremacy. Rich from commerce and their maritime situation, and, in the case of Lyons, from their command of internal navigation, the wealthy merchants and manufacturers of these cities foresaw the total insecurity of property, and in consequence their own ruin, in the system of arbitrary spoliation and murder upon which the government of the Jacobins was founded.

Lyons had expected to become the patroness and focus of an Anti-Jacobin league, formed by the great commercial towns against Paris and the predominant part of the Convention. She found herself isolated and unsupported, and left to oppose her own proper forces and means of defence to an army of sixty thousand men, and to the numerous Jacobins contained within her own walls. About the end of July, after a lapse of an interval of two months, a regular blockade was formed around the city, and in the first week of August hostilities took place.

General Precy, formerly an officer in the royal service, undertook the almost hopeless task of defence, and by forming redoubts on the most commanding situations around the town, commenced a resistance against the immensely superior force of the besiegers, which was honorable, if it could have been useful. The Lyonnois, at the same time, still endeavored to make fair weather with the besieging army, by representing themselves as firm Republicans. They celebrated as a public festival the anniversary of the 10th of August, while Dubois Crance, to show the credit he gave them for their republican zeal, fixed the same day for commencing his fire on the place, and caused the first gun to be discharged by his own concubine, a female born in Lyons. Bombs and red-hot bullets were next resorted to, against the second city of the French empire; while the besieged sustained the attack with a constancy, and on many parts repelled it with a courage, highly honorable to their character.

But their fate was determined. The deputies announced to the Convention their purpose of pouring their instruments of havoc on every quarter of the town at once, and when it was on fire in several places to attempt a general storm.—"The city," they said, "must surrender, or there shall not remain one stone upon another, and this we hope to accomplish in spite of the suggestions of false compassion. Do not then be surprised when you shall hear that Lyons exists no longer." The fury of the attack threatened to make good their promises.

The sufferings of the citizens became intolerable. Several quarters of the city were on fire at the same time, immense magazines were burnt to the ground, and a loss incurred during two nights' bombardment, which was calculated at two hundred millions of livres. A black flag was hoisted by the besieged on the Great Hospital, as a sign that the fire of the assailants should not be directed on that asylum of hopeless misery. The signal seemed only to draw the Republican bombs to the spot where they could create the most frightful distress, and outrage in the higher degree the feelings of humanity. The devastations of famine were soon added to those of slaughter; and after two months of such horrors had been sustained, it became obvious that further resistance was impossible.

The military commandant of Lyons, Precy, resolved upon a sally at the head of the active part of the garrison, hoping that, by cutting his way through the besiegers, he might save the lives of many of those who followed him in the desperate attempt and gain the neutral territory of Switzerland, while the absence of those who had been actual combatants during the siege, might, in some degree, incline the Convention to lenient measures towards the more helpless part of the inhabitants. A column of about two thousand men made this desperate attempt. But pursued by the Republicans, and attacked on every side by the peasants, to whom they had been represented in the most odious colors by the Jacobin deputies, and who were stimulated besides by the hope of plunder, scarcely fifty of the devoted body reached, with their leader, the protecting soil of Switzerland. Lyons reluctantly opened her gates after the departure of her best and bravest.

The paralytic Couthon, with Collot D'Herbois, and other deputies, were sent to Lyons by the Committee of Public Safety, to execute the vengeance which the Jacobins demanded. The principal streets and buildings were to be levelled with the ground, and a monument erected where they stood, was to record the cause;—"Lyons rebelled against the Republic—Lyons is no more." The impotent Couthon was carried from house to house devoting each to ruin, by striking the door with a silver hammer, and pronouncing these words, "House of a rebel, I condemn thee in the name of the Law." Workmen followed in great multitudes, who executed the sentence by pulling the house down to the foundations.—This wanton demolition continued for six months, and is said to have been carried on at an expense equal to that which the superb military hospital, the Hotel des Invalides, cost its founder, Louis XIV. But Republican vengeance did not waste itself exclusively upon senseless lime and stone—it sought out sentient victims.

The deserved death of Chalier had been atoned by an apotheosis, executed after Lyons had surrendered; but Collot D'Herbois declared that every drop of that patriotic blood fell as if scalding his own heart, and that the murder demanded atonement. All ordinary process, and every usual mode of execution, was thought too tardy to avenge the death of a Jacobin proconsul. The judges of the revolutionary commission were worn out with fatigue—the arm of the executioner was weary—the very steel of the guillotine was blunted. Collot D'Herbois devised a more summary mode of slaughter. A number of from two to three hundred victims at once were dragged from prison to the Place de Brotteaux, one of the largest squares in Lyons, and there subjected to a fire of grape shot. Efficacious as this mode of execution may seem, it was neither speedy nor merciful. The sufferers fell to the ground like singed flies, mutilated but not slain, and imploring their executioners to despatch them speedily. This was done with sabres and bayonets, and with such haste and zeal, that some of the jailors and assistants were slain along with those whom they had assisted in dragging to death; and the mistake was not discerned, until, upon counting the dead bodies, the military murderers found them amount to more than the destined tale. The bodies of the dead were thrown into the Rhone, to carry news of the Republican vengeance, as Collot d'Herbois expressed himself, to Toulon, then also in a state of revolt. But the sullen stream rejected the office imposed on it, and heaved back the dead in heaps upon the banks; and the Committee of Representatives was compelled at length to allow the relics of their cruelty to be interred, to prevent the risk of contagion.

The extraordinary criminal Court, better known by the name of the Revolutionary Tribunal, was first instituted upon the motion of Danton. Its object was to judge of state crimes, plots and attempts against liberty, or in favor of royalty.

This frightful Court consisted of six judges or public accusers, and two assistants. There were twelve jurymen; but the appointment of these was mere mockery. It may be sure the jurors and judges were selected for their Republican zeal and steady qualities, and were capable of seeing no obstacle either of law or humanity in the path of their duty.

The Revolutionary Tribunal was in a short time so overwhelmed with work, that it became necessary to divide it into four sections, all armed with similar powers. The quantity of blood which it caused to be shed was something unheard of even during the proscriptions of the Roman Empire; and there were involved in its sentences crimes the most different, personages the most opposed, and opinions the most dissimilar. When Henry VIII, roused the fires of Smithfield both against Protestant and Papist, burning at the same stake one wretch for denying the King's supremacy, and another for disbelieving the divine presence in the Eucharist, the association was consistency itself compared to the scenes presented at the Revolutionary Tribunal, in which Royalist, Constitutionalist, Girondist, Churchman, Theophilanthropist, Noble and Roturier, Prince and Peasant, both sexes and all ages, were involved in one general massacre, and sent to execution by scores together, and on the same sledge.

We have mentioned the murders committed at Lyons; but even these, though hundreds were swept away by vollies of musket-shot, fell short of the horrors perpetrated by Carrier at Nantes, one of the "Commissioners of Public Safety," who, in avenging the Republic on the obstinate resistance of La Vendee, might have summoned hell to match his cruelty, without a demon venturing to answer his challenge. Hundreds, men, women and children, were forced on board of vessels which were scuttled and sunk in the Loire, and this was called republican baptism. Men and women were stripped, bound together, and thus thrown into the river, and this was called republican marriage. But we have said enough to show that men's blood seems to have been converted into poison, and their hearts into stone, by the practices in which they were daily engaged. Many affected even a lust of cruelty, and the instrument of punishment was talked of with the fondness and gaiety with which we speak of a beloved and fondled object. It had its pet name of the little National Window, and others equally expressive; and although saints were not much in fashion, was, in some degree, canonized by the name of the Holy Mother Guillotine. That active citizen, the Executioner, had also his honors, as well as the senseless machine which he directed. This official was addmitted to the society of some of the more emphatic patriots, and shared in their civic festivities.. It may be questioned whether even his company was not too good for the patrons who thus regaled him.

The reader need not be reminded, that the three distinguished champions who assumed the front in the Jacobin ranks, were Marat, Danton and Robespierre. The first was poinarded by Charlotte Corday, an enthusiastic young person, who had nourished, in a feeling betwixt lunacy and heroism, the ambition of ridding the world of a tyrant. Danton and Robespierre, reduced to a Duumvirate, might have divided the power betwixt them. But Danton, far the more able and powerful minded man, could not resist temptations to plunder and to revel; and Robespierre, who took care to preserve proof of his rival's peculations, a crime of peculiarly unpopular character, and from which he seemed to keep his own hands pure, possessed thereby the power of ruining him whenever he should find it convenient. Danton married a beautiful woman, became a candidate for domestic happiness, withdrew himself for some time from state affairs, and quitted the stern and menacing attitude which he had presented to the public during the earlier stages of the Revolution. Still his ascendancy, especially in the Club of Cordeliers, was formidable enough to command Robespierre's constant attention, and keep awake his envy, which was like the worm that dieth not, though it did not draw down any indication of his immediate and active vengeance.

On the morning of the 31st of March 1794, the Parisians and the members of the Convention hardly dared whisper to each other, that Danton, whose name had been as formidable as the sound of the tocsin, had been arrested like any poor ex-noble, and was in the hands of the fatal lictors.

There was no end of exclamation and wonder; for Danton was the great apostle, the very Mahomet of Jacobinism.—His gigantic stature, his huge and ferocious physiognomy, his voice which struck terror in its notes of distant thunder, and the energies of talent and vehemence mingled, which supplied that voice with language worthy of its deep tones, were such as became the prophet of that horrible and fearful sect. Marat was a madman, raised into consequence only by circumstances,—Robespierre, a cold, creeping, calculating hypocrite, whose malignity resembled that of a paltry and second-rate fiend,—but Danton was a character for Shakspeare or Schiller to have drawn in all its broad lights and shades; or Bruce could have sketched from him a yet grander Ras Michael than he of Tigre. His passions were a hurricane, which, furious, regardless and desolating in its course, had yet its intervals of sunshine and repose. Neither good by nature, nor just by principle or political calculation, men were often surprised at finding he still possessed some feelings of generosity, and some tendency even towards magnanimity.

Danton, before his fall, seemed to have lost much of his sagacity as well as energy. He had full warning of his danger from La Croix, Westerman and others, yet took no steps either for escape or defence, though either seemed in his power. Still his courage was in no degree abated, or his haughty spirit tamed; although he seemed to submit passively to his fate with the disheartening conviction, which often unmans great criminals, that his hour was come.

Danton's process was, of course a short one. He and his comrades, Camille Desmoulins, Westerman and La Croix, were dragged before the Revolutionary Tribunal. As judges, witnesses, accusers and guards, Danton was now surrounded by those who had been too humble to aspire to be companions of his attrocities, and held themselves sufficiently honored in becoming his agents. They looked on his unstooping pride and unshaken courage, as timid spectators upon a lion in a cage, while they still doubt the security of the bars, and have little confidence in their own personal safety. He answered to the formal interrogatories concerning his name and dwelling, "My dwelling will soon be with annihilation—my name will live in the Pantheon of History." Camille Desmoulins, Herault les Sechelles, Fabre d'Eglantine, men of considerable literary talent, and amongst the few Jacobins who had any real pretension to such accomplishments, shared his fate.—Westermann was also numbered with them, the same officer who directed the attack on the palace of the Tuilleries on the 10th of August, and who afterwards was distinguished by so many victories and defeats in La Vendee, that he was called, from his activity, the scourge of that district.

Had Danton been condemned for his real crimes, the doom ought, in justice, to have involved judges, jurors, witnesses, and most of the spectators in the court. The power of Robespierre was still predominant with the Revolutionary Tribunal, and after a gallant, and unusually long defence, (of which no notice was permitted to appear in the Moniteur,) Danton and his associates were condemned, and carried to instant execution. They maintained their firmness, or rather hardenedness of character, to the last; and when Danton observed Fabre d'Eglantine beginning to look gloomy, he cheered him with a play on words. "Courage, my friend," he said, in his deep, sullen tone of voice, "we are all about to take up your trade—Nous allons faire des vers."

Alluding to Robespierre's having been the instrument of his destruction, Danton had himself exclaimed, "The cowardly poltroon! I am the only person who could have commanded influence enough to save him." And the event showed that he spoke with the spirit of prophecy which the approach of fate has been sometimes thought to confer.

Meanwhile the despot, whose looks made even the democrats of The Mountain tremble, when directed upon them, shrunk himself before the apprehended presence of a young female. Cecile Regnaud, a girl, and, as it would seem, unarmed, came to his house and demanded to see Robespierre. Her manner exciting some suspicion, she was seized upon by the body-guard of Jacobins, who day and night watched the den of the tyrant, amidst riot and blasphemy, while he endeavored to sleep under the security of their neighborhood.—When the young woman was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, she would return no answers to the questions respecting her purpose, excepting that she wished to see "what a tyrant was like." She was condemned to the guillotine of course; and about sixty persons were executed as associates of a conspiracy, which was never proved, by deed or word, to have existed at all. The victims were drawn at hazard out of the prisons, where most of them had been confined for months previous to the arrest of Cecile Regnaud, on whose account they were represented as suffering. Many have thought the crime entirely imaginary, and only invented by Robespierre to represent his person as endangered by the plots of the aristocracy, and attach to himself a part at least of the consequences, which Marat had acquired by the act of Charlotte Corday.

The people themselves were now beginning to be less passive. They no longer saw the train of victims pass daily to the guillotine, in the Place de la Revolution, with stupid wonder, or overwhelming fear, but, on the contrary, with the sullenness of manifest resentment, that waited but an opportunity to display itself. The citizens in the Rue St. Honore shut up their shops at the hours when the fatal tumbrils passed to the scene of death, and that whole quarter of the city was covered with gloom.

These ominous feelings, were observed, and the fatal engine was removed to a more obscure situation at the Barrier de la Trone near the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, to the inhabitants of which it was thought a daily spectacle of this nature must be an interesting relief from labor. But even the people of that turbulent suburb had lost some of their Republican zeal—the men's feelings were altered. They saw, indeed, blood stream in such quantities, that it was necessary to make an artificial conduit to carry it off; but they did not feel that they, or those belonging to them, received any advantages from the number of victims, daily immolated, as they were assurred, in their behalf. The constant effusion of blood, without plunder or license to give it zest, disgusted them, as it would have disgusted all but literal cannibals, to whose sustenance, indeed, the Revolutionary Tribunal would have contributed plentifully.

Robespierre saw all this increasing unpopularity with much anxiety. In vain did he endeavor to regain his ascendency by his influence with the Jacobin club, and the support of Henriot, commander of the national guards. He was accused of aspiring to the rank of dictator, and one of his prosecutors concluded his speech by observing, "we must either fall on him with our bodies, or suffer tyrants to triumph. He would have mutilated the convention and murdered its representatives." When Robespierre would have possessed himself of the tribune, with an intention to harangue the audience, he was forcibly prevented, and his voice was overpowered by cries of "Down with the tyrant! Down with the tyrant!" Tallien displayed with vehement eloquence, all the crimes which disgraced his character, comparing his proscriptions to those of Sylla; and, drawing forth a dagger from his girdle, while he turned to the bust of Brutus, whose genius he invoked, he swore "that he would plunge it into the heart of Robespierre, if the representatives of the people had not courage to order his arrest and to break their chains." A decree was immediately passed for the arrest of the two Robespierres, St. Just, Couthon, Henriot and La Vallette. Robespierre was seized, but released by a party of Jacobins, who conducted him to the Hotel de Ville, where the commune of Paris was assembled. The Jacobins and municipality of Paris were decidedly in favor of Robespierre, and Henriot, who had made his escape from the guards, brought a strong body of troops to his support. But the Parisians declared for the convention, and many of Henriot's troops, when they heard that their leader was outlawed, followed their example. The resolute aspect assumed by the convention, and the want of promptitude on the part of their antagonists, in availing themselves of the military force under their command, decided the fortune of the day. When Paris was a scene of uproar and confusion, Bourdon d'Oise, rushing with a band of soldiers into the hall of the commune, ordered the outlawed members to be arrested. The younger Robespierre leaped out of a window, but was taken up miserably bruised and wounded. St. Just, too pusillanimous to effect his own destruction, implored Lebas to shoot him. "Coward," answered Lebas, "I have something else to do," and immediately blew out his own brains. Couthon lay beneath the table brandishing a knife, with which he repeatedly wounded his bosom, without daring to add force enough to reach his heart. Coffinhal in a rage, threw Henriot out of the window; he crept into a common sewer, and was drawn forth covered with blood and filth, by some soldiers who beat out one of his eyes; the remaining adherents of Robespierre were captured without difficulty, and he himself was found in one of the apartments of the Hotel de Ville, sitting squat against the wall, with a knife in his hand, apparently intended for the purpose of destruction, but which he durst not use. A soldier who discovered him, apprehending some resistance, fired two pistols at him, one of which wounded him on the head, and the other broke his under jaw; he was taken and conducted before the committee of general security in an arm chair; his broken jaw bound up with a cloth. As he was carried along in this condition, he rested his chin on a handkerchief which he held in his right hand, while the elbow was supported by his left. A message was sent to the convention to know if he should be brought to the bar, but the members unanimously exclaimed, that they would no longer suffer their hall to be polluted by the presence of such a monster. He lay for some hours in an antichamber of the committee of general security, stretched on a table, motionless and apparently insensible of corporeal anguish, though the blood flowed from his eyes, mouth and nostrils; but, torn by distracting recollections, and abandoned to remorse, he pinched his thighs with convulsive agony, and scowled gloomily around the room when he fancied himself unobserved. After enduring, in this situation, the taunts of all who beheld him, he was replaced in the arm chair, and carried to the hospital named the Hotel Dieu, where his wounds were dressed merely to prolong his existence, and from thence was sent to the prison of the Conciergerie. He was brought on the same day, before the Revolutionary Tribunal, where sentence of death was demanded against him and twenty-one others, by their former friend and creature Tonquier Tinville, the public accuser. At five o'clock in the evening they were conducted to the place of execution, amidst the acclamations of the numerous spectators. Even the guards who escorted them, partook of the general transport, and joined the cry of Vive le Convention! A group of women stopped the carts and danced round them to testify their joy. Robespierre, pale and disfigured, held down his head on his breast, and looked up but once, when a woman decently dressed approached the cart, and uttered such heart-piercing exclamations and deep-drawn maledictions, as proved to the observers that she was a mother whom his cruelty had deprived of her son, or a widow from whom he had snatched her husband. At hearing her horrible denunciations, Robespierre turned his eyes languidly towards her, and shrugged up his shoulders. He suffered the last but one. When he was about to be tied to the fatal plank, the executioner snatched the dressing from his broken jaw; which immediately fell, and a profusion of blood gushed out; the horrible chasm occasioned by this accident, rendered his head, when severed from his body, and held up to the public view, a hideous and disgusting spectacle.

On the ensuing day (July 29th,) the tyrant was followed to the scaffold by sixty-two other members of the Convention, who also had been outlawed. Barrere, in the name of his associates, proposed the further proscription of those who had been most deeply interested in the late system of policy; but this proposition was over-ruled, and strict justice, tempered with moderation, declared to be the order of the day. Many thousands of those who had been imprisoned on the bare suspicion of disaffection to the ruling faction were liberated in defiance of the opposition of the remaining terrorists. The principal agents of that dreadful oppression and odious tyranny which had been practised in the provinces to the generals who commanded the troops and to the inhabitants themselves, were brought to punishment; the Jacobin club was suppressed. The powers of the two committees of general and public safety, were circumscribed by a regulation that they should be renewed monthly, and the scheme of a temporary government, intended to correct the abuses practised by the late administration, was proposed by Barrere, and adopted.—Intelligence of these changes was dispersed through the different departments, and the French nation indulged a hope of again enjoying the blessing of domestic tranquility.

At length society began to resume its ordinary course, and the business and pleasures of life succeeded each other as usual. But even social pleasures brought with them strange and gloomy associations with that Valley of the Shadow of Death, through which the late pilgrimage of France appeared to have lain. An assembly for dancing, very much frequented by the young of both sexes, and highly fashionable, was called the "Ball of the Victims." The qualification for attendance was the having lost some near and valued relation or friend in the late reign of Terror. The hair and head-dress were so arranged as to resemble the preparations made for the guillotine, and the motto adopted was, "We dance amidst tombs." In no country but France could the incidents have taken place which gave rise to this association; and certainly in no country but France would they have been used for such a purpose.

CHAP. V.

Corsica. Napoleon born, 1769. Sent to the Royal Military School.—Appointed Captain of Artillery. Siege of Toulon. Anecdotes during the siege. Allied troops resolve to Evacuate Toulon. Dreadful particulars of the Evacuation. Napoleon appointed Chief of Battalion in the Army of Italy. Returns to France, and obtains command of the troops of Paris. Marries. Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Italian armies. Battle of Monte Notte. Terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi.

THE Island of Corsica was, in ancient times, remarkable as the scene of Seneca's exile, and in the last century was distinguished by the memorable stand which the natives made in defence of their liberties against the Genoese and French, during a war which tended to show the high and indomitable spirit of the islanders, united as it is with the fiery and vindictive feelings proper to their country and climate. In this island, which was destined to derive its future importance chiefly from the circumstance, NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, had his origin. He was born on the 15th day of August, 1769, at his father's house in Ajaccio. We read with interest, that his mother's good constitution and bold character of mind having induced her to attend mass upon the day of his birth (being the Festival of the Assumption,) she was obliged to return home immediately, and as there was no time to prepare a bed or bedroom, she was delivered of the future victor upon a temporary couch prepared for her accommodation, and covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, representing the heroes of the Iliad. The young Napoleon had, of course, the simple and hardy education proper to the natives of the mountainous island of his birth, and in his infancy was not remarkable for more than that animation of temper, and wilfulness and impatience of inactivity, by which children of quick parts and lively sensibility are usually distinguished.

The Governor of Corsica, interested himself in the young Napoleon, so much as to obtain him an appointment to the Royal Military School at Brienne, which was maintained at the royal expense, in order to bring up youths for the engineer and artillery service. Nothing could be more suitable to the nature of young Buonaparte's genius, than the line of study which thus fortunately was opened before him. His ardor for the abstract sciences amounted to a passion, and was combined with a singular aptitude for applying them to the purposes of war, while his attention to pursuits so interesting and exhaustless in themselves, was stimulated by his natural ambition and desire of distinction. Almost all the scientific teachers at Brienne, being accustomed to study the character of their pupils, and obliged by their duty to make memoranda and occasional reports on the subject, spoke of the talents of Buonaparte, and the progress of his studies, with admiration.

In 1783, Napoleon Buonaparte, then only fourteen years old, was, though under the usual age, selected by Monsieur de Keralio, the inspector of the twelve military schools, to be sent to have his education completed in the general school of Paris. It was a compliment paid to the precocity of his extraordinary mathematical talent, and the steadiness of his application.

In his seventeenth year he received his first commission as second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery, and was immediately afterwards promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in the corps quartered at Valance. He mingled with society when he joined his regiment, more than he had hitherto been accustomed to do; mixed in public amusements, and exhibited the powers of pleasing which he possessed in an uncommon degree, when he chose to exert them. His handsome and intelligent features, with his active and neat, though slight figure, gave him additional advantages. Early in the year 1792, he became a captain in the artillery by seniority; and in the same year, being at Paris, he witnessed the two insurrections of the 22d June and the 10th of August. He was accustomed to speak of the insurgents as the most dispicable banditti, and to express with what ease a determined officer could have checked these apparently formidable, but dastardly and unwieldly masses. But with what a different feeling of interest would Napoleon have looked on that infuriated populace, those still resisting though overpowered Swiss, and that burning palace, had any seer whispered to him, "Emperor that shall be, all this blood and massacre is but to prepare your future empire."

The Siege of Toulon was the first incident of importance which enabled Buonaparte to distinguish himself in the eyes of the French government, and of the world at large. He was promoted to the rank of a brigadier-general of artillery, with the command of the artillery during the siege. At a council of war, the instructions of the Committee of Public Safety were read, directing that the siege of Toulon should be commenced according to the usual forms, by investing the body of the place, in other words, the city itself. The orders of the Committee of Public Safety were no safe subject of discussion or criticism for those who were to act under them; yet Buonaparte ventured to recommend their being departed from on this important occasion. His comprehensive genius had at once discovered a less direct, yet more certain manner, of obtaining the surrender of the place. He advised, that neglecting the body of the town, the attention of the besiegers should be turned to attain possession of the promontory, called Hauteur de Grasse, by driving the besieged from the strong work of Fort Mulgrave, and the two redoubts of L'Eguillette and Balagniere, by means of which the English had established the line of defence necessary to protect the fleet and harbor. The fortress of Malbosquet, on the same point, he also recommended as a principal object of attack.—He argued, that if the besiegers succeeded in possessing themselves of these fortifications, they must obtain a complete command of the roads where the English fleet lay, and oblige them to put to sea. They would, in the same manner, effectually command the entrance of the bay, and prevent supplies or provisions from being thrown into the city. If the garrison were thus in danger of being totally cut off from supplies by their vessels being driven from their anchorage, it was natural to suppose that the English troops would rather evacuate Toulon than remain within the place, blockaded on every side, until they might be compelled to surrender by famine.

The plan was adopted by the council of war after much hesitation, and the young officer by whom it was projected received full powers to carry it on. He rallied round him a number of excellent artillery officers and soldiers; assembled against Toulon more than two hundred pieces of cannon, well served; and stationed them so advantageously, that he annoyed considerably the English vessels in the roads, even before he had constructed those batteries on which he depended for reducing Fort Mulgrave and Malbosquet, by which they were in a great measure protected.

One of the dangers which he incurred was of a singular character. An artilleryman being shot at the gun which he was serving, while Napoleon was visiting a battery, he took up the dead man's rammer, and to give encouragement to the soldiers, charged the gun repeatedly with his own hands.—Upon another occasion, while Napoleon was overlooking the construction of a battery, which the enemy endeavored to interrupt by their fire, he called for some person who could write, that he might dictate an order. A young soldier stepped out of the ranks, and resting the paper on the breastwork, began to write accordingly. A shot from the enemy's battery covered the letter with earth the instant it was finished. "Thank you—we shall have no occasion for sand this bout," said the military secretary. The gaiety and courage of the remark drew Buonaparte's attention on the young man, who was the celebrated General Junot, afterwards created Duke D'Abrantes. During this siege, also, he discovered the talents of Duroc, afterwards one of his most faithful adherents. In these and many other instances, Buonaparte showed his extensive knowledge of mankind, by the deep sagacity which enabled him to discover and attach to him those whose talents were most distinguished, and most capable of rendering him service.

Five batteries were opened on Fort Mulgrave, the possession of which Buonaparte considered as ensuring success.—After a fire of twenty-four hours, Dugommier and Napoleon resolved to try the fate of a general attack. The attacking column advanced before day, during a heavy shower of rain. They were at first driven back on every point by the most determined opposition; and Dugommier, as he saw the troops fly in confusion, exclaimed, well knowing the consequences of bad success to a General of the Republic, "I am a lost man!" Renewed efforts, however, at last prevailed; the Spanish artillerymen giving way on one point, the fort fell into the possession of the French, who showed no mercy to its defenders.

The officers of the allied troops, after a hurried council of war, resolved to evacuate Toulon, since the posts gained by the French must drive the English ships from their anchorage, and deprive them of a future opportunity of retreating, if they neglected the passing moment.

The safety of the unfortunate citizens, who had invoked the protection of the British was not neglected, even amid the confusion of the retreat. The numerous merchant vessels and other craft, offered means of transportation to all, who, having to fear the resentment of the republicans, might be desirous of quitting Toulon. Such was the dread of the victors' cruelty, that upwards of fourteen thousand persons accepted this melancholy refuge. Meantime there was other work to do.

It had been resolved, that the arsenal and naval stores, with such of the French ships as were not ready for sea, should be destroyed; and they were set on fire accordingly.—The rising conflagration growing redder and redder, seemed at length a great volcano, amid which were long distinctly seen the masts and yards of the burning vessels, and which rendered obscurely visible the advancing bodies of republican troops, who attempted on different points to push their way into the place. The Jacobins began to rise in the town upon the flying Royalists;—horrid screams and yells of vengeance, and revolutionary chorusses, were heard to mingle with the cries and plaintive entreaties of the remaining fugitives, who had not yet found means of embarkation. The guns from Malbosquet, now possessed by the French, and turned on the bulwarks of the town, increased the uproar. At once a shock like that of an earthquake, occasioned by the explosion of many hundred barrels of gunpowder, silenced all noise save its own, and threw high into the midnight heaven a thousand blazing fragments, which descended, threatening ruin wherever they fell. A second explosion took place, as the other magazine blew up, with the same dreadful effects.

It was upon this night of terror, conflagration, tears and blood, that the star of Napoleon first ascended the horizon; and though it gleamed over many a scene of horror ere it set, it may be doubtful whether its light was ever blended with those of one more dreadful.

The young General of artillery was now rapidly rising in reputation. The praises which were suppressed by the representatives of the people, were willingly conferred and promulgated by the frank old veteran Dugommier. Buonaparte's name was placed on the list of those whom he recommended for promotion, with the pointed addition, that if neglected, he would be sure to force his own way. He was accordingly confirmed in his provisional situation of Chief of Battalion, and appointed to hold that rank in the army of Italy.

He proceeded to join the head quarters of the French army, then lying at Nice, straitened considerably and hemmed in by the Sardinians and Austrians, who, after some vain attempts of General Brunet to dislodge them, had remained masters of the Col di Tende, and lower passes of the Alps, together with the road leading from Turin to Nice by Saorgio.

Buonaparte had influence enough to recommend with success to the general, Dumorbion, a plan for driving the enemy out of this position, forcing them to retreat beyond the higher

Alps, and taking Saorgio; all which measures succeeded as he had predicted. Saorgio surrendered, with much stores and baggage, and the French army obtained possession of the chain of higher Alps, which, being tenâble by defending few and difficult passes, placed a great part of the army of Italy, (as it was already termed, though only upon the frontier,) at disposal for actual service. While directing the means of attaining these successes, Buonaparte, at the same time, acquired a complete acquaintance with that Alpine country, in which he was shortly to obtain victories in his own name, not in that of others, who obtained reputation by acting on his suggestions.

After the establishment of the Directory as the Executive department of the Government, Buonaparte obtained the command of the troops of Paris, a situation, which, if it did not present a field for military activity and fame, tended to bring him into notice, and make him acquainted with the leading men of the different political parties. It afforded him however, one occasion which first displayed his extraordinary military talents.

The convention having continued in session three years, framed a new constitution of government, and transmitted it to the people, in connection with a decree they had passed, which required that the electorial bodies in organizing the new government should choose two thirds of the Deputies from the members of the Convention, and that in case they did not, the Convention should itself appoint that number from its own members. This decree was considered as violating the fundamental rights of the people, and the principles of the constitution which the Convention had formed, as that purported to be an elective government. Great excitement was produced, and the Parisians in defiance of the Convention, met in their primary assemblies and elected their deputies without regarding the decree. The Convention employed a military force to disperse them; the Parisians were terrified at the time, but continued to inveigh against the arbitrary conduct of the Convention, and persisted in their designs of disregarding the obnoxious decree. The Parisians having transformed the citizens into soldiers, on the 4th of October 1795, marched against the troops of the Convention, at the head of whom, was the young general Buonaparte.—A most desperate and sanguinary conflict ensued; the Parisians fought with the greatest bravery and enthusiasm; but the military skill and generalship of young Buonaparte decided the victory. Vast multitudes of citizens were collecting from all quarters to reinforce the Parisian troops, but they were overawed by the signal success of the Convention troops, and the great slaughter that had been made. About one thousand of the Parisians were killed; the insurgents submitted, and the power of the Convention was established over the Capital.

About this period Buonaparte married Madame Josephine Beauharnois, widow of Viscount de Beauharnois, who had been a member of the National Assembly, and was president of that body in 1791. They were married in March 1796, and the dowry of the bride was the chief command of the Italian armies, a scene which opened a full career to the ambition of the youthful general. Buonaparte remained with his wife only three days after his marriage, and proceeded rapidly to commence the career to which Fate called him, by placing himself at the head of the Italian army.

It may be imagined with what delight the General, scarce aged twenty-six, advanced to an independent field of glory and conquest, confident in his own powers, and in the perfect knowledge of the country which he had acquired.

No man ever possessed in a greater degree than Buonaparte, the power of calculation and combination necessary for directing decisive manœuvres. It constituted indeed his secret, as it was for some time called, and that secret consisted in an imagination fertile in expedients which would never have occurred to others; clearness and precision in forming his plans, a mode of directing with certainty the separate moving columns which were to execute them, by arranging so that each division should arrive on the destined position at the exact time when their service was necessary.

Great sacrifices were necessary to enable the French troops to move with that degree of celerity which Buonaparte's combinations required. He made no allowance for impediments or unexpected obstacles; the time which he had calculated for execution of manœuvres prescribed, was on no account to be exceeded—every sacrifice was to be made of baggage, stragglers, and even artillery, rather than the column should arrive too late at the point of its destination.—Hence, all that had hitherto been considered as essential not only to the health, but to the very existence of an army, was in a great measure dispensed with in the French service; and, for the first time, troops were seen to take the field without tents, without camp-equipage, without magazines of provisions and without military hospitals;—the soldiers eating as they could, sleeping where they could, and dying where they could; but still advancing, still combating and still victorious.

He arrived at the head quarters of the army early in the spring, and only waited for the disappearance of the ice to commence operations. The army had endured great hardships and privations, were destitute of shoes, clothing and almost every thing which their comfort required. To silence their complaints, and reconcile them to their situation, as well as to endear himself to the soldiers, Buonaparte lived familiarly with them, participated in their hardships and privations, conciliated their esteem, and redressed their grievances. He attempted to revive their spirits, arouse their courage and raise their despondent hopes; "my brave fellows," said he, "although you suffer great privations, you have no reason to be dissatisfied; every thing yields to power; if we are victorious, the provisions and the supplies of the enemy become ours; but if we are vanquished we have already too much to lose."

The allies were greatly superior in numbers as well as in supplies, and they occupied all the heights and passes of the Alps. Hostilities were commenced on the 9th of April, by Beaulieu, the Austrian general, who with 10,000 men made a spirited attack upon the French post at Voltri; the troops stationed here retreated in good order to Savona. On the following morning the Austrians renewed the attack, with 15,000 men, and having drove in all the out posts of the French, appeared before the redoubt of Montenotte, the last of their entrenchments. This redoubt was defended by 1500 men, commanded by Rampon, who made his soldiers, during the heat of the attack, take an oath to defend it, or perish in the entrenchments. The repeated charges of the Austrians were unavailing; their advancement was checked, and they were kept the whole night at the distance of pistol-shot.—During the night, the right of the French army, under the command of General Laharpe, took a position behind the redoubt; and Buonaparte, followed by Buthin and Massena, brought up the troops of the centre and left, in the rear and flank of the Imperialists. At day-break the following morning the action was commenced with great vigor, and with various success; the contest continued for some time, when Massena appearing, commenced a furious attack upon the rear and flank of the enemy, filled them with terror and confusion, and decided the fate of the day. The fruit of this, the first victory obtained by Buonaparte in Italy, was 3,500 prisoners, of whom sixty were officers, several standards, and 1500 killed.

Buonaparte, following up the advantage he had acquired, removed his head quarters to Carcara the following day, and pushed on Laharpe to Sozello, and from thence by rapid and concealed marches to Cairo; while Massena was ordered to gain the heights of Dego, and generals Manaud and Joubert to occupy, one the heights Biestro, and the other the position of St. Marguerite, by which movements the French army was placed on the other side of the Alps.

Early on the next morning, the 13th of April, Augereau attacked and forced the defiles of the Mellisimo, while Menaud and Joubert drove the enemy from all the neighboring heights. The Austrian general Provera, with 1500 men, entrenched himself in the ruins of an old castle, on the summit of the mountain of Cossaria, a very strong position. Buonaparte, vexed at being checked in his march by a handful of men, gave orders for him to be summoned to surrender.—Provera not readily complying, and requesting to speak with the commander in chief, Augereau formed his men in four columns and advanced against him. Joubert, who led one of the columns, being wounded after entering the enemy's entrenchment, and generals Banel and Quenin, who led two others, being killed, the attempt did not succeed. At dawn of day on the 14th, the hostile armies faced each other.—Whilst Augereau confined general Provera to his position, several regiments of the enemy attempted to penetrate the centre of the French army, but were vigorously repulsed by general Menaud. Massena, in the meantime, was extending his line, strengthened by entrenchments and batteries; before one o'clock, P. M. it reached beyond the enemy's left, which occupied the village of Dego. A vigorous attack was made upon the enemy by the division of general Laharpe, formed in three columns; one headed by General Causse crossed the Bormida with the water up to their middle, exposed to the enemy's fire, and attacked the right of their left wing; the second column passed the same stream, and fell upon the enemy, whilst the third turned a ravine to cut off their retreat.—Being surrounded on all sides, the Austrians were exposed to entire destruction; so rapid and furious was the attack of the French columns, spreading death and terror around them, that they had not even time to capitulate. At the same time General Provera and his men, who had taken refuge in the mountain's top, from an enemy, the vigor and activity of whose operations were equally a matter of surprise and terror, surrendered as prisoners of war. This victory was not more rapid in its achievement than decisive and complete in its results. From seven to nine thousand prisoners were taken, and from 2000 to 2,500 of the enemy killed.

Before dawn of light, the succeeding day, Beaulieu with 7000 men, with great spirit and bravery attacked and carried the village of Dego. A bold and vigorous attempt was made to recover it by Massena, but he was repulsed in three successive attacks; and General Causse, who led on the 99th demi-brigade, as he was on the point of charging the enemy with the bayonet, fell mortally wounded. Buonaparte coming near him whilst in this situation, collecting what strength remained, he asked if Dego was retaken. "The forts are ours," said the commander in chief.—"Then" replied Causse, "Vive la Republique! I die contented." The victorious French soon possessed themselves of Dego, routed and pursued the enemy, who left 600 dead, and 1400 prisoners.—To complete the advantages of the French, Augereau dislodged the enemy from the redoubts of Montezemo, that opened a communication with the valley of the Tanaro, which General Serrurier's division had already occupied.

On the 26th of April, Buonaparte published the following address to the victorious army of Italy, dated head-quarters at Cherasco.

"Soldiers! In the course of 14 days you have acquired six victories, taken 21 stand of colors, 50 pieces of cannon, several strong fortresses and conquered the richest portion of Piedmont: you have taken 1,500 prisoners, and killed and wounded more than 10,000 men: you have hitherto, however, fought only for sterile rocks, rendered famous by your courage, but useless to your country; and by your services, you have emulated the conquering army of Holland and the Rhine. Destitute of every thing, you have supplied every thing; without cannon you have gained battles; without bridges you have crossed rivers; without shoes you have performed forced marches; without brandy, and often without bread, you have spent the night in arms. Republican phalanxes! the soldiers of liberty are alone capable of suffering what you have experienced, and your grateful country will owe to you a part of its prosperity. If the recovery of Toulon presaged the immortal campaign of 1793, your present victories augur a campaign still more glorious. The two armies that but lately attacked you with audacity, now fly in terror before you; and the base men, who ridiculed your misery, and inwardly rejoiced at the triumph of the foe, are abashed and tremble."

The success of the French and the terror of the republican arms, alarmed all Italy. The senate of Venice ordered Louis XVIII to leave its territories; the grand duke of Tuscany supplicated for favor; the king of Naples sent a minister to Genoa to negociate for peace, and all the sea-ports of the peninsula were shut against the English.

To secure the route to Milan, it was necessary to drive the Austrians from the banks of the Adda, behind which they had retired, and having collected an immense quantity of Artillery at a bridge erected across this stream at the town of Lodi, waited for the arrival of the French, feeling confidant of defending the pass, and arresting their progress. Buonaparte, determined that no obstacle should oppose his victorious career, resolved to pass the bridge. Exposed to a shower of grape shot from the enemy's batteries, he succeeded in planting two pieces of cannon at the head of the bridge, on the side of the city; to prevent the enemy from destroying it, and the troops coming up, a column was immediately formed, to carry the pass. The French forming a battery of all their artillery, a tremendous cannonade was kept up for several hours, which filled the air with smoke and flame, and presented a scene terribly grand and sublime. The effect of this, not being decisive, the troops were formed in close column, with the second battalion of Carabineers at their head, followed by all the grenadier battalion, when at a charge-step, amidst ten thousand voices, of "Vive la Republique!" and with an enthusiasm which nothing but the highest animation of liberty could inspire, they approached the bridge, the very supulchre of death, and a burning furnace of destruction; the whole Austrian army with 30 pieces of heavy cannon being posted on the opposite side, and pouring upon it the most tremendous fire. The French advanced, and were swept away like a forest before a desolating tornado, and retreated; they were rallied, but the slaughter was dreadful, and they retreated the second time; when at the order of Buonaparte, Massena, Berthier, Cervoni, Dallemagne and Lasnes, placed themselves at the head of the column, and exclaiming "follow your generals, my brave fellows," rushed forward, over the dead bodies of the slain which covered the bridge, enveloped in smoke and flame and exposed to the tremendous fire of the enemy's batteries, all directed to this pass—which to many a poor fellow became the isthmus connecting the two worlds, and time with eternity. The column reached the opposite side and immediately charged the enemy's batteries; and at the same time, generals Augereau, Rasca and Bayrand with their divisions having crossed the Adda at a ford below Lodi, attacked the Austrians suddenly in the rear. The contest was almost instantly decided; the whole line of Austrian artillery was carried, their order of battle broken, their troops routed, dispersed, and the republican forces spreading terror and death in every direction.

The fruits of this splendid victory were twenty pieces of cannon, and between two and three thousand killed, wounded and prisoners. The wreck of the Imperial army, and their general, the unfortunate Beaulieu, abandoning Pizzighitone, Cremona and Milan took refuge under the cannon of Mantua.

In his dispatches to the Directory after detailing the particulars of this memorable action, Buonaparte observes; "that although since the commencement of the campaign the republican troops had been engaged in many warm contests, none approached to the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi." The French, following up their advantages, pursued the Austrians with great celerity; they advanced to Pizzighitone which immediately surrendered; and from thence pushed on to Cremona, which submitted to the same fate; and the van guard having taken the route to Milan entered this city on the 15th, having on their march received the submission of Pavia, where they found most of the magazines of the Austrian army.

Such a rapid succession of victories was truly astonishing; the whole of Lombardy was conquered; the tri-colored flag waved in triumph from the extremity of the lake of Como, and the frontiers of the country of the Grisons, to the gates of Parma.

The Austrians having evacuated Milan, when the French prepared to enter it, a deputation of the inhabitants laid the keys of its gates at their feet. Overwhelmed with sorrow and mortification, the archduke fled from his capital, and in the streets and squares passed through crowds of people who shewed neither joy or grief. A few days after, the people collected in vast multitudes to witness the entry of the French, whom they hailed as their deliverers, most of them put on the national cockade. The Imperial arms was thrown down from the public buildings, and at the ducal palaces, the following ludicrous and sarcastic advertisement was posted up; "A house to let; inquire for the keys at citizen Salicatti's, the French commissioner."

On the 14th of May, Massena entered the city with his troops, and was welcomed by a numerous deputation of the citizens, headed by the Archbishop. The same day, with great ceremony, and amidst general rejoicing, the tree of liberty was planted in the grand square. The entry of the "deliverer of Italy," was eminently brilliant; the splendid carriages of the nobility and aristocracy of the capital, went out to meet and to salute the republican hero; and returned in an immense cavalcade, amidst the shouts and acclamations of an innumerable multitude, and accompanied by several bands of musicians, playing patriotic marches; the procession stopped at the palace of the archduke, where Buonaparte was to lodge. The ceremonies of the day were concluded by a splendid ball, at which the ladies vied with each other in expressions of patriotism and republican feeling, by wearing the French national colors in every part of their dress. The next day the "ready cash" of the archduke, excepting the "pocket money" which he had taken with him, was emptied into the French national purse, followed the succeeding day by a splendid national fete, closed in the evening by a general illumination.

CHAP. VI.

Armistice with the Pope. Arch-duke Charles enters Italy. Beaulieu succeeded by Wurmser. Battle of Arcola. Victory of Rivoli. The Pope breaks the Treaty. Buonaparte orders Gen. Victor to invade the Papal Territories. Pope sues for Peace. Victories of Buonaparte over the Austrians. Peace concluded.

The success of the French, and the terror of the arms of the Republic, filled all the Italian States with consternation and alarm. The duke of Modena purchased a truce, for it could not be called a peace, at the enormous price of 10,000-000 livres; 7,500,000 to be paid to the Republic, and 2,500-000 in provisions and military stores for the army; he was alsc to deliver twenty paintings from his gallery, to be selected by persons designated by the French.

Buonaparte having left Milan to go to Lodi, an attempt was made by the nobles and the partizans of Austria, to arouse the inhabitants to arms, to drive out their conquerors; the tocsin was sounded, a report circulated that the Austrians were reinforced by 60,000 men, marching to Milan; that the army of Conde had arrived on the confines of the Milanese; and that the British had taken Nice. The tree of liberty was cut down, hewn into pieces, and the tri-colored cockade trampled under foot.

Buonaparte, informed of these proceedings, with 500 horse and a battalion of grenadiers, hastened back to Milan, ordered the leaders who were found in arms to be seized and shot, a number of distinguished persons to be arrested and held as hostages; imposed a fine for the discharge of domestics who had been induced to take up arms, and signified to the Archbishop and the nobility that he should hold them responsible for the public tranquility. He issued a proclamation, charging the disturbances to the agents of Austria and the priests; declared those villages that had not complied with his order of the 25th in a state of rebellion, and directed his generals to march into them, with troops sufficient to suppress the insurgents, to set them on fire, and to shoot upon the spot all who might be found with arms in their hands. All priests and nobles in the rebellious communes were to be arrested and sent to France as hostages; all villages where the tocsin was sounded were to be instantly burnt, and those where a single Frenchman was assassinated were to pay a triple contribution of the sum annually paid to the government, until they should deliver up the assassin. The execution of these orders was entrusted to the generals. The place where arms might be found concealed, was subjected to a heavy fine, and every house in which muskets were discovered, was to be burnt unless the proprietor would disclose to whom they belonged.

The severity of these measures restored tranquility, and spread a general panic.

Buonaparte removed his head-quarters to Verona, leaving a garrison. The enemy having fled into the Tyrol, he proceeded to invest Mantua, which required a formal siege, which the French possessed little means of undertaking. Intending to penetrate into the Tyrolese, the general addressed a proclamation to the warlike people of these lofty mountains, telling them that he had occasion to pass through their territory to compel the court of Austria to a peace, necessary to all Europe; and that their persons, property, laws and religion should be respected, unless they suffered themselves by the agents of Austria to be led into acts of hostility which would call down upon their heads the terrible vengeance of the French army.

Buonaparte proceeded from Torfona, to Modena, and from thence to Bologna, having received the submission of Urbino, the garrison of 300 men surrendering as prisoners of war; and fifty pieces of cannon, with a quantity of arms and provisions, fell into the hands of the victors. At Bologna, the cardinal legate with all the officers of the etat-major were made prisoners, and four standards, with 114 pieces of heavv cannon, taken.

A division of the French army arrived at Leghorn just as an English frigate was going out of the harbor, which was fired at, but without effect; and only a few hours before, forty English vessels, fully laden, left Leghorn.

At Florence, while Buonaparte was at dinner with the grand duke, a courier arrived with intelligence of the taking of the castle of Milan, which held out when the town surrendered. 2,800 prisoners, 150 pieces of cannon, large quantities of powder and military stores, were the fruits of the reduction of the castle. This intelligence, which was announced at the close of the entertainment, was unwelcome tidings to the grand duke; but if it was little calculated to increase the satisfaction which he felt in entertaining his distinguished guest, it confirmed the opinion that there was nothing left for him but submission.

On the 23d of June, an armistice was concluded with the Pope, which was to be followed by a definitive treaty of peace, to be negociated at Paris, the terms of which were sufficiently humiliating to the successor of St. Peter, and the head of the church, once the most powerful sovereign in Europe.—The pontiff, who once trod on the necks of kings, made and unmade sovereigns, disposed of States and kingdoms, and as the great high-priest and vicegerent of the Almighty on earth, established an authority as "lord paramount," and reigned over the heads of other sovereigns, was constrained to drink to the very dregs of the cup of humiliation. If the draught was bitter, it was one which his predecessors had liberally dealt out to others.

He was compelled to open his ports to French vessels, and exclude the flags of all nations at war with that Republic;

to permit the French army to continue in possession of the legations of Bologna and Ferrara, to surrender the citadel of Ancona; to give to the French republic 100 paintings, busts, vases or statues, to be selected by commissioners to be sent to Rome for that purpose, among which were to be included a bust in bronze of Junius Brutus, and one of marble of Marcus Brutus; also 500 manuscripts, to be selected in the same way; and to sweeten the whole, his holiness was to pay to the Republic 21,000,000 of French livres, most of which was to be in specie or gold and silver ingots.

The numerous victories and the rapid progress of the French armies in the North, and the destruction of two armies in Italy, changed the confidence of the allies into fear and alarm: the Court of Vienna was panic struck; the empire was dismembered, and the very throne of Germany seemed tottering to its base. The duke of Wirtemberg and the marquis of Baden, entered into provisional treaties of peace with general Moreau, that were ratified at Paris, in which they ceded to the republic all their possessions on the left bank of the Rhine, and paid immense contributions. The Elector of Bavaria followed the example.

The pacification of the north, and the retreat of the armies, brought the Arch-duke Charles into Italy, where Marshal Wurmser had previously gone to succeed Beaulieu in the command; and left the allies at liberty to direct all their exertions against the young champion of the republic, and the conqueror of Italy. Buonaparte was less like Charles the twelfth of Sweden, a mere "thunderbolt of war," than were many of his private soldiers. He was not less a Statesman than a General; the judicious arrangements which he made to secure the states which he had conquered, and maintain the influence of the Republic, afforded almost equal evidence of his wonderful talents, as the many brilliant victories by which they had been acquired. His policy as a Statesman was only equalled by his wonderful talents and energy as a General.

The retreat of Moreau's army from Germany, left Buonaparte to contend alone with the united forces of the allies; but if he had nothing to expect from a co-operation, he had nothing to fear from a rival. It is not to be supposed therefore, that he was displeased at a state of things, which left him at the head of all the armies of the Republic that were engaged in the tremendous struggle with its enemies. The eyes of the Republic and of all Europe were fixed upon him; his situation was one of awful responsibility, but it both flattered and stimulated his ambition. It was probably at this period, that he first " dreamt of kingdoms, crowns, and regal state."

Buonaparte did not wait to receive the enemy, but marched forth to meet him; he attacked the Austrians who had crossed the Brenta, where, after a most obstinate and bloody action, the enemy was obliged to repass the river, and leave the French in possession of the field of battle.

At the village of Lonado, Buonaparte escaped very narrowly from falling into the hands of the Austrians, and was saved only by that wonderful presence of mind of which he was master. In reconnoitering an advanced post, he found himself with only 1200 men, surrounded by a section of the Austrian army consisting of 4000 men. In this critical and eminently perilous situation, he succeeded in impressing the Austrian commander with the belief that his whole force was at hand, which induced him to surrender himself, with his detachment.

Anxious to bring on a general engagement, Buonaparte had recourse to a stratagem, and he feigned to be desirous to avoid a battle and to shun the enemy. Wurmser, the commander of the Imperial forces, imputing his conduct to a consciousness of his great numerical inferiority, exerted himself to bring on an engagement; and on the 5th of August, confident of success, and deceived by the conduct of Buonaparte, he advanced to engage the French army. The latter being formed in two divisions, one of which received the enemy in front, while the other, having, by a rapid and masterly movement during the night, doubled the enemy's right wing, attacked them furiously in the rear. Finding himself by this unexpected and dextrous manœuvre surrounded and hemmed in, Wurmser made a most gallant and obstinate effort; but it was in vain; nothing could withstand the impetuosity and valor of the French. The route of the Imperialists was complete; they lost six thousand killed, twelve thousand prisoners, seventy pieces of cannon and all the carriages belonging to their army.

This battle was followed by an engagement on the 12th of November, in which the French, consisting of the divisions of Massena and Augereau, were completely successful; but this was but a trifling affair compared with the desperate and protracted contest at the village of Arcola, which followed.—This place afforded a strong position, being surrounded by marshes and canals; and field marshal Alvinzi having taken up his head quarters at Coldero, dispatched several regiments to occupy this village. The column of General Augereau, having drove in the outposts of the enemy, was stopped in its advance by the Imperial troops which occupied the village of Arcola. The French made several efforts to gain possession of a small bridge upon which the enemy kept up a terrible fire. From the importance of carrying the bridge, the troops having been several times repulsed in the attempt, several of the generals placed themselves at the head of the column, and made a desperate effort to pass it. By this rash heroism, several of the generals having been wounded and nothing effected, Augereau, seizing a standard, advanced to the extremity of the bridge, where he remained several minutes without producing any effect. Buonaparte perceiving the difficulty, and that the whole operation would miscarry unless the bridge was passed, hastening to the spot, asked the soldiers "if they were the conquerors of Lodi." His presence enkindled the liveliest enthusiasm amongst the troops, which induced him to risk the passage; leaping from his horse, and seizing a standard, he rushed forward at the head of the grenadiers towards the bridge, exclaiming, "follow your general." The column instantly advanced. and had reached within thirty paces of the bridge, when such was the destructive fire of the Austrians, that it recoiled at the very instant the enemy were on the point of flying. Buonaparte, being thrown from his horse into the marsh, mounted again, exposed to a dreadful fire, succeeded in rallying the column. Generals Lasnes and Vignole were wounded, and Muiron, the aid of Buonaparte, was killed in this daring affair. On the arrival of General Guieux, who had been dispatched by Buonaparte with a body of 2000 men to cross the Adige, and to bear down and turn the village of Arcola, it surrendered, but was soon evacuated by the French. The next day, before light, the Austrians attacked the French in every direction. The columns of Massena and Augereau, after a sharp contest repulsed the enemy, and the former pursued them to the gates of Coldero, taking 1500 prisoners, six pieces of cannon and four standards; but the latter failed of recovering the village of Arcola, although he made several desperate attempts. At night, Buonaparte, at the head of a column carrying fascines, approached the canal on the side of the Adige, but such was the rapidity of the current, that he found it impracticable to pass it. He then ordered bridges to be thrown over the canal and marshes, and planned an attack for the following day. The action was renewed at an early hour, by a vigorous attack of the Austrians upon the centre of the French, which was obliged to fall back. Buonaparte, ready to take advantage even of his disasters, perceiving this, ordered General Gardanne with the 32d to form an ambush, and as the Imperialists pressed forward, driving back the centre, to sally and fall furiously upon their flank. The manœuvre succeeded to admiration. He also adopted another. The left of the Austrians being supported by the marshes, was able to keep in check the French right. Buonaparte ordered the commandant of the guides with 25 select men, to advance along the Adige, and turn all the marshes which supported the enemy's left, and then at full gallop with their trumpets sounding, fall furiously upon their back. This stratagem was equally successful; the Austrian infantry gave way, and were soon completely routed. At this juncture Massena advanced to the village of Arcola, which he carried, and thence pursued the enemy a considerable distance. The results of this victory, were 5000 prisoners, 4000 killed and as many wounded; four stands of colors, 18 pieces of cannon and a great number of loaded waggons, pontoons, and scaling ladders. The loss of the French was considerable, comprising several distinguished officers, killed and wounded; of the latter were generals Robert and Gardanne, and of the former Adjutant General Vaudelin, and Elliot and Muiron, both aids of Bunaparte.

This victory was a most important one to the French; and was not obtained without the most vigorous and persevering efforts, the most skilful and active manœuvering and the most obstinate and desperate fighting. The Austrians, being relieved from the war in the north, had concentrated all their disposable forces in Italy; they had received large reinforcements from the interior of the Austrian states. But the reinforcements sent from France had not joined the army of Buonaparte, which was reduced and weakened by its numerous battles and victories. Its situation was in an eminent degree critical; and nothing but the wonderful genius of its leader, and the bravery and constancy of his brethren, of his companions in arms, and the ardour and courage of his soldiers, could have overcame so many obstacles and triumphed over an enemy possessing such superior advantages.

In his letter to Carnot, one of the Directors, Buonaparte says, "Never was a field of battle so valorously disputed as that of Arcola; scarcely have I any generals left, their courage and devotion to their country were without example."—

The general of brigade, Lasnes, appeared in the field of battle, although the wound he had received at Governole was not yet cured; he was twice wounded on the first day of the engagement, and laid on a bed in great agony, when, hearing that Buonaparte, in person, was at the head of the column, he threw himself out of bed, mounted his horse, and hastened to find the general. As he could not walk, he was obliged to remain on horseback; but at the head of the bridge of Arcola, he received a blow that extended him senseless. "I assure you," concludes the general, "that it required every effort to vanquish: the enemy, headed by their generals, were numerous and obstinate; and several of the latter were killed."

After the action, the Austrian general Alvinzi having retreated with his army into the mountains, it was the principal object of Buonaparte to keep him in check, and to cut off all communication between him and Wurmser, who with a strong garrison still occupied Mantua.

The divisions of Massena and Vaubois came up with the enemy on the heights of Campara, and surrounding a corps of the rear guard took 1200 prisoners, and a body of three or four hundred were drowned in attempting to cross the Adige.

Buonaparte having set out for Mantua, to prosecute the blockade of that fortress, arrived at Verona on the morning of the 12th of January, 1797, at the very moment the Austrians attacked the advanced guard of Massena's division at St. Michael. After an obstinate contest the Austrians were repulsed with the loss of 600 prisoners. At the same time they made an attack upon the head of the French line, and made themselves masters of a redoubt, which however, was retaken by the French with 300 prisoners. After various movements, the great battle at Rivoli on the 14th and 15th of January ensued. The action was contested with the greatest obstinacy, and the hostile parties displayed great skill in their manœuvering and operations. During the heat of the engagement, an Austrian column penetrating behind Rivoli, in the rear of the French, succeeded in turning the French line, and cutting off all communication with Verona and Peschiera; when confident of success they exclaimed, "we have them," and proceeding rapidly by the valley of the Adige advanced and attacked with great impetuosity the intrenchments of Rivoli. But their confidence and ardor did not avail them against the steady bravery of the French; they were repuls ed in three successive attacks. In the meantime, Buonaparte having planted several pieces of artillery, commenced a destructive fire on the right of the Austrian line; when generals Brune and Monnier advancing in three columns, made a vigorous attack upon the right wing of the Austrian line, which occupied an advantageous height in the rear of the French; in an instant the whole Austrian column of 4000 men were made prisoners. This decided the action.

Buonaparte immediately hastened to St. Anthony to cut off the column of the Austrian general Provera. So prompt and judicious were his arrangements, that the Austrians finding themselves surrounded on all sides, immediately surrendered. Six thousand infantry, seven hundred cavalry, an entire corps of volunteers from Vienna, with 22 pieces of cannon and all the waggons and baggage of the enemy fell into the hands of the victors.

The rapidity of the movements and victories of the French were astonishing. In the space of four days only, they had fought two pitched battles, six inferior actions, and taken nearly 25000 prisoners, comprising one lieutenant-general, two brigadier-generals, and twelve or fifteen colonels; sixty pieces of cannon, 20 standards, and an immense quantity of baggage. The spoils of a vanquished enemy were among the trophies of their victories. The strength of Alvinzi's army was greatly weakened; in addition to the prisoners, he sustained a loss of about 6000 killed and wounded. The prisoners were conducted to Grenoble.

In his dispatches to government, Buonaparte says: "all the troops performed wonders; the Roman legions are reported to have marched twenty-four miles a day, our brigades, though fighting at intervals, marched thirty."

Buonaparte, having destroyed since the commencement of the campaign of 1796, three immense armies, and reduced the fortress of Mantua, and having driven the Imperialists out of Italy, turned his attention to the court of Rome. Whilst the secular princes who had concluded treaties with the French, adhered to them in good faith, and paid the contributions stipulated, the Sovereign Pontiff was guilty of the most unwise violations of his engagements. Surrounded by priests who were his only counsellors, the Pope had recourse to his old expedients of artifice and pious frauds; and great efforts were made to inflame the minds of the people against the French, calling them republicans, Jacobins, infidels and very devils incarnate. The priests pretended, that heaven had interfered, and it was positively asserted, that various miracles had been performed in different churches, in vindication of the holy catholic faith, of papal supremacy, and shewing the displeasure of heaven at the conduct of the French. Instead of soldiers, the streets were filled with saints and images, who by their prayers and imprecations, were to arrest the progress of the French, and call down the vengeance of heaven upon their devoted heads. The warrior, who was a match for Hannibal, for the conqueror of that general, or for Cæsar, was to be combatted and overcome by friars; he who had scattered the Austrian eagles, was to yield to a Romish owl.

Buonaparte perceiving such was the infatuation and folly of the Court of Rome, that all his efforts for peace would be unavailing, took immediate steps to bring his holiness to his senses. He issued a manifesto, charging him with a breach of the provisional treaty of peace, and published a proclamation, assuring the inhabitants that their religion, property and persons, should be sacredly protected if they abstained from all acts of hostility, which would draw down upon their heads the terrible vengeance of the French arms. He ordered General Victor to invade the papal territories, who scattered the army of the Pope "like chaff before the wind," and spread a general panic through the ecclesiastical states; persons of property escaped to Naples, and his holiness finding that St. Peter afforded him no assitance in this emergency, and having acquired sufficient laurels in the "field of death," dispatched plenipotentiaries to Buonaparte, to supplicate for peace.

Peace was obtained; but upon conditions sufficiently humiliating; in addition to complying with the provisional treaty, previously entered into, and infracted by the Pope, he was obliged to cede a part of his territories, and pay a sum in money amounting to about thirty millions of French livres, as an atonement for the last rupture.

Thus in one campaign the rising champion of the French Republic overcame and nearly annihilated four armies; consisting of well disciplined and veteran troops more numerous than his own, and commanded by experienced and skilful generals; extended the dominion of France from the Gulf of Genoa to the Adriatic sea, from the Alps to the Tiber, and its influence and the terror of its arms throughout all Italy.

This was one of the most difficult and important of Buonaparte's campaigns; and perhaps in no other did he display a more wonderful and extraordinary combination of talents, giving him an indisputable title to the character of the best soldier, the ablest commander, and the most successful conqueror of the age. It commenced with every advantage on the side of the allies, and ended with the defeat, dispersion and almost entire destruction of four armies. It found Buonaparte in a very critical situation, being compelled, with an army reduced by the victories of the preceding campaign, to contend with the united disposable force of the allies; but it left him master of all Italy, and without a foe that dare to meet him in the field. Considering the situation of his own army, the obstacles which surrounded him, the immense number, power and resources of the enemy; their bravery, discipline, and the able and experienced commanders who led them, his exertions and achievements must appear truly astonishing. If others have done as much in a single campaign, it is certain that no man ever accomplished more.

CHAP. VII.

Project of invading England.—Abandoned. Expedition to Egypt. Capture of Alexandria. Skirmishes with the Mamelukes. Battle of the Pyramids. Battle of Aboukir, and destruction of the French Fleet. Massacre of the Prisoners at Jaffa. Plague breaks out in the French army. Napoleon's courage and humanity. Seige of St. Jean d'Acre. 18,000 Turks occupy Aboukir. Attacked and defeated by Buonaparte. This victory terminates Napoleon's career in Egypt.

All the rest of her enemies being now off her hands, France had for some time meditated, or at least talked about, the invasion of Great Britain. An immense military force was collected on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, and at Toulon, called "the army of England," and Buonaparte appointed to command it. Great preparations were made apparently for invading England; but evidently with the principal design of alarming and distracting that government, and agitating the people.

The waterworks of London were to be cut off by the conspirators, the city set on fire, and the French republicans invited in to take possession of the country. By such groundless and malicious rumors as these, the country was filled with consternation and alarm, the habeas corpus act suspended, royal associations formed, volunteers organized and disciplined, the hands of the ministers so strengthened, that the liberty of the people was entirely dependant upon their will, and every man in the kingdom was liable to be seized and imprisoned during their pleasure without a trial, and even without any charges being preferred against him. During these arbitrary proceedings many innocent men were arrested and imprisoned, and several tried for treason and acquitted.

If the project of invading England had ever been entertained, it was abandoned, in consequence of the extraordinary exertions which were made by the government and people of that nation for its defence.

An enterprise more feasible, and at the same time calculated to strike a severe blow at the power and resources of Great Britain, was resolved upon. This was to invade and possess themselves of Egypt, the object of which was, as is generally supposed, not so much to acquire the riches of the Nile, as to extend their power to the Ganges, and open the way to the conquest of the British East India possessions.—Turkey and Hindostan were to have been menaced into an alliance with the French republic, and rendered subservient to its purposes.

The public observed with astonishment a detachment of no less than one hundred men, who had cultivated the arts and sciences, or to use the French phrase, ‘ savants,’ selected for the purpose of joining this mysterious expedition, of which the object still remained a secret; while all classes of people asked each other what new quarter of the world France had determined to colonize, since she seemed preparing at once to subdue it by her arms, and to enrich it with the treasures of her science and literature. This singular department of the expedition, the first of the kind which ever accompanied an invading army, was liberally supplied with books, philosophical instruments, and all means of prosecuting the several departments of knowledge.

Buonaparte did not, however, trust to the superiority of science to ensure the conquest of Egypt. He was fully provided with more effectual means. The land forces belonging to the expedition were of the most formidable description.—Twenty-five thousand men, chiefly veterans selected from his own Italian army, had in their list of generals subordinate to Buonaparte, the names of Kleber, Dessaix, Berthier, Regnier

Murat, Lasnes, Andreossi, Menou, Belliard and others well known in the Revolutionary wars. Four hundred transports were assembled for the conveyance of the troops. Thirteen ships of the line, and four frigates, commanded by admiral Brueyes, an experienced and gallant officer, formed the escort of the expedition; a finer and more formidable one than which never sailed on so bold an adventure.

On the 19th of May 1798, this magnificent armament set sail from Toulon, illuminated by a splendid sun-rise, one of those which were afterwards popularly termed the suns of Napoleon. The line-of-battle ships extended for a league, and the semi-circle formed by the convoy was at least six leagues in extent. They were joined on the 8th of June, as they swept along the Mediterranean, by a large fleet of transports, having on board the division of General Dessaix.

The 10th of June brought the armament before Malta, once the citadel of Christendom, and garrisoned by those intrepid knights, who, half warriors and half priests, opposed the infidels with the enthusiasm at once of religion and of chivalry. But those by whom the Order was now maintained were disunited among themselves, lazy and debauched voluptuaries, who consumed the revenues destined to fit out expeditions against the Turks in cruises for pleasure, not war, and giving balls and entertainments in the seaports of Italy. Buonaparte treated these degenerate knights with a want of ceremony, which, however little it accorded with the extreme strength of their island, and with the glorious defence which it had formerly made against the infidels, was perfectly suited to their present condition. Secure of a party among the French knights, with whom he had been tampering, he landed troops and took possession of these almost impregnable fortresses with so little opposition, that Caffarelli said to Napoleon, as they passed through the most formidable defences, "It is well, general, that there was some one within to open the gates to us. We should have had more trouble in entering, if the place had been altogether empty."

A sufficient garrison was established in Malta, destined by Buonaparte to be an intermediate station between France and Egypt; and on the 19th, the daring general resumed his expedition.

The French fleet came in sight of Alexandria on the 29th of June, and saw before them the city of the Ptolomies and of Cleopatra, with its double harbor, its Pharos and its ancient and gigantic monuments of grandeur. Yet at this critical moment, and while Buonaparte contemplated his meditated conquest, a signal announced the appearance of a strange sail, which was construed to be an English frigate, the precursor of the British fleet. "What!" said Napoleon, "I ask but six hours—and Fortune, wilt thou abandon me?" The fickle goddess was then and for many a succeeding year, true to her votary. The vessel proved friendly.

The disembarkation of the French army took place about a league and a half from Alexandria, called Marabout. It was not accomplished without losing boats and men in the surf, though such risks were encountered with great joy by the troops, who had been so long confined on shipboard. As soon as five or six thousand men were landed, Buonaparte marched towards Alexandria, when the Turks, incensed at this hostile invasion on the part of a nation with whom they were at profound peace, shut the gates and manned the walls against their reception. But the walls were ruinous and presented breaches in many places, and the chief weapons of resistance were musketry and stones. The conquerors of Italy forced their passage over such obstacles, but not easily or with impunity. Two hundred French were killed. There was severe military execution done upon the garrison, and the town was abandoned to plunder for three hours.

Upon the 7th of July the army marched from Alexandria against the Mamelukes. Their course was up the Nile, and a small flotilla of gun-boats ascended the river to protect their right flank, while the infantry traversed a desert of burning sands, at a distance from the stream, and without a drop of water to relieve their tormenting thirst. The army of Italy, accustomed to the enjoyments of that delicious country, were astonished at the desolation they saw around them. "Is this," they said, "the country in which we are to receive our farms of seven acres each? The General might have allowed us to take as much as we chose—no one would have abused the privilege." Their officers, too, expressed horror and disgust; and even generals of such celebrity as Murat and Lasnes threw their hats on the sand, and trod on their cockades. It required all Buonaparte's authority to maintain order, so much were the French disgusted with the commencement of the expedition.

To add to their embarrassment, the enemy began to appear around them. Mamelukes and Arabs, concealed behind the hillocks of sand, interrupted their march at every opportunity, and wo to the soldier who straggled from the ranks, were it but fifty yards. Some of these horsemen were sure to dash at him, slay him on the spot, and make off before a musket could be discharged at them. At length, however, the audacity of these incursions was checked by a skirmish of some little importance, near a place called Chehrheis, in which the French asserted their military superiority.

An encounter also took place on the river, between the French flotilla and a number of armed vessels belonging to the Mamelukes. Victory first inclined to the latter, but at length determined in favor of the French, who took, however, only a single galliot.

Meanwhile the French were obliged to march with the utmost precaution. The whole plain was now covered with Mamelukes, mounted on the finest Arabian horses, and armed with pistols, carabines and blunderbusses, of the best English workmanship—their plumed turbans waving in the air, and their rich dresses and arms glittering in the sun. Entertaining a high contempt for the French force, as consisting almost entirely of infantry, this splendid barbaric chivalry watched every opportunity for charging them, nor did a single straggler escape the unrelenting edge of their sabres. Their charge was almost as swift as the wind, and as their severe bits enabled them to halt, or wheel their horses at full gallop, their retreat was as rapid as their advance. Even the practised veterans of Italy were at first embarrassed by this new mode of fighting, and lost several men; especially when fatigue caused any one to fall out of the ranks, in which case his fate became certain. But they were soon reconciled to fighting the Mamelukes, when they discovered that each of these men carried about him his fortune, and that it not uncommonly amounted to considerable sums in gold.

After seven days of such marches as we have described, they arrived indeed within six leagues of Cairo, and beheld at a distance the celebrated Pyramids, but learned at the same time, that Murad Bey, with twenty-two of his brethren, at the head of their Mamelukes, had formed an entrenched camp at a place called Embabeh, with the purpose of covering Cairo, and giving battle to the French. On the 21st of July, as the French continued to advance, they saw their enemy in the field, and in full force. A splendid line of cavalry, under Murad and the other Beys, displayed the whole strength of the Mamelukes. Their right rested on the imperfectly entrenched camp, in which lay twenty thousand infantry, defended by forty pieces of cannon. But the infantry were an un-disciplined rabble; the guns wanting carriages, were mounted on clumsy wooden frames; and the fortifications of the camp were but commenced, and presented no formidable opposition. Buonaparte made his dispositions. He extended his line to the right in such a manner as to keep out of gun-shot of the entrenched camp, and have only to encounter the line of cavalry.

Murad Bey saw this movement, and fully aware of its consequence, prepared to charge with his magnificent body of horse, declaring he would cut the French up like gourds.—Buonaparte, as he directed the infantry to form squares to receive them, called out to his men, "From yonder Pyramids twenty centuries behold your actions." The Mamelukes advanced with the utmost speed, and corresponding fury, and charged with horrible yells. They disordered one of the French squares of infantry, which would have been sabred in an instant, but that the mass of this fiery militia was a little behind the advanced guard. The French had a moment to restore order, and used it. The combat then in some degree resembled that, which nearly twenty years afterwards, took place at Warterloo; the hostile cavalry furiously charging the squares of infantry, and trying by the most undaunted efforts of courage, to break in upon them at every practicable point, while a tremendous fire of musketry, grape-shot and shells, crossing in various directions, repaid their audacity. Nothing in war was ever seen more desperate than the exertions of the Mamelukes. Failing to force their horses through the French squares, individuals were seen to wheel them round and rein them back on the ranks, that they might disorder them by kicking. As they became frantic with despair, they hurled at the immovable phalanxes, which they could not break, their pistols, poinards and carabines. Those who fell wounded to the ground, dragged themselves on, to cut at the legs of the French with their crooked sabres. But their efforts were all in vain.

The Mamelukes, after the most courageous efforts to accomplish their purpose, were finally beaten off with great slaughter; and as they could not form to act in squadron, their retreat became a confused flight. The greater part attempted to return to their camp, from that sort of instinct, as Napoleon termed it, which leads fugitives to retire in the same direction in which they had advanced. By taking this route they placed themselves betwixt the French and the Nile; and the sustained and insupportable fire of the former soon obliged them to plunge into the river, in hopes to escape by swimming to the opposite bank—a desperate effort, in which few succeeded.—Their infantry at the same time evacuated the camp without a show of resistance, precipitated themselves into the boats, and endeavored to cross the Nile. Very many of these also were destroyed. The French soldiers long afterwards occupied themselves in fishing for the drowned Mamelukes, and failed not to find money and valuables upon all whom they could recover. Murad Bey, with a part of his best Mamelukes, escaped the slaughter by a more regular movement to the left, and retreated by Gizeh into Upper Egypt.

Thus were in a great measure destroyed the finest cavalry, considered as individual horsemen, that were ever known to exist. "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry," said Buonaparte, "I would have reckoned myself master of the world." The destruction of a body hitherto regarded as invincible, struck terror, not through Egypt only, but far into Africa and Asia, wherever the Moslem religion prevailed; and the rolling fire of musketry by which the victory was achieved, procured for Buonaparte the oriental appellation, of Sultan Kebir, or King of Fire.

After this combat, which, to render it more striking to the Parisians, Buonaparte termed the "Battle of the Pyramids," Cairo surrendered without resistance. The shattered remains of the Mamelukes who had swam the Nile and united under Ibrahim Bey, were compelled to retreat into Syria. A party of three hundred French cavalry ventured to attack them at Salahieh, but were severely handled by Ibrahim Bey and his followers, who, having cut many of them to pieces, pursued their retreat without further interruption. Lower Egypt was completely in the hands of the French, and thus far the expedition of Buonaparte had been perfectly successful.

Although unable to enter the harbor of Alexandria, Brueyes the French admiral believed his squadron safely moored in the celebrated Bay of Aboukir. They formed a compact line of battle, of a semi-circular form, anchored so close to the shoal water and surf, that it was thought impossible to get between them and the land; and they concluded, therefore, that they could be brought to action on the starboard side only. On the 1st of August the British fleet appeared; and Nelson had no sooner reconnoitred the French position than he resolved to force it at every risk. Where the French ships could ride, he argued with instantaneous decision, there must be room for English vessels to anchor between them and the shore.—He made signal for the attack accordingly As the vessels approached the French anchorage, they received a heavy and raking fire, to which they could make no return; but they kept their bows to the enemy, and continued to near their line.—The squadrons were nearly of the same numerical strength. The French had thirteen ships of the line, and four frigates. The English thirteen ships of the line, and one 50 gun ship. But the French had three 80 gun ships, and L'Orient, a superb vessel of 120 guns. All the British were seventy-fours. The van of the English fleet, six in number, rounded successively the French line, and dropping anchor betwixt them and the shore, opened a tremendous fire. Nelson himself, and his other vessels ranged along the same French ships on the outer side, and thus placed them betwixt two fires; while the rest of the French had remained for a time unable to take a share in the combat. The battle commenced with the utmost fury, and lasted till the sun having set, and the night having fallen, there was no light by which the combat could be continued, save the flashes of the continuous broadsides. Already, however, some of the French vessels were taken, and the victors, advancing onwards, assailed those which had not yet been engaged.

Meantime a broad and dreadful light was thrown on the scene of action, by the breaking out of a conflagration on board the French admiral's flag-ship, L'Orient. Brueyes himself had by this time fallen by a cannon-shot. The flames soon mastered the immense vessel, where the carnage was so terrible as to prevent all attempts to extinguish them; and the L'Orient remained blazing like a volcano in the middle of the combat, rendering for a time the dreadful spectacle visible.

At length, and while the battle continued as furious as ever, the burning vessel blew up with so tremendous an explosion, that for a while it silenced the fire on both sides, and made an awful pause in the midst of what had been but lately so horrible a tumult. The cannonade was at first slowly and partially resumed, but ere midnight it raged with all its original fury. In the morning the only two French ships who had their colors flying, cut their cables and put to sea, accompanied by two frigates; being all that remained undestroyed and uncaptured, of the gallant navy that so lately escorted Buonaparte and his fortunes in triumph across the Mediterranean.

Meantime Napoleon busied himself in augmenting his means of defence or conquest, and in acquiring the information necessary to protect what he had gained, and to extend his dominions. For the former purpose, corps were raised from among the Egyptians, and some were mounted upon dromedaries, the better to encounter the perils of the desert. For the latter, Buonaparte undertook a journey to the Isthmus of Suez, the well-known interval which connects Asia with Africa. He subscribed the charter, or protection, granted to the Maronite Monks of Sinai, with the greater pleasure, that the signature of Mahommed had already sanctioned that ancient document. He visited the celebrated fountains of Moses, and, misled by a guide, had nearly been drowned in the advancing tides of the Red Sea.

When Napoleon was engaged in this expedition, or speedily on his return, he learned that two Turkish armies had assembled—one at Rhodes, and the other in Syria, with the purpose of recovering Egypt. The daring genius, which always desired to anticipate the attempts of the enemy, determined him to march with a strong force for the occupation of Syria, and thus at once to alarm the Turks by the progress which he expected to make in that province, and to avoid being attacked in Egypt by two Turkish armies at the same time. His commencement was as successful as his enterprize was daring. A body of Mamelukes was dispersed by a night attack. The fort of El Arish, considered as one of the keys of Egypt, fell easily into his hands. Finally, at the head of about ten thousand men, he traversed the desert, so famous in biblical history, which separates Africa from Asia, and entered Palestine without much loss, but not without experiencing the privations to which the wanderers in these sandy wastes have been uniformly subjected. While his soldiers looked with fear on the howling wilderness which they saw around, there was something in the extent and loneliness of the scene that corresponded with the swelling soul of Napoleon, and accommodated itself to his ideas of immense and boundless space.

Upon his entering the Holy Land, Buonaparte again drove before him a body of Mamelukes, belonging to those who, after the battles of the Pyramids and of Salahieh, had retreated into Syria; and his army occupied without resistance Gaza, anciently a city of the Philistines, in which they found supplies of provisions. Jaffa, a celebrated city during the Crusades, was the next object of attack. It was bravely assaulted and fiercely defended. But the French valor and discipline prevailed—the place was carried by storm—three thousand Turks were put to the sword, and the town was abandoned to the license of the soldiery, which never assumed a shape more frightful.

After the breach had been stormed, a large part of the garrison, estimated by Buonaparte at twelve hundred men, remained on the defensive, and held out in the mosques, and a sort of citadel to which they had retreated, till, at length, despairing of succour, they surrendered their arms, and were in appearance admitted to quarter. Of this body, the Egyptians were carefully separated from the Turks, Maugrabins and Arnaouts; and while the first were restored to liberty, and sent back to their country, these last were placed under a strong guard. Provisions were distributed to them, and they were permitted to go by detachments in quest of water. According to all appearance, they were considered and treated as prisoners of war. This was on the 7th of March. On the 9th, two days afterwards, this body of prisoners were marched out of Jaffa, in the centre of a large square battalion, commanded by General Bon. The Turks foresaw their fate, but used neither entreaties nor complaints to avert it. They marched on, silent and composed. They were escorted to the sand-hills to the south-east of Jaffa, divided there into small bodies, and put to death by musketry. The execution lasted a considerable time, and the wounded were despatched with the bayonet. Their bodies were heaped together, and formed a pyramid which is still visible consisting now of human bones as originally of bloody corpses.

Buonaparte states that the massacre was justified by the laws of war—that the head of his messenger had been cut off by the governor of Jaffa, when sent to summon him to surrender—that these Turks were a part of the garrison of El Arish, who had engaged not to serve against the French, and were found immediately afterwards defending Jaffa, in breach of the terms of their capitulation. They had incurred the doom of death, therefore, by the rules of war. Wellington, he said, would, in his place, have acted in the same manner.

About this time the plague broke out in the army. Buonaparte, with a moral courage, deserving much praise went into the hospitals in person, and while exposing himself, without hesitation, to the infection, diminished the terror of the disease in the opinion of the soldiers generally, and even of the patients themselves, who were thus enabled to keep up their spirits, and gained by doing so the fairest chance of recovery.

Meantime, determined to prosecute the conquest of Syria, Buonaparte resolved to advance to Saint Jean de Acre, so celebrated in the wars of Palestine. The Turkish Pacha, or governor of Syria, who, like others in his situation, accounted himself almost an independent sovereign, was Achmet, who, by his unrelenting cruelties and executions, had procured the terrible distinction of Djezzar, or Butcher.

The Pacha had communicated the approach of Napoleon to Sir Sydney Smith, to whom had been committed the charge of assisting the Turks in their proposed expedition to Egypt, and who, for that purpose, was cruising in the Levant. He hastened to sail for Acre with the Tigre and Theseus, ships of the line, and arriving there two days ere the French made their appearance, contributed greatly to place the town, the fortifications of which were on the old gothic plan, in a respectable state of defence.

On the 17th of March, the French came in sight of Acre, which is built on a peninsula advancing into the sea, and so conveniently situated that vessels can lie near the shore, and annoy with their fire whatever advances to assault the fortifications. Notwithstanding the presence of two British ships of war, and the disappointment concerning his battering cannon, which were now pointed against him from the ramparts, Buonaparte, with a characteristic perseverance, refused to abandon his purpose, and proceeded to open trenches, although the guns which he had to place in them were only twelve pounders. The point of attack was a large tower which predominated over the rest of the fortifications. A mine at the same time was run under the extreme defences.

By the 28th of March a breach was effected, the mine was sprung, and the French proceeded to the assault upon that day. They advanced at the charging step, under a murderous fire from the walls, but had the mortification to find a deep ditch betwixt them and the tower. They crossed it, nevertheless, by help of the scaling-ladders which they carried with them, and forced their way as far as the tower, from which it is said that the defenders, impressed by the fate of Jaffa, were beginning to fly. They were checked by the example of Djezzar himself, who fired his own pistols at the French, and upbraided the Moslems who were retreating from the walls. The defences were again manned; the French, unable to support the renewed fire, were checked and forced back; and the Turks falling upon them in their retreat with sabre in hand, killed a number of their best men, and Mailly, who commanded the party.

While the strife was thus fiercely maintained on both sides, with mutual loss and increased animosity, the besiegers were threatened with other dangers. An army of Moslem troops of various nations, but all actuated by the same religious zeal, had formed themselves in the mountains of Samaria, and uniting with them the warlike inhabitants of that country, now called Naplous, formed the plan of attacking the French army lying before Acre on one side, while Djezzar and his allies should assail them on the other. Kleber, with his division, was despatched by Buonaparte to disperse this assemblage. But though he obtained considerable advantages over detached parties of the Syrian army, their strength was so disproportioned, that at last, while he held a position near Mount Tabor, with two or three thousand men, he was surrounded by about ten times his own number. But his general-in-chief was hastening to his assistance. Buonaparte left two divisions to keep the trenches before Acre, and penetrated into the country in three columns. Murat, at the head of a fourth, occupied the pass called Jacob's Bridge. The attack, made on various points, was everywhere successful. The camp of the Syrian army was taken; their defeat, almost their dispersion, was accomplished, while their scattered remains fled to Damascus. Buonaparte returned, crowned with laurels, to the siege of Acre.

Here, too, the arrival of thirty pieces of heavy cannon from Jaffa seemed to promise that success, which the French had as yet been unable to attain. The assailants suffered severely in their desperate assaults, for they were exposed to the fire of two ravelins or external fortifications, and at the same time enfiladed by the fire of the British shipping. At length, employing to the uttermost the heavy artillery now in his possession, Buonaparte, in spite of a bloody and obstinate opposition, forced his way to the disputed tower, and made a lodgment on the second story. It afforded, however, no access to the town; and the troops remained there as in a cul de sac, the lodgment being covered from the English and Turkish fire by a work constructed partly of packs of cotton, and partly of the dead bodies of the slain, built up along with them.

At this critical moment, a fleet, bearing reinforcements long hoped for and much needed, appeared in view of the garrison. They contained Turkish troops under the command of Hassan Bey. Yet near as they were, the danger was imminent that Acre might be taken ere they could land. To prevent such a misfortune, Sir Sidney Smith in person proceeded to the disputed tower, at the head of a body of British seamen, armed with pikes. They united themselves to a corps of brave

Turks, who defended the breach rather with heavy stones than with other weapons. The heap of ruins which divided the contending parties served as a breast work to both. The muzzles of the muskets touched each other, and the spear-heads of the standards were locked together. At this moment one of the Turkish regiments of Hassan's army, which had by this time landed, made a sortie upon the French; and though they were driven back, yet the diversion occasioned the besiegers to be forced from their lodgment.

Abandoning the ill-omened tower, which had cost the besiegers so many men, Buonaparte now turned his efforts towards a considerable breach that had been effected in the curtain, and which promised a more easy entrance. It proved, indeed, but too easy; for Djezzar Pacha opposed to the assault on this occasion a new mode of tactics. Confiding in his superior numbers, he suffered the French, who were commanded by the intrepid General Lasnes, to surmount the breach without opposition, by which they penetrated into the body of the place. They had no sooner entered, than a numerous body of Turks, mingled among them with loud shouts; and ere they had time or room to avail themselves of their discipline, brought them into that state of close fighting, where strength and agility are superior to every other acquirement. The Turks wielding the sabre in one hand, and the poinard in the other, cut to pieces almost all the French who had entered. General Rambaud lay a headless corpse in the breach—Lasnes was with difficulty brought off, severely wounded. The Turks gave no quarter; and instantly cutting the heads off of those whom they slew, carried them to the Pacha, who sat in public distributing money to those who brought him these bloody trophies, which now lay piled in heaps around him. This was the sixth assault upon these tottering and blood-stained ramparts. "Victory," said Napoleon, "is to the most persevering;" and contrary to the advice of Kleber, he resolved upon another and yet more desperate attack.

On the 21st of May the final effort was made. The attack of the morning failed, and Colonel Veneux renewed it at midday. "Be assured," said he to Buonaparte, "Acre shall be yours to-night, or Veneux will die on the breach." He kept his word at the cost of his life. Bon was also slain, whose division had been the executioners of the garrison at Jaffa.—The French now retreated, dispirited, and despairing of success. The contest had been carried on at half a musket shot distance; and the bodies of the dead lying around, putrified under the burning sun, and spread disease among the survivors.

The siege of Acre had now continued sixty days since the opening of the trenches. The besiegers had marched no less than eight times to the assault, while eleven desperate sallies were evidence of the obstinacy of the defence. Several of the best French generals were killed; among the rest Caffarelli, for whom Buonaparte had particular esteem; and the army was greatly reduced by the sword and the plague, which raged at once among their devoted bands. Retreat became inevitable, and it was conducted with great skill and secrecy, though Buonaparte was compelled to leave behind him his heavy cannon, which he either buried or threw into the sea.

Buonaparte continued his retreat from Syria, annoyed by the natives, who harrassed his march, and retaliating the injuries which he received, by plundering and burning the villages which lay in the course of his march. He left Jaffa on the 26th of May, and upon the 14th of June re-entered Cairo, with a reputation not so much increased by the victory at Mount Tabor, as diminished and sullied for the time by the retreat from Acre.

Lower Egypt, during the absence of Buonaparte, had remained undisturbed, unless by partial insurrections. In Upper Egypt there had been more obstinate contention. Murad Bey, already mentioned as the ablest chief of the Mamelukes, had maintained himself in that country with a degree of boldness and sagacity, which gave the French much trouble. His fine force of cavalry enabled him to advance or retreat at pleasure, and his perfect acquaintance with the country added much to his advantage.

Dessaix, sent against Murad after the battle of the Pyramids, had again defeated the Mameluke chief at Sedinan, where was once made evident, the superiority of European discipline over the valor of the irregular cavalry of the East. Still the destruction of the enterprising Bey was far from complete. Reinforced by a body of cavalry, Dessaix, in the month of December, 1798, again attacked him, and, after a number of encounters, terminating generally to the advantage of the French, the remaining Mamelukes, with their allies, the Arabs, were at length compelled to take shelter in the Desert. Egypt seemed entirely at the command of the French; and Cosseir, a seaport on the Red Sea, had been taken possession of by a flotilla, fitted out to command that gulf.

Three or four weeks after Buonaparte's return from Syria, this flattering state of tranquility seemed on the point of being disturbed. Murad Bey, re-entering Upper Egypt with his Mamelukes and allies, descended the Nile in two bodies, one occupying each bank of the river. Ibrahim Bey made a corresponding movement towards the frontiers of Syria, as if to communicate with the right-hand division of Murad's army La Grange was despatched against the Mamelukes who occupied the right bank, while Murat marched against those who, under the Bey himself, were descending the Nile.

Meantime the cause of this incursion was explained by the appearance of a Turkish fleet off Alexandria, who disembarked 18,000 men at Aboukir. This Turkish army possessed themselves of the fort, and proceeded to fortify themselves, expecting the arrival of the Mamelukes, according to the plan which had previously been adjusted for expelling the French from Egypt. This news reached Buonaparte near the Pyramids, to which he had advanced, in order to ensure the destruction of Murad Bey. The arrival of the Turks instantly recalled him to Alexandria, whence he marched to Aboukir to repel the invaders. He joined his army, which had assembled from all points within a short distance of the Turkish camp, and was employed late in the night making preparations for the battle on the next morning.

Next morning, being the 25th of July, Buonaparte commenced an attack on the advanced posts of the enemy, and succeeded in driving them in upon the main body, which was commanded by Seid Mustapha Pacha. In their first attack, the French were eminently successful, and pursued the fugitive Turks to their entrenchments, doing great execution.—But when the batteries opened upon them from the trenches, whilst they were at the same time exposed to the fire from the gun-boats in the bay, their impetuosity was checked, and the Turks sallying out upon them with their muskets slung at their backs, made such havoc among the French with their sabres, poinards and pistols, as compelled them to retreat in their turn. The advantage was lost by the eagerness of the barbarians to possess themselves of the heads of their fallen enemies, for which they receive a certain reward. They threw themselves confusedly out of the entrenchments to obtain these bloody testimonials, and were in considerable disorder, when the French suddenly rallied, charged them with great fury, drove them back into the works, and scaled the ramparts along with them.

Murat had made good his promise of the preceding evening, and had been ever in the front of the battle. When the French had surmounted the entrenchments, he formed a column which reversed the position of the Turks, and pressing them with the bayonet, threw them into utter and inextricable confusion. Fired upon and attacked on every point, they became, instead of an army, a confused rabble, who, in the impetuosity of animal terror, threw themselves by hundreds and by thousands into the sea, which at once seemed covered with turbans. It was no longer a battle, but a massacre; and it was only when wearied with slaughter that quarter was given to about six thousand men—the rest of the Turkish army, consisting of eighteen thousand, perished on the field or in the waves.

This splendid and most decisive victory of Aboukir concluded Napoleon's career in the East. It was imperiously necessary ere he could have ventured to quit the command of his army, with the hope of preserving his credit with the public; and it enabled him to plead that he left Egypt for the time in absolute security.

His military views had indeed been uniformly successful; and Egypt was under the dominion of France as completely as the sword could subject it. For two years afterwards, like the strong man in the parable, they kept the house which they had won, until there came in a stronger, by whom they were finally and forcibly expelled.

Admiral Gantheaume, who had been with the army ever since the destruction of the fleet, received the General's orders to make ready for sea, with all possible despatch, two frigates then lying in the harbor of Alexandria.

Meantime, determined to preserve his credit with the Institute, and to bring evidence of what he had done for the cause of science, Buonaparte commanded Monge, who is said to have suggested the expedition, and the accomplished Denon, who became its historian, with Berthollet, to prepare to accompany him to Alexandria. Of military chiefs, he selected the generals Berthier, Murat, Lasnes, Marmont, Dessaix, Andreossi and Bessieres, the best and most attached of his officers. He left Cairo as soon as he heard the frigates were ready and the sea open, making a visit to Delta the pretext of his tour. Kleber and Menou, whom he meant to leave first and second in command, were appointed to meet him in Alexandria. But he had an interview with the latter only.

Napoleon left behind him a short proclamation, apprising the army that news of importance from France had recalled him to Europe, but that they should soon hear tidings of him.—He exhorted them in the meantime to have confidence in their new commander, who possessed, he said, his good opinion, and that of the government, and in these terms he bade them farewell. Two frigates, La Muiron and La Carere, being ready for sea, the General embarked from an unfrequented part of the beach on the 23d of August.

Ere the frigates were far from land, they were reconnoitred by an English corvette, a circumstance which seemed of evil augury. Buonaparte assured his companions, by his usual allusions to his own destiny, "We will arrive safe," he said; "Fortune will never abandon us—we will arrive safe in despite of the enemy."

To avoid the English cruisers, the vessels coasted the shores of Africa, and the wind was so contrary, that they made but an hundred leagues in twenty days. At length they ventured to stand northward, and on the 30th of September, they entered by singular chance, the port of Ajaccio in Corsica, and Buonaparte found himself near his native city. On the 7th of October, they again put to sea, but upon approaching the French coast, they found themselves in the neighborhood of a squadron of English men-of-war. The admiral would have tacked about, to return to Corsica.—"To do so," said Buonaparte, "would be to take the road to England—I am seeking that to France." He probably meant that the manœuvre would attract the attention of the English. They kept on their course; but the peril of being captured seemed so imminent, that, though still several leauges from the shore, Gantheaume proposed to man his long-boat, in order that the General might attempt his escape in her. Buonaparte observed, that that measure might be deferred till the case was more desperate.

At length they passed, unsuspected and unquestioned, through the hostile squadron, and on the 9th of October, at ten in the morning, he on whose fate the world so long seemed to depend, landed at St. Rapheau, near Frejus. He had departed at the head of a powerful fleet, and a victorious army, on an expedition designed to alter the destinies of the most ancient nations of the world. The result had been far from commensurate to the means employed—the fleet had perished—the army was blockaded in a distant province, when their arms were most necessary at home. He returned clandestinely, and almost alone; yet Providence designed that, in this apparently deserted condition, he should be the instrument of more extensive and more astonishing changes, than the efforts of the greatest conquerors had ever before been able to effect upon the civilized world.

CHAP. VIII.

General rejoicing on the Return of Buonaparte. Political Revolution.—Napoleon appointed to command the Military Force. He enters the Council of Five Hundred. His perilous situation. Buonaparte chosen First Consul. He resolves to bring back victory to the French Standards. Passes the Alps at Mont. St. Bernard. The Van-guard takes possession of Aosta. Town of Bard captured. Great BATTLE OF MARENGO, and complete Victory of the French. Buonaparte returns to Paris. An Armistice takes place, followed by a Treaty of Peace.

BUONAPARTE set out, almost immediately from Frejus, where he landed, for Paris. During his journey, he was every where received with the strongest demonstrations of joy; the people surrounding, saluted him with the cry of peace! peace! an evidence how much the nation sighed for the greatest of all blessings, and that they looked to him as the only man capable of healing the wounds of their country, at which its life's blood so freely flowed. He reached the capital on the 16th of October; with the rapidity of lightning, the news spread over the city; all hastened to behold the hero whom they had once honored as the conqueror of Italy, and whom they now saluted as the "conqueror of Egypt;" the most rapturous joy was manifested, and each seemed desirous of outdoing the rest in welcoming home the hero of the nation, and in testifying his joy on the occasion. He arrived at a great crisis; when the flames of insurrection had been lighted up in the southern and eastern departments of France, and the torches of discord in the capital; when from the imbecility of the Government and the violence of the factions, the most alarming disorders every where prevailed; and at the very time that General Jourdan in the council of Five Hundred had proposed a decree, "declaring the country in danger."—

The afflicted and critical condition of the nation undoubtedly contributed to the transports of joy manifested by the people at the return of Buonaparte, as in the agitation and alarm which prevailed, it was natural from his unexpected appearance, and the eclat attached to his name, for the people to regard him, as having returned for their deliverance. When the confidence in the government was in a great measure destroyed, and faction reigned in the capital, and insurrection in the departments, not knowing to what quarter to look for succor or security, all eyes were fixed upon the man who had done so much to extend the glory of his country; who in all his wars had never been defeated, and who had once "conquered a peace" with all their enemies on the continent.

Buonaparte did not fail to promote these feelings in the people; he assumed an affability in his manners that he did not possess before he left France; he conversed freely with the people, and shook by the hand several soldiers, who had belonged to the "army of Italy." A tropical sun and the sands of Egypt, had bronzed his complexion; his hair was cut short and without powder; he was not in uniform, but had on a grey riding coat with a silk scarf over his shoulders, suspending a Turkish sabre; his whole appearance, novel and striking, suggested the idea of greater manliness and energy, than his physiognomy had formerly disclosed. On entering the city, amidst the acclamations of the populace, he passed along the courts and streets leading to the Luxembourg, and immediately had an interview with the directory.

Napoleon, seemed to give his exclusive attention to literature, and, having exchanged the usual visits of form with the ministers of the Republic, he was more frequently to be found at the Institute, or discussing with the traveller Volney, and other men of letters, the information which he had acquired in Egypt on science and antiquities, than in the haunts of politicians, or the society of the leaders of either party in the state. Neither was he to be seen at the places of popular resort—he went into no general company, seldom attended the theatres, and, when he did, took his seat in a private box.

He was not, however, inactive; he perceived that a crisis in the government was approaching, and determined to take advantage of the existing state of things. He knew that the feelings of the people were strongly in his favor, and considered that the best way to maintain his popularity was to seclude himself from the gaze of idle curiosity; every body talked of him, but few, if any, really knew him. He was active in attaching to himself men of talents and enterprize, in whom he could safely confide, and who might be useful to him in any plans he might attempt to carry into execution.

The Abbe Sieyes had for some time meditated a change in the government, and had suggested to Ducos, one of his colleagues, and who was entirely devoted to him, his plan of strengthening the executive, by calling in one of the generals, which he considered the only means of saving the directory and the republic from that anarchy, which, from the imbecility of the government, seemed hastening upon it. He was accordingly pleased at the enthusiasm which the people manifested on the return of Buonaparte, whilst the other directors were greatly alarmed at it. An understanding soon took place between them. It was determined to assemble the most moderate men of the council of ancients at a special meeting, at which the Jacobins and the most violent members were not to be present, nor informed of the meeting. The select members, very few of whom, however, were in the secret, or had any knowledge of the sitting, assembled in the Tuilleries agreeably to notice, on the 9th of November, 1799, at five o'clock in the morning. Cornet, the reporter of the committee of inspectors, opened the meeting with a speech, representing in glowing language the alarming disorders which prevailed, the designs of the factions, and the danger of the republic, and concluded with proposing that, according to the 102d and 103d articles of the constitution, the council adjourn to St. Cloud, and that General Buonaparte be charged with the execution of this decree, and for this purpose appointed commander of all the troops of Paris, the national guards and the guards of the two councils. This decree was carried by a great majority.

A proclamation was immediately issued, in which it was stated, that this measure had been adopted by the council of ancients, in order to repress the factions which pretended to enslave the national representation; to restore internal, and open a way for external peace, which the long sufferings of the people demanded, and for the safety and prosperity of the republic.

Buonaparte being informed of his appointment, appeared, accompanied by generals Berthier, Moreau, Lefebvre, Macdonald and other officers, at the bar of the council, and the president notifying him of his appointment, he spoke as follows:—

"CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES!

"The republic was perishing—you knew this, and your decree has saved it. Woe be to those who wish for anarchy, whoever they may be! Aided by generals Berthier, Lefebvre, and all my brave companions in arms, I shall arrest their course. Let us not seek in the past for examples to justify the present; for nothing in history resembles the conclusion of the eighteenth century, and nothing in that resembles the present moment.

"Your wisdom has issued this decree—our arms shall execute it. We demand a republic founded on a just basis, on true liberty, on civil liberty and national representation, and we will have it. We will have it—I swear it—I swear it in my own name, and in the names of my brave comrades."

The following day was big with important events. Buonaparte had taken prompt measures to carry into effect the decree, and surrounded the castle of St. Cloud with troops before day-light; every avenue being strictly guarded, no one was permitted to enter except the members of the two councils, who could not pass without shewing the medals, and a few others who had tickets of admittance. The sitting was to commence at 12 o'clock, but did not until two; the council of ancients met in the picture gallery, and the council of five hundred in the Orangerie. The debates in the latter were opened by an animated speech from Gaudin, who, after expatiating upon the alarming and critical posture of affairs, proposed raising a committee of seven to take into consideration the best means for public safety. This motion, which was expected to have been carried without opposition, had scarcely been suggested, when several leading Jacobin members darted forward into the tribune, crying "down with dictators," which soon became general; others exclaimed "the constitution or death! we are not afraid of bayonets, we will die at our posts." Instantly it was proposed that every member take a fresh oath to preserve the constitution. The proceedings having occasioned such excitement, and thrown the other party off their guard, that the cry of "long live the constitution" became general, and the motion was immediately carried.

The only object gained or expected by renewing the oath, was delay, which was of no small importance to the Jacobins. This ceremony being over, various motions were made and discussed with great confusion; and some were carried directly opposite to the wishes of those who were in the views of Buonaparte and Sieyes.

A letter was received by the president; it was from Barras, communicating his resignation; but was couched in such ambiguous terms, as seemed to insinuate a desire of being employed under a new order of things expected; a violent debate ensued upon the question whether the assembly should proceed to the choice of a new director. Great confusion arose, which was increased from the circumstance, of many of the members who were well disposed towards a change, being ignorant of the plan of operations, and of the intentions of Buonaparte;—all the elements of faction, violence, and political dissention, were agitated; a tremendous storm seemed gathering, and the angry clouds of passion appeared charged with electric wrath; a tumultuous and violent discussion ensued. Buonaparte being informed of these violent and outrageous proceedings, became greatly agitated; he hastened to the assembly, and leaving his arms in an anti-chamber, immediately entered the hall, accompanied by a few grenadiers, who waited within the door, and were without arms. As he advanced towards the top of the hall, the house was instantly in motion; the cry from numerous voices was heard; "A general here!" "what does Buonaparte want with us!" "This is not your place."—Some rushed towards the tribune, others towards Buonaparte, exclaiming vehemently, "Cæsar! Cromwell! no dictators! down with the tyrant! down with him! kill him! kill him." The press towards Buonaparte became great, and his danger imminent; numbers assailed him; several members drew their poniards and pistols; he was pushed back and struck at; and a deputy of the name of Arena, a native of Corsica, aimed a blow at him with a dagger, which was parried by a grenadier of the name of Thome, who had advanced to the assistance of his general, and was himself wounded by the blow. By another blow, Buonaparte was wounded on the cheek.

The president, Lucien Buonaparte, having so far restored order as to be heard, attempted to address the chamber; "The general" he observed, "has undoubtedly no other intention than to acquaint the council with the present situation of affairs."—Here his voice was drowned in loud clamours and threats from all quarters; and Buonaparte was assailed by such numbers and with such violence that he was so overpowered as to be on the point of falling, like Cæsar, in the sanctuary of legislation, when he was rescued from his critical situation by General Lefebvre, who, with a body of armed grenadiers rushed into the hall, surrounded him, and carried him out. The instant the hall was clear of soldiers, a motion was made and carried, declaring that the council of ancients had no authority to invest Buonaparte with the command of the army, the constitution having entrusted the power of military appointments to the directory alone.

The president obtaining an opportunity to speak, animadverted with great severity on the disorderly conduct of the council, and the ferocious insults which some of the members had offered to an illustrious general who had rendered the most signal services to the republic;—he was interrupted with cries of "outlaw him! he has disgraced his military character, and deserves death from the hand of every patriot."—Others exclaimed, "The president is in the conspiracy, or he would have proclaimed the general outlawed." The storm which had partially subsided revived; the utmost confusion prevailed; the house became an arena of gladiators, rather than a hall of legislation. The president, perceiving that his authority was entirely disregarded, and his life in danger, darted from the chair, and indignantly stripping himself of the insignia of his office, made his way to the tribune; he attempted to speak; but his voice was drowned in loud cries and imprecations against himself and his brother. He made a violent effort to be heard, but in vain; tears of agony and indignation started from his eyes; the house had become a mob, and he was surrounded and attacked on all sides. His destruction seemed inevitable, and would have been, had he not been rescued by the prompt interference of his brother the general. Having recovered from the fatigue of his late dangerous assault, Buonaparte hastened to the court of the castle where the troops were drawn up, and instantly addressed them; "Soldiers! every body thought that the council of five hundred would save the country, but instead of that I have seen only a furious and outrageous mob, ready to destroy me. I have some enemies! comrades, may I rely on you?" yes, yes, was the reply, followed by shouts of "Long live Buonaparte." Selecting some grenadiers, he proceeded to the hall and instantly opened the doors, at the very moment Lucien was in danger of falling by the stilettoes of the deputies, and carried him off amidst their vociferations. He was followed by the more moderate members; Lucien went immediately to the council of ancients, to whom he related the recent events in the other branch of the Legislature, and the imminent danger to which himself and his brother had been exposed.—He then proceeded to the general, who was inspiring the troops, and preparing them for the accomplishment of his ultimate object. After a moment's consultation with the general, he mounted a horse, the better to be seen and heard, and addressed the soldiers.

The troops were then ordered to enter the hall of the council of five hundred; and on approaching it, the commanding officer exclaimed "General Buonaparte commands us to clear this hall." The grenadiers advanced and filled the first half of the hall, the deputies, like a flock of sheep when pursued by dogs and unable to escape, retired to the further extremity, and crowded round the president's chair. A deputy of the name of Talot addressed the soldiers; "what, are you soldiers? you are the guardians of the national representation—and you dare to menace its safety and independence! is it thus you tarnish the laurels you have gained in battle?" Many members attempted to address the soldiers and to conjure them in the name of liberty not to follow their leaders; but the drums were ordered to beat, and they could not be heard. The grenadiers brought their muskets to a charge and advanced; a novel scene of confusion, alarm and dismay was exhibited. Those deputies, who, just before, had sworn to die at their posts, braved bayonets only at a distance; in their haste to escape, they choked up the doors and windows, and tumbled "cheek by jowl" over one another in "confusion dire;" amidst the shouts of the soldiers from within, of "Long live the republic! long live Buonaparte!" and the hooting and hisses of the people from without, and the cry of "these are the representatives of the poniard." The chamber was soon cleared, with which the council of ancients was immediately acquainted.

Those members of the council of five hundred who had retired with their president, assembled in the Orangerie about nine in the evening, being protected by the troops. Lucien again took the chair and sent a message to the other house, informing the body of their having met.

A proposition was submitted to raise a committee of five members, to consider the propriety of forming a new government. This being adopted, Lucien Buonaparte left the chair, and mounting the tribune, delivered an animated harangue, recounting all the disasters of the republic, which he attributed to the weakness of the government and the misconduct of the directory, whom he arraigned and censured with great indignation, and concluded with urging the necessity of establishing a new government. His speech was received with the warmest applause, and repeated cries of "long live the republic."

Boulay de la Meurthe, chairman of the committee which had been appointed, soon returned with a report, consisting of the project of a decree for constituting a new government; which was introduced with a long speech, in which he examined the defects of the constitution, expatiated in glowing language upon the incapacity, profligacy and corruption of the directory, depicted in lively images the horrors of anarchy, with which the nation was threatened, and closed by urging the necessity of adopting a new system, comprising a strong executive, which alone could give solidity to the state, and prevent the restoration of the reign of anarchy and terror.

"The legislative body creates provisionally an executive committee, composed of citizens SIEYES, and ROGER DUCOS, ex-directors, and BUONAPARTE, general. They shall bear the name of "CONSULS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC."

Thus in one day, an important revolution was successfully accomplished; the old government overturned, and a new one established. This event forms an important era in Buonaparte's life, as it was the first instance in which he engaged in political intrigues at home, and the first time that he was invested with civil authority.

Buonaparte having availed himself of the influence and cunning of Sieyes, in effecting a revolution which had thrown the whole executive power of the government into his own hands, and supposing that he might stand in the way of his ultimate objects, thought it best to dispose of him at the outset. Sieyes was prevailed upon to decline the consulate.—Cambaceres and Le Brun, were elected consuls with Buonaparte. The first, was at that time minister of justice; he was a member of the convention, and voted for the confinement and not for the death of the king; the latter was one of the members of the committee of ancients; he had formerly been secretary to the chancellor Maupeon, the most arbitrary and tyranical of the ministers of Louis XV. He was considered a man of talents and industry.

The retirement of Sieyes, was a memorable event in the French revolution, as since its commencement he had acted a conspicuous part, and at most periods exercised great influence over the executive power, which was now suddenly lost altogether.

The first measures of Buonaparte's new government, and the expectation attached to his name, had already gone some length in restoring domestic quiet; but he was well aware that much more must be done to render that quiet permanent; that the external relations of France with Europe must be attended to without delay; and that the French expected from him either the conclusion of an honorable peace, or the restoration of victory to their national banners. It was necessary, too, that advances towards peace should in the first place be made, in order, if they were unsuccessful, that a national spirit should be excited, which might reconcile the French to the renewal of the war with fresh energy.

The external situation of France had been considerably improved by the consequences of the battle of Zurich, and the victories of Moreau. But the republic derived yet greater advantages from the breach between the Emperors of Austria and Russia. Paul, naturally of an uncertain temper, and offended by the management of the last campaign, in which Korsakow had been defeated, and Suwarrow checked, in consequence of their being unsupported by the Austrian army, had withdrawn his troops, so distinguished for their own bravery as well as for the talents of their leader, from the seat of war. But the Austrians, possessing a firmness of character undismayed by defeat, and encouraged by the late success of their arms under the veteran Melas, had made such gigantic exertions as to counterbalance the loss of their Russian confederates.

Their principal force was in Italy, and it was on the Italian frontier that they meditated a grand effort, by which, supported by the British fleet, they proposed to reduce Genoa, and penetrate across the Var into Provence, where existed a strong body of Royalists ready to take arms, under the command of General Willot, an emigrant officer. It was said the celebrated Pichegru, who, escaped from Guiana, had taken refuge in England, was also with this army, and was proposed as chief leader of the expected insurrection.

To execute this plan, Melas was placed at the head of an army of 140,000 men. This army was quartered for the winter in the plains of Piedmont, and waited but the approach of spring to commence operations.

Opposed to them, and occupying the country betwixt Genoa and the Var, lay a French army of 40,000 men; the relics of those who had been repeatedly defeated in Italy by Suwarrow. They were quartered in a poor country, and the English squadron, which blockaded the coast, was vigilant in preventing any supplies from being sent to them. Distress was therefore considerable, and the troops were in proportion dispirited and disorganized. Whole corps abandoned their position, contrary to orders; and with drums beating, and colors flying returned into France. A proclamation from Napoleon was almost alone sufficient to remedy these disorders. He called on the soldiers, and particularly those corps who had formerly distinguished themselves under his command in his Italian campaigns, to remember the confidence he had once placed in them.

The scattered troops returned to their duty, as war-horses when dispersed are said to rally and form ranks at the mere sound of the trumpet. Massena, an officer, eminent for his acquaintance with the mode of carrying on war in a mountainous country, full of passes and strong positions, was entrusted with the command of the Italian army, which Buonaparte resolved to support in person with the army of reserve.

The French army upon the Rhine possessed as great a superiority over the Austrians, as Melas, on the frontier, enjoyed over Massena. Moreau was placed in the command of a large army, augmented by a strong detachment from that of General Brune, now no longer necessary for the protection of Holland, and by the army of Helvetia, which, after the defeat of Korsakow, was not farther required for the defence of Switzerland.

General Moreau was much superior in numbers to Kray, the Austrian who commanded on the Rhine, and received orders to resume the offensive. He was cautious in his tactics, though a most excellent officer, and was startled at the plan sent him by Buonaparte, which directed him to cross the Rhine at Schaff hausen, and, marching on Ulm with his whole force, place himself in the rear of the greater part of the Austrian army. This was one of those schemes, fraught with great victories or great reverses, which Buonaparte delighted to form, and which, often requiring much sacrifice of men, occasioned his being called by those who loved him not, a general at the rate of ten thousand men per day. Such enterprises resemble desperate passes in fencing, and must be executed with the same decisive resolution with which they are formed. Few even of Buonaparte's best generals could be trusted with the execution of his master-strokes in tactics, unless under his own immediate superintendance.

Moreau invaded Germany on a more modified plan; and a series of marches, counter-marches, and desperate battles ensued, in which General Kray, admirably supported by the

Archduke Ferdinand, made a gallant defence against superior numbers.

We return to the operations of Buonaparte during one of the most important campaigns of his life, and in which he added—if that were still possible—to the high military reputation he had acquired.

In committing the charge of the campaign upon the Rhine to Moreau, the First Consul had reserved for himself the task of bringing back victory to the French standards, on the field in which he won his earliest laurels. His plan of victory again included a passage of the Alps, as boldly and unexpectedly as in 1795, but in a different direction. That earlier period had this resemblance to the present, that on both occasions, the Austrians menaced Genoa; but in 1800, it was only from the Italian frontier and the Col di Tende, whereas, in 1795, the enemy were in possession of the mountains of Savoy above Genoa. Switzerland too, formerly neutral, and allowing no passage for armies, was now as open to French troops as any of their own provinces, and of this Buonaparte determined to avail himself. He was aware of the Austrian plan of taking Genoa and entering Provence; and he formed the daring resolution to put himself at the head of the army of reserve, surmount the line of the Alps, even where they are most difficult of access, and, descending into Italy place himself in the rear of the Austrian army, interrupt their communications, carry off their magazines, parks and hospitals, coop them up betwixt his own army and that of Massena, which was in their front, and compel them to battle, in a situation where defeat must be destruction. But to accomplish this daring movement, it was necessary to march a whole army over the highest chain of mountains in Europe, by roads which afford but a dangerous passage to the solitary traveller, and through passes where one man can do more to defend, than ten to force their way. Artillery was to be carried through sheep-paths and over precipices impracticable to wheel carriages; ammunition and baggage were to be transported at the same disadvantages; and provisions were to be conveyed through a country poor in itself, and inhabited by a nation which had every cause to be hostile to France, and therefore might be expected prompt to avail themselves of any opportunity which should occur of revenging themselves for her late aggressions.

On the 6th of May 1800, seeking to renew the fortunes of France, now united with his own, the Chief Consul left Pa ris and arrived on the 6th at Geneva. Here he had an interview with General Marescot, dispatched to survey Mont St Bernard, and who had, with great difficulty, ascended as far as the convent of the Chartreux. "Is the route practicable?" said Buonaparte,—"it is barely possible to pass," replied the engineer. "Let us set forward then," said Napoleon, and the extraordinary march was commenced.

On the 13th, arriving at Lausanne, Buonaparte joined the van of his army of reserve, which consisted of six effective regiments, commanded by the celebrated Lasnes. These corps, together with the rest of the troops intended for the expedition, had been assembled from their several positions by forced marches. Carnot, the minister at war, attended the First Consul at Lausanne, to report to him that 15,000, or from that to the number of 20,000 men, detached from Massena's army, were in the act of descending on Italy by St. Gothard.

During the interval between the 15th and 18th of May, all the columns of the French army were put into motion to cross the Alps. Tureau, at the head of 5000 men, directed his march by Mount Cenis, on Exilles and Susa. A similar division, commanded by Chabran, took the route of the Little St. Bernard. Buonaparte himself, on the 15th, at the head of the main body of his army, consisting of 30,000 men and upwards, marched from Lausanne to the little village called St. Pierre, at which point there ended every thing resembling a practicable road. An immense and apparently inaccessible mountain, reared its head among general desolation and eternal frost; while precipices, glaciers, ravines and a boundless extent of faithless snows, which the slightest concussion of the air converts into avalanches capable of burying armies in their descent, appeared to forbid access to all living things but the chamois, and his scarce less wild pursuer. Yet foot by foot, and man by man, did the French soldiers proceed to ascend this formidable barrier, which Nature had erected in vain to limit human ambition. The view of the valley, emphatically called "of Desolation," where nothing is to be seen but snow and sky, had no terrors for Buonaparte and his army. They advanced up paths hitherto only practised by hunters, or here and there a hardy pedestrian, the infantry loaded with their arms and in full military equipment, the cavalry leading their horses. The musical bands played from time to time at the head of the regiments, and, in places of unusual difficulty, the drums beat a charge, as if to encourage the soldiers to encounter the opposition of Nature herself. The artillery, without which they could not have done service, were deposited in trunks of trees hollowed out for the purpose. Each was dragged by a hundred men, and the troops, making it a point of honor to bring forward their guns, accomplished this severe duty, not with cheerfulness only, but with enthusiasm. The carriages were taken to pieces and harnessed on the backs of mules, or committied to the soldiers, who relieved each other in the task of bearing them with levers; and the ammunition was transported in the same manner. While one half of the soldiers were thus engaged, the others were obliged to carry the muskets, cartridge-boxes, knapsacks and provisions of their comrades, as well as their own. Each man, so loaded, was calculated to carry from sixty to seventy pounds weight, up icy precipices, where a man totally without encumbrance could ascend but slowly. Probably no troops save the French could have endured the fatigue of such a march; and no other general than Buonaparte would have ventured to require it of them.

He set out a considerable time after the march begun, alone, excepting his guide. He is described by the Swiss peasant who attended him in that capacity as wearing his usual simple dress, a grey surtout and a three-cornered hat. He travelled in silence, save a few short and hasty questions about the country, addressed to his guide from time to time. When those were answered, he relapsed into silence. There was a gloom on his brow, corresponding with the weather, which was wet and dismal. His countenance had acquired, during his Eastern campaigns, a swart complexion, which added to his natural severe gravity, and the Swiss peasant who guided him felt fear as he looked on him.

Occasionally his route was stopt by some temporary obstacle occasioned by a halt in the artillery or baggage; his commands on such occasions were peremptorily given, and instantly obeyed, his very look seeming enough to silence all objections and remove every difficulty.

The army now arrived at that singular convent, where, with courage equal to their own, but flowing from a much higher source, the monks of St. Bernard have fixed their dwellings among the everlasting snows, that they may afford succour and hospitality to the forlorn travellers in these dreadful wastes. Hitherto the soldiers had had no refreshment, save when they dipt a morsel of bread amongst the snow. The good fathers of the convent, who possess considerable maga-

Napoleon crossing the Alps.

zines of provisions, distributed bread and cheese, and a cup of wine, to each soldier as he passed, which was more acceptable in their situation, than, according to one who shared their fatigues, would have been the gold of Mexico.

The descent on the other side of Mont St. Bernard was as difficult to the infantry as the ascent had been, and still more so to the cavalry. It was, however, accomplished without any material loss, and the army took up their quarters for the night, after having marched fourteen French leagues. The next morning, 16th of May, the van-guard took possession of Aosta, a village of Piedmont, from which extends the valley of the same name, watered by the river Dorea, a country pleasant in itself, but rendered delightful by its contrast with the horrors which had been left behind.

Thus was achieved the celebrated passage of Mont St. Bernard, on the particulars of which we have dwelt the more willingly, because, although a military operation of importance, they do not involve the unwearied detail of human slaughter, to which our narrative must now return.

When the opposition of Nature to Buonaparte's march appeared to cease, that of man commenced. A body of Austrians at Chatillon were overpowered and defeated by Lasnes; but the strong fortress of Bard offered more serious opposition. This little citadel is situated upon an almost perpendicular rock rising out of the river Dorea, at a place where the valley of Aosta is rendered so very narrow by the approach of two mountains to each other, that the fort and walled town of Bard entirely close up the entrance. This formidable obstacle threatened for the moment to shut up the French in a valley, where their means of subsistence must have been speedily exhausted. General Lasnes made a desperate effort to carry the fort by assault; but the advanced guard of the attacking party were destroyed by stones, musketry and hand-grenades, and the attempt was relinquished.

Buonaparte in person went now to reconnoitre, and for that purpose ascended a huge rock called Albaredo, being a precipice on the side of one of the mountains which form the pass, from the summit of which he could look down into the town, and into the fortress. He detected a possibility of taking the town by storm, though he judged the fort too strong to be obtained by a coup-de-main. The town was accordingly carried by escalade; but the French who obtained possession of it had little cover from the artillery of the fort, which fired furiously on the houses where they endeavored to shelter themselves, and which the Austrians might have entirely demolished but for respect to the inhabitants. Meanwhile, Buonaparte availed himself of the diversion to convey a great part of his army in single files, horse as well as foot, by a precarious path formed by the pioneers over the tremendous Albaredo, and so down on the other side, in this manner avoiding the cannon of Fort Bard.

Still a most important difficulty remained. It was impossible, at least without great loss of time, to carry the French artillery over the Albaredo, while, without artillery it was impossible to move against the Austrians, and every hope of the campaign must be given up.

In the meantime, the astonished commandant of the fort, to whom the apparition of this immense army was like enchantment, despatched messenger after messenger to warn the Austrian general, Melas, then lying before Genoa, that a French army of 30,000 men and upwards, descending from the Alps by ways hitherto deemed impracticable for military movements, had occupied the valley of Aosta, and were endeavoring to debouche by a path of steps cut in the Albaredo. But he pledged himself to his commander-in-chief, that not a single gun or ammunition waggon should pass through the town; and as it was impossible to drag them along the Albaredo, he concluded, that, being without his artillery, Buonaparte would not venture to descend into the plain.

But while the commandant of Bard thus argued, he was mistaken in his premises, though right in his inference. The artillery of the French army had already passed through the town of Bard, and under the guns of the citadel, without being discovered to have done so. This important manœuvre was accomplished by previously laying the street with dung and earth, over which the pieces of cannon, concealed under straw and branches of trees, were dragged by men in profound silence. The garrison, though they did not suspect what was going on, fired nevertheless occasionally upon some vague suspicion, and killed and wounded artillerymen in sufficient number, to show that it would have been impossible to pass under a severe and sustained discharge from the ramparts. It seems singular that the commandant had kept up no intelligence with the town. Any signal previously agreed upon—a light shown in a window, for example—would have detected such a stratagem.

A division of conscripts, under General Chabran, was left to reduce Fort Bard, which continued to hold out, until, at the expense of great labor, batteries were established on the top of the Albaredo, by which it was commanded, and a heavy gun placed on the steeple of the church, when it was compelled to surrender. It is not fruitless to observe, that the resistance of this small place, which had been overlooked or undervalued in the plan of the campaign, was very near rendering the march over Mont St. Bernard worse than useless, and might have occasioned the destruction of all the Chief Consul's army. So little are even the most distinguished generals able to calculate with certainty upon all the chances of war.

From this dangerous pass, the vanguard of Buonaparte now advanced down to the valley of Ivrea, where Lasnes carried the town by storm, and a second time combated and defeated the Austrian division which had defended it, when reinforced and situated on a strong position at Romano. The roads to Turin and Milan were now alike open to Buonaparte—he had only to decide which he chose to take. Meanwhile he made a halt of four days at Ivrea, to refresh the troops after their fatigues, and to prepare them for future enterprises.

During this space, the other columns of his army were advancing to form a junction with that of the main body, according to the plan of the campaign. Tureau, who had passed the Alps by the route of Mont Cenis, had taken the forts of Susa and La Brunette. On the other hand, the large corps detached by Carnot from Moreau's army, were advancing by Mont St. Gothard and the Simplon, to support the operations of Buonaparte, of whose army they were to form the left wing.

The head quarters of Melas had been removed from Turin and fixed at Alexandria, yet he did not, as Buonaparte expected, attempt to move forward on the French position at Stradella, in order to force his way to Mantua; so that Buonaparte was obliged to advance towards Alexandria, apprehensive lest the Austrians should escape from him, and either, by a march to the left flank, move for the Tesino, cross that river, and, by seizing Milan, open a communication with Austria in that direction; or by marching to the right, and falling back on Genoa, overwhelm Suchet, and take a position, the right of which might be covered by that city, while the sea was open for supplies and provisions, and their flank protected by the British squadron.

Either of these movements might have been attended with alarming consequences; and Buonaparte, impatient lest his enemy should give him the slip, advanced his head-quarters on the 12th of June to Voghera, and on the 13th to St. Juliano, in the midst of the great plain of Marengo. As he still saw nothing of the enemy, Buonaparte concluded that Melas had actually retreated from Alexandria, having, notwithstanding the temptation afforded by the level ground around him, preferred withdrawing, most probably to Genoa, to the hazard of a battle. He was still more confirmed in this belief, when pushing forward as far as the village of Marengo, he found it only occupied by an Austrian rear-guard, which offered no persevering defence against the French, but retreated from the village without much opposition. Buonaparte could no longer doubt that Melas had eluded him, by marching off by one of his flanks, and probably by his right. He gave orders to Dessaix, whom he had entrusted with the command of the reserve, to march towards Rivoltz, with a view to observe the communications with Genoa; and in this manner the reserve was removed half a day's march from the rest of the army, which had like to have produced most sinister effects upon the event of the great battle that followed.

Contrary to what Buonaparte had anticipated, the Austrian general, finding the First Consul in his front, and knowing that Suchet was in his rear, had adopted, with the consent of a council of war, the resolution of trying the fate of arms in a general battle. It was a bold, but not a rash resolution.—The Austrians were more numerous than the French in infantry and artillery; much superior in cavalry, both in point of numbers and discipline; and it has been already said, that the extensive plain of Marengo was favorable for the use of that description of force. Melas, therefore, on the evening of the 13th, concentrated his forces in front of Alexandria, divided by the river Bormida from the purposed field of fight; and Buonaparte, undeceived concerning the intentions of his enemy, made with all haste the necessary preparations to receive battle, and failed not to send orders to Dessaix to return as speedily as possible and join the army. This general was so far advanced on his way towards Rivoltz before these counter orders reached him, that his utmost haste only brought him back after the battle had lasted several hours.

Buonaparte's disposition was as follows:—The village of Marengo was occupied by the divisions of Gardanne and Chambarlhac. Victor, with other two divisions, and commanding the whole, was prepared to support them. He extended his left as far as Castel Ceriole, a small village which lies almost parallel with Marengo. Behind this first line was placed a brigade of cavalry, under Kellermann, ready to protect the flanks of the line, or to debouche through the intervals, if opportunity served, and attack the enemy. About a thousand yards in the rear of the first line was stationed the second, under Lasnes, supported by Champeaux's brigade of cavalry. At the same distance, in the rear of Lasnes, was placed a strong reserve, or third line, consisting of the division of Carra St. Cyr, and the Consular Guard, at the head of whom was Buonaparte himself. Thus the French were drawn up on this memorable day in three distinct divisions, each composed of a corps d'armee, distant about three quarters of a mile in the rear of each other.

The force which the French had in the field in the commencement of the day, was above twenty thousand men; the reserve, under Dessaix, upon its arrival, might make the whole amount to thirty thousand. The Austrians attacked with nearly forty thousand troops. Both armies were in high spirits, determined to fight, and each confident in their general—the Austrians in the bravery and experience of Melas, the French in the genius and talents of Buonaparte. The immediate stake was the possession of Italy, but it was impossible to guess how many yet more important consequences the event of the day might involve. Thus much seemed certain, that the battle must be decisive, and that defeat must prove destruction to the party who should sustain it. Buonaparte, if routed, could hardly have accomplished his retreat upon Milan; and Melas, if defeated, had Suchet in his rear. The fine plain on which the French were drawn up, seemed lists formed by nature for such an encounter, when the fate of kingdoms was at issue.

The action was commenced about noon, by the Austrian general, Melas, who made a furious attack upon the French right. The vigour of the attack, and the great superiority in numbers of the Imperialists, made an impression that even the immovable firmness of the French could not withstand; the left wing began to give way, and after sustaining with firmness an unequal conflict, nearly two hours, the right and centre followed the example; several corps of infantry retired in disorder; whole platoons of cavalry pushed back, and disorder and approaching confusion was evident through the whole line. The Austrians, perceiving the advantage, pressed forward with an impetuosity, which a confident expectation of victory alone could inspire. They expected every moment the French would be routed, and redoubled their exertion to give a finishing stroke to the action, which they considered no longer doubtful. The Austrian garrison of Tartola, perceiving the disorder of the French, sallied out and nearly surrounded them on all sides. At this crisis nothing but the astonishing genius of Buonaparte, could have saved the French from a total route; undismayed by the impending danger, he advanced in front, passed rapidly from corps to corps, rallying those thrown into disorder, and exhorting and encouraging all. His presence evidently reanimated the troops; and his horse guards leaving his person, took an active part in the bloody contest. Knowing that Dessaix was near by, it was his grand object to prevent a route until he arrived. To secure a position more favorable for resisting the overpowering numbers of the enemy, he seized a defile flanked by the village of Marengo, shut up on one side by a wood, and on the other by lofty and bushy vineyards. Here, from the astonishing exertions of Buonaparte, they made a firm stand and fought bayonet to bayonet with the Austrian infantry, whilst exposed at the same time, to a battery of thirty pieces of cannon, which was playing upon them with the most tremendous effect. Every soldier seemed to consider this the defile of Thermopylæ, where they were to fight until all were slain; and with a heroism worthy of the Spartan band, they withstood the tremendous shock of bayonets and artillery, the latter of which not only cut the men in pieces, but likewise the trees, the large branches falling, killed the wounded soldiers who had sought a refuge under them.

The men were swept away like trees before a tornado, the dead and dying covered almost the whole field and nearly blocked up the defile. At this awful moment, amidst warriors who fell on every side of him, Buonaparte, unmoved, seemed to brave death, and to be near it; the bullets being observed repeatedly to tear up the ground beneath his horse's feet. Alarmed for his safety, the officers around him exhorted him to retire, exclaiming that "if he should be killed, all would be lost." Even Berthier addressed him to this effect. But the hero of Lodi and Arcola could not retire from the "field of death," which seemed his peculiar patrimony. Undismayed and unmoved amidst this dreadful tempest, he observed every movement, and gave his orders, with the utmost coolness.

General Victor exerted himself greatly to defend the village of Marengo, exposed by the retreat of General Gardanne; but the Austrians being reinforced, succeeded in carrying it.

General Lasnes being obliged to retire, Buonaparte hastening to his division to stop its retreating, exclaimed, "My lads, it is my practice to sleep on the field of battle." He ordered several movements, to charge the enemy and stop the retreat; but the force opposed to them was so overpowering, that even the presence of the First Consul could not check them; they fell back, but in good order, although exposed to the fire of eighty pieces of cannon. So completely cut to pieces and broken was the French line, that at four o'clock, in an extent of five miles, there did not stand six thousand infantry to their colors, and only six pieces of cannon could be made use of; this fact will not appear incredible, when it is known that actually one third of the army was put hors de combat, and another third was employed in removing the sick, wounded and killed, from the field; this painful scene, also employed a large portion of the artillery carriages. Hunger, thirst and fatigue drew many of the officers from the field, and some who thought that the best part of courage was prudence, availing themselves of the confusion which prevailed, absented themselves, at so unseasonable a conjuncture. At this period Dessaix had not arrived, and it seemed impossible that the French could sustain themselves much longer. But a mistake of the enemy and the approach of the reinforcements at this period of gloom and despondency, almost instantly changed the aspect of things.

The Austrian general, Melas, not being able to force the defile, and eager for victory, which he considered as certain, extended his line with a view to surround the French; and their cavalry they had drawn up in the rear, the moment the French gave way, to fall upon their broken ranks and cut them to pieces. But Buonaparte perceiving this change of position, instantly discovered how it might be improved to advantage.

Just previous to this movement, the divisions of Dessaix and Mounier, so anxiously expected, arrived at full gallop, notwithstanding a forced march of thirty miles. Their appearance inspired the French troops, fatigued and disheartened, with new courage. Availing himself of these two favorable events, the weakening of the Austrian line, and the arrival of the reinforcements, Buonaparte with Berthier and the officers of his staff, ran through all the ranks, inspiring the soldiers with confidence, assuring them, reinforced as they were, that one more vigorous effort would decide the fate of the day. Encouraged by the appearance of Dessaix's division, many soldiers of different corps who had left the ground, returned to the field of battle. Having thrown the troops into a strong column, to break the enemy's line, now weakened from its extension, and raised their ardor and impatience, the signal was given—the terrible pas de charge was heard.—General Dessaix, with his troops, fresh, and thirsting to avenge their slaughtered comrades, which every where covered the plain, threw himself with the utmost impetuosity into the midst of the Austrian battalions, and charging them with the bayonet, broke their line and threw them into disorder; General Doudet at the same time charged on the right; all the corps were put in motion at the same instant; their impetuosity was like a torrent swelled by a sudden freshet; they bore down all before them; in a moment the Imperialists were driven from the defile; soon their whole line was broken, and an entire route followed, attended with dreadful slaughter.

The intrepid Dessaix, in following up the victory, and at the very moment of complete triumph, having cut off the Austrian left wing entirely, was mortally wounded by a musket ball in the head. When the sad tidings of the fall of this heroic warrior, the very model of brave men, after having saved the army and perhaps his country, were received by Buonaparte during the heat of the engagement, which still continued, he exclaimed, "Why have I not time to weep!" The night saved the Austrian army from total destruction. The fruits of the victory, were twelve standards, twenty-six pieces of cannon, 7,000 prisoners; seven generals, four hundred officers and 8,000 men killed and wounded. The French lost General Dessaix and the brother of General Watrin killed, four brigadier generals wounded, nearly 800 killed, more than 2,000 wounded and 1,100 prisoners.

Thus ended this memorable battle, one of the most obstinate, persevering and skilful contests, which the history of man affords.

The darkness of the night deprived both parties of the means of taking care of the wounded, and a great number were left on the field. The morning presented a most heart-rending and horrid scene.—"More than three thousand," says a French officer, "Frenchmen and Austrians, heaped upon one another, in the yards, in the granaries, in the stables and out-houses, even to the very cellars and vaults, were uttering the most lamentable cries, blended with the severest curses against the surgeons, there being too few to dress all the wounded at once. Every where I heard the voices of comrades, or of my particular friends, who begged of me something to eat or drink: all that I could do was to fetch them some water! In truth, forgetting my own wants and those of my horse, I staid more than two hours, running backwards and forwards, performing, by turns, the part of a surgeon and an hospital attendant.

Prisoners were brought in from every part, which increased the number of the famished; in short this was a day that appeared of an insupportable length to all of us."

This was one of the most rapid and astonishing campaigns the world has ever witnessed. Buonaparte arrived at St. Bernard on the 15th of May, and from thence to the 15th of June, the day the great and decisive battle of Marengo was fought, a period of precisely one month, the power of Austria in Italy was destroyed; her immense armies annihilated or dispersed, and Italy re-conquered. The entire loss of the Imperialists during this short campaign, in killed, wounded and prisoners, including 1500 sick found in the hospitals, was not less than SIXTY THOUSAND MEN.

In consequence of a loss which seemed in the circumstances altogether irreparable, Melas resolved to save the remains of his army, by entering on the 15th of June 1800, into a convention, or rather capitulation, by which he agreed, on receiving permission to retire behind Mantua, to yield up Genoa, and all the fortified places which the Austrians possessed in Piedmont, Lombardy and the Legations. Buonaparte the more readily granted these terms, that an English army was in the fact of arriving on the coast. His wisdom taught him not to drive a powerful enemy to despair, and to be satisfied with the glory of having regained, in the affairs of Montebello and of Marengo, almost all the loss sustained by the French in the disastrous campaign of 1799. Enough had been done to show, that, as the fortunes of France appeared to wane and dwindle after Buonaparte's departure, so they revived with even more than their original brilliancy, as soon as this Child of Destiny had returned to preside over them. An armistice was also agreed upon, which it was supposed might afford time for the conclusion of a victorious peace with Austria; and Buonaparte extended this truce to the armies on the Rhine, as well as those in Italy.

Two days having been spent in the arrangements which the convention with Melas rendered necessary, Buonaparte, on the 17th June, returned to Milan, where he again renewed the republican constitution, which had been his original gift to the Cisalpine State. He executed several other acts of authority. Though displeased with Massena for the surrender of Genoa, he did not the less constitute him commander-in-chief in Italy; and though doubtful of the attachment of Jourdan, who on the 18th Brumaire, seemed ready to espouse the Republican interests, he did not on that account hesitate to name him Minister of the French Republic in Piedmont, which was equivalent to giving him the administration of that province. These conciliatory steps had the effect of making men of the most opposite parties see their own interests in supporting the government of the First Consul.

The presence of Napoleon was now eagerly desired at Paris. He set out from Milan on the 24th of June, and in his passage through Lyons, paused to lay the foundation-stone for rebuilding the Place Bellecour; a splendid square, which had been destroyed by the frantic vengeance of the Jacobins when Lyons was retaken by them from the insurgent party of Girondists and Royalists. Finally, the First Consul returned to Paris upon the 2d July. He had left it on the 6th of May; yet in the space of not quite two months, how many hopes had he realized! All that the most sanguine partizans had ventured to anticipate of his success had been exceeded. It seemed that his mere presence in Italy was of itself sufficient at once to obliterate the misfortunes of a disastrous campaign, and restore the fruits of his own brilliant victories, which had been lost during his absence. It appeared as if he was the sun of France—when he was hid from her, all was gloom—when he appeared, light and serenity were restored. All the inhabitants leaving their occupations, thronged to the Tuilleries to obtain a glimpse of the wonderful man, who appeared with the laurel of victory in one hand, and the olive of peace in the other. Shouts of welcome and congratulation resounded from the gardens, the courts and the quays, by which the palace is surrounded; high and low illuminated their houses; and there were few Frenchmen, perhaps, that were not for the moment partakers of the general joy.

In one year the wonderful genius of Buonaparte had retrieved the affairs of France and restored the glory of the French arms in all quarters; reconquered Italy, and finally obtained peace with all the enemies of the Republic, except Great Britain, who remained alone in the dreadful struggle.

CHAP. IX.

Plot to assassinate Napoleon at the Opera House. Another attempt on his life, by means of the Infernal Machine. External Relations of France. Preparations for invading England. Affairs of Egypt resumed. Kleber assassinated. British army lands in Egypt. Defeats of the French. Treaty of Peace concluded between Great Britain and France.

THE events subsequent to the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, seemed to work a miraculous change on the French nation. The superior talents of Buonaparte, with the policy exercised by Talleyrand and Fouche, and the other statesmen of ability whom he had called into administration, and who desired at all events to put an end to further revolutionary movements—but, above all, the victory of Marengo, had at once created and attached to the person of the Chief Consul an immense party, which might be said to comprehend all those, who, being neither decided Royalists nor determined Republicans, were indifferent about the form of the government, so they found ease and protection while living under it.

But, on the other hand, the heads of the two factions continued to exist; and as the power of the First Consul became at once more absolute and more consolidated, it grew doubly hateful and formidable to them. His political existence was a total obstruction to the system of both parties, and yet one which it was impossible to remove. There was no national council left, in which the authority of Buonaparte could be disputed, or his measures impeached. The strength of his military power bid defiance alike to popular commotions, if the Democrats had yet possessed the means of exerting them, and to the scattered bands of the Royalist insurgents.

It is no wonder, therefore, that some obscure Jacobins should have early nourished the purpose of assassinating Buonaparte, as the enemy of his country's freedom, and the destroyer of her liberties; but it is singular, that most of the conspirators against his person were Italians. Arena, brother of the deputy who was said to have aimed a dagger at Buonaparte in the Council of Five Hundred, was at the head of the conspiracy. He was a Corsican. With him, Ceraschi and Diana, two Italian refugees; a painter, called Topino Lebrun; and two or three enthusiasts, formed a plot for the purpose of assassinating the Chief Consul at the Opera-house Their intention was detected by the police; Ceraschi and Diana were arrested behind the scenes, armed, it was said, and prepared for the attempt, and Buonaparte was congratulated by most of the constituted authorities upon having escaped a great danger.

Buonaparte remarked with military indifference, that he had been in no real danger. "The contemptible wretches" he said, "had no power to commit the crime they meditated. Besides the assistance of the whole audience, I had with me a piquet of my brave guard, from whom the wretches could not have borne a look." It is remarkable that neither were the circumstances of the plot made public, nor the conspirators punished, till the more memorable attempt on Buonaparte's life by the Royalists.

A horrible invention, first hatched, it is said, by the Jacobins, was adopted by certain Royalists of a low description, of whom the leaders were named Carbon and St. Regent. It was a machine consisting of a barrel of gunpowder, placed on a cart to which it was strongly secured, and charged with grape-shot so disposed around the barrel, as to be dispersed in every direction by the explosion. The fire was to be communicated by a slow match. It was the purpose of the conspirators, undeterred by the indiscriminate slaughter which such a discharge must occasion, to place the machine in the street through which the First Consul was to go to the Opera, having contrived that it should explode exactly as his carriage should pass the spot; and, strange to say, this stratagem, which seemed as uncertain as it was atrocious, was within an hair's breadth of success.

On the evening of the 10th of October 1800, Buonaparte has informed us, that though he himself felt a strong desire to remain at home, his wife and one or two intimate friends insisted that he should go to the Opera. He was slumbering under a canopy when they awaked him. One brought his hat, another his sword. He was in a manner forced into his carriage, where he again slumbered, and was dreaming of the danger which he had escaped in an attempt to pass the river Tagliamento some years before. On a sudden he awoke amidst thunder and flame.

The cart bearing the engine, which was placed in the street St. Nicaise, intercepted the progress of Buonaparte's coach which passed it with some difficulty. St. Regent had fired the match at the appointed instant; but the coachman, who chanced to be somewhat intoxicated, driving unusually fast, the carriage had passed the machine two seconds before the explosion took place; and that almost imperceptible fraction of time was enough to save the life which was aimed at.—The explosion was terrible. Two or three houses were greatly damaged, twenty persons killed, and about fifty-three wounded; among the latter was the incendiary St. Regent. The report was heard several leagues from Paris. Buonaparte instantly exclaimed to Lasnes and Bessieres, who were in the carriage, "We are blown up!" The attendants would have stopped the coach, but with more presence of mind he commanded them to drive on, and arrived in safety at the Opera; his coachman during the whole time never discovering what had happened, but conceiving the Consul had received a salute of artillery.

A public officer, escaped from such a peril, became an object of yet deeper interest than formerly to the citizens in general; and the reception of Buonaparte at the Opera, and elsewhere, was more enthusiastic than ever. Relief was distributed amongst the wounded, and the relatives of the slain; and every one, shocked with the wild atrocity of such a reckless plot, became, while they execrated the perpetrators, attached in proportion to the object of their cruelty.

The conspirators were proceeded against with severity.—Chevalier and Veycer, Jacobins, said to have constructed the original model of the infernal machine, were tried before a military commission, condemned to be shot, and suffered death accordingly.

Arena, Ceraschi, Le Brun and Demerville, were tried before the ordinary court of criminal judicature, and condemned by the voice of a jury; although there was little evidence against them, save that of their accomplice Harel, by whom they had been betrayed. They were also executed.

At a later period, Carbon and St. Regent, Royalists, the agents in the actual attempt of the 10th of October, were also tried, condemned and put to death. Some persons tried for the same offence were acquitted; and justice seems to have been distributed with an impartiality unusual in France since the Revolution.

The peace of Luneville, had assumed the appearance of universal ascendency, so much had the current of human affairs been altered by the talents and fortunes of one man.—Not only was France in secure possession, by the treaty of Luneville, of territories extending to the banks of the Rhine, but the surrounding nations were, under the plausible names of protection or alliance, as submissive to her government as if they had made integral parts of her dominions. Holland, Switzerland and Italy, were all in a state of subjection to her will; Spain, like a puppet, moved but at her signal; Austria was broken-spirited and dejected; Prussia still remembered her losses in the first revolutionary war; and Russia, who alone could be considered as unmoved by any fear of France, was yet in a situation to be easily managed, by flattering and cajoling the peculiar temper of the Emperor Paul.

France at this period was immensely powerful, the general pacification gave the government a vast disposable force and she was greatly strengthened by her allies. Active preparations on a scale of great magnitude were made for invading England. An immense number of troops were collected at Amiens, Bologne and other places, called, 'the chosen army.' The building of ships and other operations for a vast armament, went on rapidly, not only on the coasts of France, but of Holland.

Aided by the Spanish and Dutch, the French government commanded a powerful marine; the combined fleets of France and Spain that lay in the harbor of Brest alone, amounted to fifty-two sail of the line. The whole sea-coast was divided into six maritime prefectures, in each of which a prefect was appointed; and not only ships, but gun-boats, and flat-bottom-boats, were built and equipped, throughout the Dutch and Flemish coast, as well as that of France, and redoubts were erected and furnaces prepared for heating balls in places supposed to be most liable to attack by the British.

In England, great alarm prevailed; corps of volunteers were formed in almost every town and village in the kingdom; the mechanic threw aside his tools and shouldered his musket; military parades and reviews were to be seen in every direction, and the whole country exhibited a warlike appearance. The fleet from the Baltic returned, and their naval force became so extensive and formidable as to blockade the whole coast of France. Attempts were made to destroy the French gun-boats; an expedition was fitted out, under the command of Lord Nelson against Dunkirk and Bologne, which sustained a heavy loss and accomplished nothing important.

We will now return to Egypt. When Buonaparte left there, near the close of the year 1799, he had made overtures for a pacification with the Ottomans, and the negociation being continued by Kleber, who was left in command, a convention was concluded in 1800, by which the French were to evacuate Egypt. This was agreed to by Sir Sydney Smith, notwithstanding which, Lord Keith, commanding the English fleet in the Mediterranean, received orders from the British ministry, not to ratify the convention, and to capture all French vessels returning to France. In consequence of the treaty, the French had delivered up several posts, and the grand Vizier demanded the surrender of Cairo. This was refused by Kleber, on the ground that the English had refused to ratify the convention, which he considered as at an end, and signified his intention of renewing the war. Both parties were engaged in preparation until the 20th of March, when a great battle was fought near Heliopolis. In this engagement, the French troops, consisting of 15,000 men defeated 80,000 Mussulmen. The conflict was dreadful, and the slaughter immense; more than 8000 men were killed, besides the wounded and prisoners. After this decisive action the negociation was renewed, the British government representing that they were not apprised that the convention had been agreed to by Sir Sydney Smith, when they ordered Admiral Keith to disregard it, and professing their willingness to ratify it. While busied in these measures, Kleber was cut short by the blow of an assassin. A fanatic Turk, called Soliman Haleby, a native of Aleppo, imagined he was inspired by heaven to slay the enemy of the Prophet and the Grand Seignior. He concealed himself in a cistern, and springing out on Kleber when there was only one man in company with him, stabbed him dead. The assassin was justly condemned to die by a military tribunal; but the sentence was executed with a barbarity which disgraced those who practised it. Being impaled alive, he survived for four hours in the utmost torture, which he bore with an indifference which his fanaticism perhaps alone could have bestowed.

This was an irreparable misfortune to the French army in Egypt, and perhaps to France. Kleber was the best of the French generals; he possessed a noble and magnanimous soul. His funeral was celebrated by the whole army in conjunction with that of General Dessaix, with great solemnity. It was not a mere formal parade with unmeaning sound of muffled drums, but a gloomy scene of mourning; the deepest grief agitated every heart; as the coffin passed, every soldier felt as though it contained the remains of his own father.

The death of Kleber placed the army under the command of Menou, a man of capricious and narrow mind, and though not destitute of courage and capacity as a soldier, he was enentirely unfit for the important and responsible situation in which fortune had placed him. He broke off the negociation, and determined to hold possession of Egypt. Subsequently, he turned Mahometan, married an Egyptian woman, and assumed the name of Abdallah I Menou, which he signed to all his official papers.

The prospect of the evacuation of Egypt by the French, as the result of negociation, having vanished, the British determined to dispossess them of a settlement, not only important in itself, but which opened a way to hostile designs against their East India possessions. Accordingly near the close of the year 1800, an expedition was sent into the Mediterranean, the fleet commanded by Lord Keith, and the army by Sir Ralph Abercrombe.

The fleet, consisting of about one hundred and seventy sail of all descriptions, moored in the bay of Aboukir on the 2d of March 1801, occupying the very ground where Nelson fought the great battle of the Nile. The troops effected a landing, although vigorously opposed by the French. General Menou, apprised of the appearance of the British, hastened from Cairo, and concentrated his whole force at Alexandria. On the 21st, at half past three o'clock in the morning, the French commenced an attack upon the British; a most obstinate conflict ensued; the combatants on both sides fought with the greatest fury. Until the appearance of day-light, the French had the advantage, when they were overpowered, repulsed on all sides with great loss, and compelled to retreat. The British general was mortally wounded, and general Hutchinson succeeded to the command. Being unable to reduce Alexandria, Hutchinson penetrated into the interior, traversed the desert, reached Cairo, and prepared for investing it; but the garrison, sensible of their inability to defend it, capitulated; being permitted to be conveyed to France with all their artillery and baggage; the scientific men were permitted to retain their papers and collections.

Menou still held out in Alexandria, confidently expecting a reinforcement, which the vigilance of Lord Keith rendered impracticable. On the 15th of August, Hutchinson invested that city on the eastern and western front; while Lord Keith co-operated from the north with his fleet, and on the south side with the gun-boats that were assembled on lake Macetis, so that the town was completely surrounded. General Menou, perceiving no prospect of succour, and considering further resistance unavailing, on the 26th offered to capitulate, on the same terms granted to Belliard, at Cairo, which was acceded to. Thus ended the grand expedition to Egypt.—Previous to this, a negociation had been opened between the two governments. Egypt had interposed the greatest obstacle to a pacification, Buonaparte being determined to retain it; but this difficulty became less serious as the prospect of retaining that country became less favorable, and the 2d of October announced the conclusion of a treaty of peace between Great Britain and the French Republic. With such secrecy were the negociations conducted, that the preceding day, this event was not remotely expected. The tidings flew upon the wings of the wind, and excited the most inconceivable transports of joy throughout both countries.

The period at which we close this chapter was a most important one in Buonaparte's life, and seemed a crisis on which his fate, and that of France, depended. Britain, his most inveterate and most successful enemy, had seen herself compelled by circumstances to resort to the experiment of a doubtful peace, rather than continue a war which seemed to be waged without an object. The severe checks to national prosperity, which arose from the ruined commerce and blockaded ports of France, might now, under the countenance of the First Consul, be exchanged for the wealth that waits upon trade and manufactures. Her navy, of which few vestiges were left save the Brest fleet, might now be recruited, and resume by degrees that acquaintance with the ocean from which they had long been debarred. The restored colonies of France might have added to the sources of her national wealth, and she might have possessed—what Buonaparte on a remarkable occasion declared to be the principal objects he desired for her—ships, colonies and commerce.

CHAP. X.

Insurrection in St. Domingo. Horrible system of warfare between the French and Negroes. Buonaparte proceeds to consolidate his power at home. Consular Guards and Legion of Honor. Renewal of the war with England. Hanover and other places occupied by the French.—Scheme of invading England continued. Napoleon finally abandons the project.

WHEN the treaty of Amiens appeared to have restored peace to Europe, one of Buonaparte's first enterprises was to attempt the recovery of the French possessions in the large, rich and valuable colony of St. Domingo, the disasters of which island form a terrible episode in the history of the war.

The convulsions of the French Revolution had reached St. Domingo, and, catching like fire to combustibles, had bred a violent feud between the white people in the island, and the mulattoes, the latter of whom demanded to be admitted into the privileges and immunities of the former; the newly established rights of men, as they alleged, having no reference to the distinction of color. While the whites and the people of color were thus engaged in a civil war, the negro slaves, the most oppressed and most numerous class of the population, arose against both parties, and rendered the whole island one scene of bloodshed and conflagration. The few planters who remained invited the support of the British arms, which easily effected a temporary conquest. But the European soldiery perished so fast through the influence of the climate, that, in 1798, the English were glad to abandon an island, which had proved the grave of so many of her best and bravest, who had fallen without a wound, and void of renown.

The negroes, left to themselves, divided into different parties, who submitted to the authority of chiefs more or less independent of each other, many of whom displayed considerable talent. Of these the principal leader was Toussaint Le Ouverture, who, after waging war like a savage, appears to have used the power which victory procured him with much political skill. Although himself a negro, he had the sagacity to perceive how important it was for the civilization of his subjects, that they should not be deprived of the opportunities of knowledge, and examples of industry, afforded them by the white people. He, therefore, protected and encouraged the latter, and established as an equitable regulation, that the blacks, now freemen, should nevertheless continue to labor the plantations of the white colonists, while the produce of the estate should be divided in certain proportions between the white proprietor and the sable cultivator.

The least transgressions of these regulations he punished with African ferocity. On one occasion, a white female, the owner of a plantation, had been murdered by the negroes by whom it was labored, and who had formerly been her slaves. Toussaint marched to the spot at the head of a party of his horse-guards, collected the negroes belonging to the plantation, and surrounded them with his black cavalry, who, after a very brief inquiry, received orders to charge and cut them to pieces; of which order our informant witnessed the execution. His unrelenting rigor, joined to his natural sagacity, soon raised Toussaint to the chief command of the island; and he availed himself of the maritime peace, to consolidate his authority by establishing a constitution on the model most lately approved of in France, which being that of the year Eight, consisted of a consular government. Toussaint failed not, of course, to assume the supreme government to himself, with power to name his successor.

The constitution of St. Domingo was instantly put in force, although, with an ostensible deference to France, the sanction of her government had been ceremoniously required. It was evident that the African, though not unwilling to acknowledge some nominal degree of sovereignty on the part of France, was determined to retain in his own hands the effective government of the colony. But this in no respect consisted with the plans of Buonaparte, who was impatient to restore to France those possessions of which the British naval superiority had so long deprived her—colonies, shipping and commerce

A powerful expedition was fitted out at the harbors of Brest, L'Orient and Rochefort, destined to restore St. Domingo in full subjection to the French empire. The fleet amounted to thirty-four ships bearing forty guns and upwards, with more than twenty frigates and smaller armed vessels. They had on board above twenty thousand men, and General Leclerc, the brother-in-law of Buonaparte, was commander-in-chief of the expedition, having a staff composed of officers of acknowledged skill and bravery.

The armament set sail on the 14th of December 1801, while an English squadron of observation, uncertain of their purpose, waited upon and watched their progress to the West Indies. The French fleet presented themselves before Cape Francois, (now Cape Haytien,) on the 29th January 1802.

Toussaint, summoned to surrender, seemed at first inclined to come to an agreement, terrified probably by the great force of the expedition, which time and the climate could alone afford the negroes any chance of resisting. A letter was delivered to him from Buonaparte, expressing esteem for his person; and General Leclerc offered him the most favorable terms, together with the situation of lieutenant-governor.—Ultimately, however, Toussaint could not make up his mind to trust the French, and he determined upon resistance, which he managed with considerable skill. Nevertheless, the well-concerted military operations of the whites soon overpowered for the present the resistance of Toussaint and his followers. Chief after chief surrendered, and submitted themselves to General Leclerc. At length Toussaint Le Ouverture himself seems to have despaired of being able to make further resistance. He made his formal submission, and received and accepted Leclerc's pardon, under the condition that he should retire to a plantation at Genaives, and never leave it without permission of the commander-in-chief.

The French had not long had possession of the colony, ere they discovered, or supposed they had, symptoms of conspiracy amongst the negroes, and Toussaint was, on very slight grounds, accused as encouraging a revolt. Under this allegation, the only proof of which was a letter, capable of an innocent interpretation, the unfortunate chief was seized upon, with his family, and put on board of a vessel bound to France. Nothing official was ever learned concerning his fate, further than that he was imprisoned in the castle of Jeux, in Franche Compte, where the unhappy African fell a victim to the severity of an Alpine climate, to which he was unaccustomed, and the privations of a close confinement.

The perfidy with which the French had conducted themselves towards Toussaint, was visited by early vengeance.—That scourge of Europeans, the yellow fever, broke out among their troops, and in an incredibly short space of time swept off General Leclerc, with many of his best officers and bravest soldiers The negroes, incensed at the conduct of the governor towards Toussaint, and encouraged by the sickly condition of the French army, rose upon them in every quarter. A species of war ensued, of which we are thankful it is not our task to trace the deplorable and ghastly particulars. The cruelty which was perhaps to be expected in the savage Africans, just broke loose from the bondage of slavery, communicated itself to the civilized French. If the former tore out their prisoners' eyes with corkscrews, the latter drowned their captives by hundreds, which imitation of Carrier's republican baptism, they called "deportation into the sea." On other occasions, numerous bodies of negroes were confined in hulks, and there smothered to death with the fumes of lighted sulpher. The issue of this hellish warfare was, that the cruelty of the French enraged instead of terrifying their savage antagonists; and at length, that the numbers of the former, diminished by disease and constant skirmishing, became unequal to the defence even of the garrison towns of the island, much more so to the task of reconquering it.—General Rochambeau, who succeeded Leclerc as commander-in-chief, was finally obliged to save the wreck of that fine army, by submitting at discretion to an English squadron, 1st December 1803. Thus was the richest colony in the West Indies finally lost to France. Remaining entirely in possession of the black population, St. Domingo will show, in process of time, how far the natives of Africa, having European civilization within their reach, are capable of forming a state, governed by the usual rules of polity.

While Buonaparte made these strong efforts for repossessing France in this fine colony, it was not to be supposed that he was neglecting the establishment of his own power upon a more firm basis. His present situation was—like every other in life—considerably short of what he could have desired, though so infinitely superior to all that his most unreasonable wishes could at one time have aspired to. He had all the real power of royalty, and, since the settlement of his authority for life, he had daily assumed more of the pomp and circumstance with which sovereignty is usually invested. The Tuilleries were once more surrounded with guards without, and filled by levees within. The ceremonial of a court was revived, and Buonaparte, judging of mankind with accuracy, neglected no minute observance by which the princes of the earth are wont to enforce their authority. Policy seemed to recommend to him, to have recourse to the ancient model, which Europe had been long accustomed to reverence; to adopt the form of government best known and longest established through the greater part of the world; and assuming the title and rights of a monarch, to take his place among the ancient and recognised authorities of Europe.

Before, therefore, he could venture on this bold measure, he endeavored by every means in his power, to strengthen himself in his government. The army was carefully new-modelled, so as to make it as much as possible his own; and the French soldiers, who regarded the power of Buonaparte as the fruit of their own victories, were in general devoted to his cause, notwithstanding the fame of Moreau, to whom a certain part of their number still adhered. The Consular Guard, a highly privileged body of selected forces, was augmented to the number of six thousand men. These formidable legions, which included troops of every species of arms, had been gradually formed and increased upon the plan of the corps of guide, which Buonaparte introduced during the first Italian campaigns, for immediate attendance on his person, and for preventing such accidents as once or twice had like to have befallen him, by unexpected encounters with flying parties of the enemy. But the guards, as now increased in numbers, had a duty much more extended. They were chosen men, taught to consider themselves as superior to the rest of the army, and enjoying advantages in pay and privileges. When the other troops were subject to privations, care was taken that the guards should experience as little of them as possible, and that by every possible exertion they should be kept in the highest degree of readiness for action. They were only employed upon service of the utmost importance, and seldom in the beginning of an engagement, when they remained in reserve under the eye of Buonaparte himself. It was usually by means of his guard that the final and decisive exertion was made which marked Buonaparte's tactics, and so often achieved victory at the very crisis when it seemed inclining to the enemy. Regarding themselves as considerably superior to the other soldiers, and accustomed also to be under Napoleon's immediate command, his guards were devotedly attached to him; and a body of troops of such high character might be considered a formidable bulwark around the throne which he meditated ascending.

The attachment of these chosen legions, and of his soldiers in general, formed the foundation of Buonaparte's power, but he surrounded himself by another species of partisans. The Legion of Honor was destined to form a distinct and particular class of privileged individuals, whom, by honors and bounties bestowed on them, he resolved to bind to his own interest.

This institution, which attained considerable political importance, originated in the custom which Buonaparte had early introduced, of conferring on soldiers, of whatever rank, a sword, fusee, or other military weapons, in the name of the state, as acknowledging and commemorating some act of peculiar gallantry. The influence of such public rewards was of course very great. They encouraged those who had received them to make every effort to preserve the character which they had thus gained, while they awakened the emulation of hundreds and thousands who desired similar marks of distinction. Buonaparte now formed the project of embodying the persons who had merited such rewards into an association, similar in many respects to those orders, or brotherhoods of chivalry, with which, during the middle ages, the feudal sovereignty of Europe surrounded themselves, and which subsist to this day, though in a changed and modified form.—These, however, have been uniformly created on the feudal principles; and the honor they confer limited, or supposed to be limited, to persons of some rank and condition; but the scheme of Buonaparte was to extend this species of honorable distinction through all ranks, in the quality proper to each. They were to swear upon their honor to defend the government of France, and maintain the inviolability of her empire; to combat, by every lawful means, against the re-establishment of the feudal institution; and to concur in maintaining the principles of liberty and equality.

The bloody war which succeeded the short peace of Amiens, originated, to use the words of the satirist, in high words, jealousies and fears. There was no special or determinate cause of quarrel, which could be removed by explanation, apology or concession. When, therefore, the two nations again arose to the contest, it was like combatants whose anger against each other has been previously raised to the highest pitch by mutual invective. Each had recourse to the measures by which their enemy could be most prejudiced.

England had at her command the large means of annoyance arising out of her immense naval superiority, and took her measures with the decision which the emergency required. Instant orders were despatched to prevent the cession of such colonies as yet remained to be given up, according to the treaty of Amiens, and to seize by a coup-de-main, such of the French settlements as had been ceded, or were yet occupied by her. France, on the other hand, in consequence of her equally great superiority by land, assembled upon her extensive line of sea-coast a very numerous army, with which she appeared disposed to make good her ruler's threats of invasion. At the same time, Buonaparte occupied without ceremony the territories of Naples, Holland and such other states as Britain must have seen in her hands with feelings of keen apprehension.

Every thing in Germany being favorable to the views of France, Mortier, who had already assembled an army in Holland, and on the frontiers of Germany, moved forward on Hanover. A considerable force was collected for resistance, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and General Walmoden. It soon appeared, however, that left to their own resources, and absolutely unsupported either by England or the forces of the Empire, the Electorate was incapable of resistance; and that any attempt at an ineffectual defence would only serve to aggravate the distresses of the country, by subjecting the inhabitants to the extremities of war. In compassion, therefore, to the Hanoverians, the Duke of Cambridge was induced to leave the hereditary dominions of his father's house; and General Walmoden had the mortification to find himself obliged to enter into a convention, by which the capital of the Electorate, and all its strong-holds, were to be delivered up to the French, and the Hanoverian army were to retire behind the Elbe, on condition not to serve against France and her allies till previously exchanged.

The British government having refused to ratify this convention of Suhlingen, as it was termed, the Hanoverian army were summoned to surrender as prisoners of war;—hard terms, which, upon the determined resistance of Walmoden, were only thus far softened, that these tried and faithful troops were to be disbanded, and deliver up their arms, artillery, horses and military stores. In a letter to the First Consul, Mortier declares that he granted these mitigated terms from respect to the misfortunes of a brave enemy; and mentions, in a tone of creditable feeling, the distress of General Walmoden, and the despair of the fine regiment of Hanoverian guards, when dismounting from their horses to surrender them up to the French.

At the same time that they occupied Hanover, the French failed not to make a further use of their invasion of Germany, by laying forced loans on the Hanseatic towns, and other encroachments.

Napoleon did not confine himself to the occupation of Hanover. Tarentum, and other sea-ports of the King of Naples's dominions, was seized upon under the pretext of their being a pledge for the restoration of Malta. In fact, by thus quartering his troops upon neutral territories, by whom he took care that they should be paid and clothed, Buonaparte made the war support itself, and spared France the burthen of maintaining a great proportion of his immense army; while large exactions, not only on the commercial towns, but on Spain, Portugal and Naples, and other neutral countries, in the name of loans, filled his treasury, and enabled him to carry on the expensive plans which he meditated.

Any one of the manœuvres which we have mentioned, would, before this eventful war, have been considered as a sufficient object for a long campaign. But the whole united was regarded by Buonaparte only as side-blows, affecting Britain indirectly through the occupation of her monarch's family dominions and the embarrassment offered to her commerce. His great and decisive game remained to be played—that scheme of invading England, to which he had so strongly pledged himself in a dialogue with Lord Whitworth.

He now, however, at length bent himself, with the whole strength of his mind, and the whole force of his empire, to prepare for this final and decisive undertaking. The gunboats in the Bay of Gibralter, where calms are frequent, had sometimes in the course of the former war been able to do considerable damage to the English vessels of war, when they could not use their sails. Such small craft, therefore, was supposed the proper force for covering the intended descent. They were built in different harbors, and brought together by crawling along the French shore, and keeping under the protection of the batteries, which were now established on every cape, almost as if the sea-coast of the Channel on the French side had been the lines of a besieged city, no one point of which could with prudence be left undefended by cannon.—Boulogne was pitched upon as the centre port, from which the expedition was to sail. By incredible exertions, Buonaparte had rendered its harbor and roads capable of containing two thousand vessels of various descriptions. The smaller sea-ports of Vimereux, Ambleteuse, Etaples, Dieppe, Havre, St. Valeri, Caen. Gravelines and Dunkirk, were likewise filled with shipping. Flushing and Ostend were occupied by a separate flotilla. Brest, Toulon and Rochefort, were each the station of as strong a naval squadron as France had still the means to send to sea.

A land army was assembled of the most formidable description, whether we regard the high military character of the troops, the extent and perfection of their appointments, or their numerical strength. The coast from the mouth of the Seine to that of the Texel, was covered with forces, and Soult, Ney, Davoust and Victor, names that were then the pride and the dread of war, were appointed to command the Army of England, and execute those manœuvres, planned and superintended by Buonaparte, the issue of which was to be the blotting out of Britain from the rank of independent nations.

England prepared for resistance with an energy becoming her ancient rank in Europe, and far surpassing in its efforts any extent of military preparation before heard of in her history. To nearly one hundred thousand troops of the line were added eighty thousand and upwards of militia, which scarce yielded to the regulars in point of discipline. The volunteer force, by which every citizen was permitted and invited to add his efforts to the defence of the country, was far more numerous than during the last war, was better officered also, and rendered every way more effective. It was computed to amount to three hundred and fifty thousand men, who, if we regard the shortness of the time and the nature of the service, had attained considerable practice in the use and management of their arms. Other classes of men were embodied, and destined to act as pioneers, drivers of waggons, and in the like services. On a sudden, the land seemed converted to an immense camp, the whole nation into soldiers and the old king himself into a General-in-Chief.

Amidst her preparations by land, England did not neglect or relax her precautions on the element she called her own. She covered the ocean with five hundred and seventy ships of war of various descriptions. Divisions of her fleet blocked up every French port in the channel; and the army destined to invade her shores, might see the British flag flying in every direction on the horizon. During this period Buonaparte visited Boulogne, and seemed active in preparing his soldiers for the grand effort. He reviewed them in an unusual manner, teaching them to execute several manœuvres by night; and experiments were also made upon the best mode of arranging the soldiers in the flat-bottomed boats, and of embarking and disembarking them with celerity.

A circumstance which seemed to render the expedition in a great measure hopeless, was the ease with which the English could maintain a constant watch upon their operations within the port of Boulogne. The least appearance of stir or preparation to embark troops or get ready for sea, was promptly sent by signal to the English coast, and the numerous British cruisers were instantly on the alert to attend their motions.—The undertaking was finally abandoned; but Napoleon himself continued to affirm that he was serious in the attempt, and that the scheme was practicable, by assembling such a fleet as would have given him the temporary command of the Channel.

CHAP. XI.

Conspiracy against Napoleon. General Moreau sent into exile. Buonaparte crowned Emperor of the French. Crowned King of Italy.—Genoa united to the Empire

IN February, 1803, the Paris papers announced the discovery of a conspiracy of the most extensive and complicated nature. It was said that one hundred and fifty men, who were to assume the uniform of the consular guards, were to assemble and seize Buonaparte at Malmaison, where he was expected to be hunting, or wherever else he might be found, and carry him off. One of the conspirators disclosed the plot, and the sign of the conspirators, which was an English piece of gold. According to the information given, the police officers repaired to the mistress of an inn, and ordering her to draw off her glove, discovered a similar piece of English gold, and opening a draw they found a letter directing her to carry on a specified day to a certain house, twenty bottles of wine and to ring a certain number of times at the door. The officers went to the house, and having rang as specified, they discovered a number of persons who defended themselves in a desperate manner. Among those arrested were Mairn, an intimate of Georges, the Vendean royalist, and one Victor, the cook of Georges, who had been in a former plot. General Moreau was charged with being in the plot and arrested.

The subject was laid before the legislative authorities, which appointed Regnier grand judge, who, in his report stated, that a band of assassins, headed by Georges, and in the pay of England, were still dispersed in La Vendee, and that papers were found which criminated Moreau and Pichegru.—

When this report was read in the tribune, General Moreau's brother made an energetic and indignant speech, declaring the whole an infamous calumny, and demanding that his brother might be instantly brought to trial.

The senate transmitted an address to Buonaparte, congratulating him on his escape from so deep a plot. In his answer he has the following remarkable sentence, which may be considered as prophetic: "I have long since renounced the hope of enjoying the pleasures of private life; all my days are employed in fulfilling the duties which my fate, and the will of the French people have imposed on me. Heaven will watch over France, and defeat the plots of the wicked. The citizens may be without alarm; my life will last as long as it will be useful to the nation; but I wish the French people to understand that existence, without their confidence and affection, would be to me without consolation, and would, for them, have no object."

In March, Buonaparte receiving information that a number of hostile emigrants said to be in the pay of England, were at Ettingheim within the Electorate of Baden, he dispatched Caulincourt, his aid-de-camp, who succeeded in arresting fifteen of them, of whom, the duke d'Enghien, one of the royal family of France, was one. The royal prisoner was conducted to Paris by an escort of fifty gens d'arms, where he was tried by a military commission, condemned and shot. General Moreau was declared guilty, but not to the extent of a capital crime. He was subjected to imprisonment for two yeras; but the soldiers continuing to interest themselves in his fate, his doom of imprisonment was exchanged for that of exile.

On the 18th of May, 1804, Napoleon Buonaparte was proclaimed EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH; a motion to this purpose having been previously brought forward, was passed by the Tribune and Senate.—Measures were taken to obtain the opinion of the people on this radical change of their system; and the number of votes collected in the departments amounted to upwards of three million five hundred thousand, of whom only about three thousand five hundred declared against the proposition. This was declared "the unbiassed expression of the people's choice,—no government could plead a more authentic title."

The Emperor accompained by his Empress, who bore her honors both gracefully and meekly, visited Aix-la-Chapelle, and the frontiers of Germany. They received the congratulations of all the powers of Europe, excepting England, Russia and Sweden, upon their new exaltation; and the German princes, who had every thing to hope and fear from so powerful a neighbor, hastened to pay their compliments to Buonaparte in person, which more distant sovereigns offered by their ambassadors.

But the most splendid and public recognition of his new rank was yet to be made, by the formal act of coronation, which, therefore, Buonaparte determined should take place with circumstances of solemnity which had been beyond the reach of any temporal prince, however powerful, for many ages. Pope Leo, he remembered, had placed a golden crown on the head of Charlemagne, and proclaimed him Emperor of the Romans. Pius VII, he determined, should do the same for a successor to much more than the actual power of Charlemagne. But though Charlemagne had repaired to Rome to receive inauguration from the hands of the Pontiff of that day, Buonaparte resolved that he who now owned the proud, and in Protestant eyes, profane, title of Vicar of Christ, should travel to France to perform the coronation of the successful chief, by whom the See of Rome had been more than once humbled, pillaged and impoverished, but by whom also her power had been re-erected and restored, not only in Italy but in France itself.

On the 2d December, the ceremony of the coronation took place in the ancient cathedral of Notre Dame, with the addition of every ceremony which could be devised, to add to its solemnity. The Emperor took his coronation oath as usual on such occasions, with his hands upon the Scripture, and in the form repeated to him by the Pope. But in the act of coronation itself, there was a marked deviation from the universal custom, characteristic of the man, the age and the conjuncture. In all other similar solemnities, the crown had been placed on the sovereign's head by the presiding spiritual person, as representing the Deity, by whom princes rule.—But not even from the head of the Catholic Church would Buonaparte consent to receive as a boon the golden symbol of sovereignty, which he was sensible he owed solely to his own unparaleled train of military and civil successes. The crown having been blessed by the Pope, Napoleon took it from the altar with his own hands, and placed it on his brows. He then put the diadem on the head of his Empress, as if to show that his authority was the child of his own actions. Te Deum was sung; the heralds proclaimed, "that the thrice glorious and thrice august Napoleon, Emperor of the French, was crowned and installed." The members of the Imperial Family were declared Princes of the Blood. His late colleagues in the Consulate, Cambaceres and Le Brun, were nominated, the former Arch-chancellor, and the latter Arch-treasurer of the empire. Seventeen generals (viz: Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Massena, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lasnes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Bessieres, Kellermann, Lefebvre, Perrignon and Serrurier,) were named Marshals of the empire. Duroc, Grand Marshal of the palace; Caulincourt, master of the horse; Berthier, grand huntsman; and Count Segur, a nobleman of the ancient regime, master of the ceremonies.

A deputation from the Italian Republic, appeared at Paris, to declare the absolute necessity which they felt, that their government should assume a monarchical and hereditary form. On the 17th March, they obtained an audience of the Emperor, to whom they intimated the unanimous desire of their countrymen, that Napoleon, founder of the Italian Republic, should be monarch of the Italian kingdom. He was to have power to name his successor, such being always a native of France or Italy.

Upon the 11th of April 1805, Buonaparte with his Empress, set off to go through the form of coronation, as King of Italy. The ceremony almost exactly resembled that by which he had been inaugurated Emperor. The ministry of the Arch-bishop of Milan was held sufficient for the occasion, and it was he who blessed the celebrated iron crown, said to have girded the brows of the ancient Kings of the Lombards. Buonaparte, as in the ceremony at Paris, placed the ancient emblem on his head with his own hands, assuming and repeating aloud the motto attached to it by its ancient owners, "God has given it to me; let him beware who would touch it." The new kingdom was, in all respects, modelled on the same plan with the French empire. An order, called "of the Iron Crown," was established on the footing of that of the Legion of Honor. A large French force was taken into Italian pay, and Eugene Beauharnois, the son of Josephine by her former marriage, who enjoyed and merited the confidence of his father-in-law, was created viceroy, and appointed to represent, in that character, the dignity of Napoleon

Napoleon did not leave Italy without further extension of his empire. Genoa, once the proud and the powerful, resigned her independence, and her Doge presented to the Emperor a request that the Ligurian Republic, laying down her separate rights, should be considered in future as a part of the French nation.

CHAP. XII.

Napoleon addresses a letter to the King of England. Alliance of Russia, Austria, England and Sweden against France. Buonaparte heads the army in Germany. Skilful manœuvres of the French generals and successive losses of the Austrians. Neutrality of Prussia violated. Mack is cooped up in Ulm. Surrenders to the French on the 16th of October, by which 20,000 men become prisoners of war. Buonaparte advances towards Vienna. The Emperor Francis leaves his capital, and the French take possession of it. Successes of Massena in Italy and Ney in the Tyrol. BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ, and the combined armies of Austria and Russia completely defeated. Treaty of Presburg.

ON the 21st of January, 1805, Napoleon, in his new character of Emperor, addressed a letter to King George III. in person, on the subject of a lasting peace between the two countries. This letter was answered by the British secretary of state to Talleyrand, and declared that Britain would not make a precise reply to the proposal of peace intimated in Napoleon's letter, until she had communicated with her allies on the continent, and in particular with the Emperor of Russia.

These expressions indicated, what was already well known to Buonaparte, the darkening of another continental storm, about to be directed against his power On this occasion, Russia was the soul of the confederacy. Since the death of the unfortunate Paul had placed that mighty country under the government of Alexander, whose education had been sedulously cultivated, and who had profited in an eminent degree by that advantage, her counsels had been dignified, wise and moderate. About a fortnight before Napoleon wrote to the king of England, a strict alliance had been signed between the sovereigns of Russia and Sweden, and it was now obvious that the northern powers had resolved to take part with Great Britain in her struggle against France. Russia and England had engaged in an alliance, the general purpose of which was to form a league upon the continent, to compel the French government to consent to the re-establishment of the balance of Europe. The objects proposed were briefly the independence of Holland and Switzerland; the evacuation of Hanover and the north of Germany by the French troops; the restoration of Piedmont to the King of Sardinia; and the complete evacuation of Italy by the French. These were gigantic schemes, for which suitable efforts were to be made. Five hundred thousand men were to be employed; and Britain, besides affording the assistance of her forces by sea and land, was to pay large subsidies for supporting the armies of the coalition.

During several months every means was adopted to procure the association of Austria and Prussia; but the latter of these sovereigns had a strong French party in his council, and though personally hostile to Napoleon, could not as yet count on being supported in a war against France by the hearty good-will of an undivided people. Austria had been grievously weakened by the campaign of Marengo, and hesitated to commit herself once more to the hazard of arms. The Emperor Alexander repaired in person to Berlin for the purpose of stimulating the King of Prussia. The two sovereigns met in the vault where the great Frederick lies buried, and swore solemnly over his remains to effect the liberation of Germany. But though thus pledged to the czar, the King of Prussia did not hastily rush into hostilities. He did not even follow the example of the Austrian, whose forbearance was at length wholly exhausted by the news of the coronation at Milan, and the annexation of Genoa to the empire of France. Warlike preparations were commenced immediately, and she increased her forces in every quarter. The Arch-duke Charles took the command of 80,000 men in Italy; 80,000 more, destined to act upon the Lech, and it was hoped upon the Rhine, were placed under the charge of General Mack; and the Arch-duke John was appointed to command in the Tyrol. Austria began her daring enterprise rashly and precipitately, without waiting till the Emperor Alexander, at the head of an army of 100,000 men could advance to his assistance, or until the King of Prussia could be induced to join the coalition. A large army of Austrians were marched upon Bavaria, and the Elector was required to join the confederacy. Maximilian was not disinclined to unite his forces with those which proposed for-their object the defence of Germany; but he pleaded that his son, now travelling in France, would be made responsible, should he join the coalition. "On my knees," he said, in a letter to the Emperor Francis, "I implore you for permission to remain neutral." His reasonable request was rejected, and he was farther given to understand, that his troops would not be permitted to remain as a separate army, but must be incorporated with those of Austria. These were terms so harsh, as to render an alliance with France preferable to submission. Maximilian, retreating from the capital of Munich to Wurtzburg, and withdrawing his army into Franconia, again endeavored to negociate for neutrality. It was again imperiously refused; and while the Austrian government insisted that the Elector should join them with his whole forces, the Austrian troops were permitted to conduct themselves as in an enemy's country; requisitions were raised, and other measures resorted to, tending to show that the invaders remembered the ancient grudge which had so long subsisted between Bavaria and Austria. It was natural that the Bavarian prince, incensed at this treatment, should regard the allies as enemies, and wait the arrival of the French as liberators.

The rashness which had characterised the conduct of the cabinet of Vienna was fatally followed out by that of its general, Mack; instead of occupying the line of the river Inn, which affords a strong defence to the Austrian territory, and on which he might have awaited in comparative safety the arrival of the Russians, this unlucky tactician left the Inn far behind him, and established his head-quarters at Ulm, on the western frontiers of Bavaria.

It is not to be supposed that this great northern confederacy took at unawares one who was always on the alert. The Austrian forces were not more early ready for the field than were the immense armies of the French empire, headed by Napoleon. The camps at Boulogne, so long assembled on the shores of the Channel, were now to be relieved from their inactivity, and their march directed upon the German frontiers.

Buonaparte communicated to the Senate the approach of war, by a report, dated 22d September, in which, acquainting them with the cause of quarrel betwixt himself and the allied powers, he asked, and of course obtained, two decrees; one for ordering 80,000 conscripts to the field, another for the organization of the National Guard. He then put himself at the head of his forces, and proceeded to achieve the destruction of Mack's army, not as at Marengo by one general battle, but by a series of grand manœuvres and a train of partial actions necessary to execute them, which rendered resistance and retreat alike impossible. While Mack expected the approach of the French upon his front, Buonaparte had formed the daring resolution to turn the flank of the Austrian general, cut him off from his country and his resources, and reduce him to the necessity, either of surrender, or of giving battle without a hope of success. To execute this great conception, the French army was parted into six grand divisions. That of Bernadotte, evacuating Hanover which it had hitherto occupied, and traversing Hesse, formed a junction with the Elector of Bavaria, who, with the troops which had followed him into Franconia, immediately declared for the French cause. The Elector of Wirtemberg and the Duke of Baden followed the same line of politics; and thus Austria had arrayed against her those very German princes, whom a moderate conduct towards Bavaria might perhaps have rendered neutral. The other five columns of French troops, under Ney, Soult, Davoust, Vandamme and Marmont, crossed the Rhine at different points, and entered Germany to the northward of Mack's position; while Murat approaching the Black Forest, manœuvred in such a manner as to confirm Mack in his belief that the main attack was to come from that quarter. But the direction of all the other divisions intimated that it was the object of the French Emperor to move round the right wing of the Austrians, by keeping on the north side of the Danube, and then by crossing that river, to put themselves in the rear of Mack's army, and interpose betwixt him and Vienna. For this purpose, Soult, who had crossed at Spires, directed his march upon Augsburg; while, to interrupt the communication betwixt that city and Ulm, the Austrian head-quarters, Murat and Lasnes had advanced to Wertingen, where a smart action took place. The Austrians lost all their cannon, and 4,000 men—an ominous commencement of the campaign. With the same purpose of disquieting Mack in his head-quarters, and preventing him from attending to what passed on his left wing and rear, Ney, who advanced from Stutgard, attacked the bridges over the Danube at Guntzburg, which were gallantly but fruitlessly defended by the Arch-duke Ferdinand, who had advanced from Ulm to that place. The Arch-duke lost many guns and nearly 3,000 men.

In order that Bernadotte and the Bavarians might have a part in this great manœuvre, it was necessary that they should violate the neutrality of the Prussian territories of Anspach, and Bareuth, and Buonaparte, well aware of the real sentiments of the court of Berlin, did not hesitate to adopt this course. Prussia remonstrated indignantly, but still held back from proclaiming war; and Napoleon cared little for such impediments as mere diplomacy could throw in the way of his campaign.

The spirit of enterprise had deserted Mack as soon as actual hostilities commenced. With the usual fault of Austrian generals, he had extended his position too far, and embraced too many points of defence, rendering his communications difficult, and offering facilities for Buonaparte's favorite tactics, of attacking and destroying in detail the divisions opposed to him. The defeat at Guntzburg induced Mack at length to concentrate his army around Ulm; but Bavaria and Suabia were now in full possession of the French and Bavarians; and the Austrian general, Spangenberg, surrounded in Memmingen, was compelled to lay down his arms with 5,000 men.—The French had crossed the Rhine about the 26th of September; it was now the 13th of October, and they could scarcely be said to have begun the campaign, when they had made on various points, not fewer than 20,000 prisoners.

Mack now found himself, with the remains of his army, cooped up in Ulm, as Wurmser had been in Mantua. He published an order of the day, which intimated an intention to imitate the persevering defence of that heroic veteran. He forbade the word surrender to be used by any one—he announced the arrival of two powerful armies, one of Austrians, the other of Russians, whose appearance would presently raise the blockade—he declared his determination to eat horseflesh rather than listen to any terms of capitulation. This bravado appeared on the 16th of October, and the conditions of surrender were subscribed by Mack on the next day. The effects of this capitulation, were equal to the results of a great victory. Artillery, baggage and military stores, were given up to an immense extent. Eight general officers surrendered upon parole, upwards of 20,000 men became prisoners of war, and were marched into France. The numbers of the prisoners taken in this campaign were so great, that Napoleon distributed them amongst the agriculturists, that their work in the fields might make up for the absence of the conscripts, whom he had withdrawn from such labor. The experiment was successful; and from the docile habits of the Germans, and the good-humor of their French employers, this new species of servitude suited both parties, and went some length to soften the hardships of war. For not the field of battle itself, with its wounded and dead, is a more distressing sight to humanity and reflection, than prison-barracks and hulks, in which hundreds and thousands of prisoners are delivered up to idleness, and all the evils which idleness is sure to introduce, and not unfrequently to disease and death.

The tide of war now rolled eastward, having surmounted and utterly demolished the formidable barrier which was opposed to it. Buonaparte placed himself at the head of his central army. Ney, upon his right, was ready to repel any descent which might be made from the passes of the Tyrol. Murat, on his left, watched the motions of the Austrians, under the Arch-duke Ferdinand, who, refusing to join in the unworthy capitulation of Ulm, had cut their way into Bohemia, and there united themselves with other forces, either stationed in that kingdom, or who had, like themselves, escaped thither. Lastly, the division of Augereau (who had recently advanced from France at the head of an army of reserve,) occupying part of Suabia, served to protect the rear of the French army against any movement from theVorarlberg; and at the same time menaced the Prussians, in case, acting upon the offence given by the violation of their territory, they should have crossed the Danube, and engaged in the war.— Buonaparte had reckoned with accuracy upon the timid and fluctuating councils of that power. The aggression on their territories of Anspach and Bareuth was learned at Berlin; but then the news of the calamity sustained by the Austrians at Ulm succeeded those tidings almost instantly, and while the first article of intelligence seemed to urge instant hostilities, the next was calculated to warn them against espousing a losing cause.

Thus trusting to the vacillating and timid policy of Prussia, Buonaparte, covered on his flank and rear as we have stated, continued to push forward with his central forces towards Vienna. It is true, that an army, partly consisting of Russians and partly of Austrians, had pressed forward, but were now retreating step by step in front of the advancing French. They halted, indeed, repeatedly, made a considerable show of resistance, and fought some severe though partial actions; but always ended by continuing their retreat, which was now directed upon Moravia, where the grand Russian army had already assembled, under the command of the Emperor Alexander, and were expecting still further reinforcements under

General Buxhowden. Some attempts were made to place Vienna in a state of defence, and the inhabitants were called upon to rise en mass for that purpose. But as the fortifications were ancient and in disrepair, an effort at resistance could only have occasioned the destruction of the city. The Emperor Francis departed for Brunn in Moravia, in order to place himself under the protection of the Russian forces.

On the 13th of November the French took possession of Vienna, where they obtained an immense quantity of military stores, arms and clothing; a part of which spoils were bestowed by Napoleon upon his ally the Elector of Bavaria, who now witnessed the humiliation of the Imperial House which had of late conducted itself so haughtily towards him. General Clark was appointed Governor of Vienna; and by a change as rapid as if it had taken place on the stage, the new Emperor of France occupied Schœnbrunn, the splendid palace of the long-descended Emperor of Austria.

Meantime success had attended Massena in his advance from Lombardy towards the Venetian states, where the Arch-duke Charles commanded an army of 80,000 men for Austria. After sustaining various reverses the Arch-duke was forced to abandon Italy; and retreated befere Massena through the strong passes of the Carinthian mountains Nor had Marshal Ney, whom Buonaparte had detached from his own main army, with orders to advance into the Tyrol, been less successful than Massena. The Arch-duke John, who commanded in that province was beaten like his brother; and the outposts of the army of Massena from Italy, and Ney, from the Upper Rhine, at length met, and saluted in triumph at Clagenfurt. The Arch-duke Charles, understanding how Ney was prospering in the Tyrol, had given up the design of retreating by that way into Germany, and proceeded through the Carinthian mountains towards Hungary. Prince John followed his brother's example, and the remains of these two armies, thus coalescing in a distant region, the division of Ney and Massena came in fact to be at the immediate disposal of Buonaparte.

But though such signal successes had crowned the commencement of the campaign, it was necessary to defeat the haughty Russians, before the object of the war could be considered as attained. The broken and shattered remnant of the Austrian forces had rallied from different quarters around the yet untouched army of Alexander; Napoleon had therefore waited until the result of his skilful combinations had drawn around him the greatest force he could expect to collect, ere venturing upon a general battle. He quitted Vienna and put himself at the head of his columns, which passing the Danube into Moravia, soon found themselves within reach of the forces of Russia and Austria, at length combined and prepared for action under the eyes of their respective Emperors.

Buonaparte has been much criticised for the rashness of thus passing the Danube into Moravia, where a defeat, or even a check might have been attended with the most fatal consequences; but he was perfectly sensible that, as he had distinguished the earlier part of this campaign by some of the most brilliant manœuvres which military history records, it was now incumbent upon him without delay, to conclude it by a great and decisive victory over a new and formidable enemy. He neglected, therefore, no art by which success could be ensured. In the first place, it was necessary to determine the allies to immediate battle; for, situated in the heart of an enemy's country, with insurrection spreading wider and wider around him, an immediate action was as desirable on his part, as delay would have been advantageous to his opponents.—Some attempts at negotiation were made by the Austrians, to aid which, Haugwitz, the Prussian minister, made his appearance in the French camp with the offer of his master's mediation, but with the alternative of declaring war in case it was refused. To temporize with Prussia was of the last consequence, and the French Emperor found a willing instrument in Haugwitz. "The French and Austrian outposts," said Buonaparte, "are engaged; it is a prelude to the battle which I am about to fight—Say nothing of your errand to me at present—I wish to remain in ignorance of it. Return to Vienna, and wait the events of war." Haugwitz, to use Napoleon's own expression, was no novice, and returned to Vienna without waiting for another hint.

Buonaparte next sent Savary to the Russian camp, under pretence of compliment to the Emperor Alexander, but in reality as a spy upon that monarch and his generals He informed Napoleon that the Russian sovereign was surrounded by counsellors, whom their youth and rank rendered confident and presumptuous, and who, he concluded, might be easily misguided into some fatal act of rashness. Buonaparte acted on the hint, and upon the first movement of the Austro-Russian army in advance, withdrew his forces from the position they had occupied. Prince Dolgorucki, aid-de-camp of the

Emperor Alexander, was despatched by him to return the compliments which had been brought him. He too was, doubtless, expected to use his powers of observation, but they were not so acute as those of the old officer of police. Buonaparte, as if the interior of his camp displayed scenes which he did not desire Dolgorucki to witness, met the prince at the outpost, which the soldiers were in the act of hastily covering with field-works, like an army which seeks to shelter conscious weakness under entrenchments. Encouraged by what he thought he saw of the difficulties in which the French seemed to be placed, Dolgorucki entered upon politics, and demanded in plain terms the cession of the crown of Italy. To this proposal Buonaparte listened with a patience which seemed to be the effect of his present situation. In short, Dolgorucki carried back to his Imperial Master the hastily conceived opinion, that the French Emperor was retreating, and felt himself in a precarious posture. On this false ground the Russian council of war determined to act.—Their plan was to extend their own left wing, with the purpose of turning the right of the French army, and taking them upon the flank and rear.

It was upon the 1st of December at noon that the Russians commenced this movement, by which, in confidence of success, they abandoned a chain of heights where they might have received an attack with great advantage, descended into ground more favorable to the enemy, and, finally, placed their left wing at too great a distance from the centre. The French general no sooner witnessed this rash manœuvre, than he exclaimed, "Before to-morrow is over, that army is my own." In the meantime, withdrawing his outposts, and concentrating his forces, he continued to intimate a conscious inferiority, which was far from existing.

The two armies seem to have been of equal strength. The Austrians and Russians amounted to 100,000 men, and the French might be about the same force; but they were commanded by Buonaparte, and the Russians by Kutusoff, a veteran soldier indeed, full of bravery and patriotism, and accustomed to war as it was waged against the Turks, but deficient in general talent, as well as in the alertness of mind necessary to penetrate into, and oppose the designs of his adversaries.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 2d December, Napoleon, having slept for an hour by a watch-fire, got on horseback and proceeded to reconnoitre the front of his position.

He wished to do so without being recognised, but the soldiery penetrated the secret, and lighting great fires all along the line, received him from post to post with shouts of enthusiasm They reminded him that this was the anniversary of his coronation, and assured him they would celebrate the day in a manner worthy of its glory. "Only promise us," cried an old grenadier, "that you will keep out of the fire." "I will do so," answered Buonaparte. "I shall be with the reserve until you need us."

The Russians, we have seen, were extending their line to surround the French flank. Marshal Davoust, with a division of infantry, and another of dragoons, was placed behind the convent of Raygern, to oppose the forces destined for this manœuvre, at the moment when they should conceive the point carried. Soult commanded the right wing; Lasnes conducted the left, which last rested upon a fortified position, called Santon, defended by twenty pieces of cannon. Bernadotte led the centre, where Murat and all the French cavalry were stationed. Ten battalions of the Imperial Guard, with ten of Oudinot's division, were kept in reserve in the rear of the line, under the eyes of Buonaparte himself, who destined them, with forty field-pieces, to act wherever the fate of battle should render their services most necessary. Such were the preparations for this decisive battle, where three Emperors, each at the head of his own army, strove to decide the destinies of Europe. The sun rose with unclouded brilliancy; it was that 'sun of Austerlitz' which Napoleon upon so many succeeding occasions apostrophised, and recalled to the minds of his soldiers. As its first beams rose above the horizon, Napoleon appeared in front of the army, surrounded by his marshals, to whom he issued his last directions, and they departed at full gallop to their different posts.

The column detached from the left of the Austro-Russian army was engaged in a false manœuvre, and it was ill executed. The intervals between the regiments of which it consisted were suffered to become irregular, and the communications between this attacking column itself and the main body were not maintained with sufficient accuracy. When the Russians thought themselves on the point of turning the right flank of the French, they found themselves suddenly, and at unawares, engaged with Davoust's division, of whose position behind the convent of Raygern, they had not been aware.—At the same time, Soult, at the head of the French right wing, rushed forward upon the interval between the Austro-Russian centre and left, caused by the march of the latter upon Raygern, and, completely intersecting their line, severed the left wing entirely from the centre. The Emperor of Russia perceived the danger, and directed a desperate attempt to be made upon Soult's division by the Russian Guards, for the purpose of restoring the communication with his left. The French infantry were staggered by this charge, and one regiment completely routed. But it was in such a crisis that the genius of Buonaparte triumphed. Bessieres had orders to advance with the Imperial Guard, while the Russians were disordered with their success. The encounter was desperate, and the Russians displayed the utmost valor before they at length gave way to the discipline and steadiness of Buonaparte's veterans. Their artillery and standards were lost, and Prince Constantine, the Emperor's brother, who fought gallantly at their head, was only saved by the speed of his horse.

The centre of the French army now advanced to complete the victory, and the cavalry of Murat made repeated charges with such success, that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, from the heights of Austerlitz, beheld their centre and left completely defeated. The fate of the right wing could no longer be protracted, and it was disastrous even beyond the usual consequence of defeat. They had been actively pressed by Lasnes during the whole battle, but now the troops on their left being routed, they were surrounded on all sides, and, unable to make longer resistance, were forced down into a hollow, where they were exposed to the fire of twenty pieces of cannon. Many attempted to escape across a lake, which was partially frozen, the French broke the ice about them by a storm of shot, and nearly 10,000 men died on the spot, some swept away by the artillery, the greater part drowned. This fatality renewed, according to Buonaparte's description, the appearance of the battle with the Turks at Aboukir, where so many thousand men flying from the battle, perished by drowning. It was with the greatest difficulty, that, rallying the remains of their routed forces around them, and retiring in the best manner they could, the Emperors effected their personal retreat. Only the devoted bravery of the Russians, and the loyalty of the Austrian cavalry, who charged repeatedly to protect the retrograde movement, could have rendered it possible, since the sole passage to the rear lay along a causeway, extending between two lakes. The retreat was, however, accomplished, and the Emperors escaped without sustaining the loss in the pursuit which might have been expected. But in the battle, at least 30,000 men had remained, killed, wounded and prisoners; and forty standards, with a great proportion of the hostile artillery, were the trophies of Buonaparte, whose army had thus amply redeemed their pledge.

The influence of the victory on the Prussian councils was made evident; for Count Haugwitz, who had been dismissed to Vienna till the battle should take place, now returned to Buonaparte's head-quarters, having changed the original message of defiance of which he was the bearer, into a handsome compliment to Napoleon upon his victory. The answer of Buonaparte intimated his full sense of the duplicity of Prussia.—"This," he said, "is a compliment designed for others, but Fortune has transferred the address to me." It was, however, still necessary to conciliate a power, which had an hundred and fifty thousand men in the field; and a private treaty with Haugwitz assigned the Electorate of Hanover to Prussia, in exchange for Anspach, or rather as the price of her neutrality at this important crisis. Thus all hope of Prussian interference being over, the Emperor Francis must be held justified in yielding to necessity, and endeavoring to secure the best terms which could be yet obtained, by submitting at discretion. His ally, Alexander, refused indeed to be concerned in a negotiation, which in the circumstances could not fail to be humiliating.

A personal interview took place betwixt the Emperor of Austria and Buonaparte, to whose camp Francis resorted almost in the guise of a suppliant. The defeated prince is represented as having thrown the blame of the war upon the English. "They are a set of merchants," he said, "who would set the continent on fire, in order to secure to themselves the commerce of the world." When Buonaparte welcomed him to his military hut, and said it was the only palace he had inhabited for nearly two months, the Austrian answered with a smile, "You have turned your residence, then, to such good account, that you ought to be content with it."

The Emperor of Austria having satisfied himself that he would be admitted to terms of greater or less severity, next stipulated for that which Alexander had disdained to request in his own person—the unmolested retreat of the Russians to their own country.

"The Russian army is surrounded," said Buonaparte; "not a man can escape me, but I wish to oblige their Emperor, and will stop the march of my columns, if your Majesty promises me that these Russians shall evacuate Germany, and the Austrian and Prussian parts of Poland." "It is the purpose of the Emperor Alexander to do so." The arrangement was communicated by Savary to the Russian Emperor, who acquiesced in the proposal to return with his army to Russia by regular marches. No other engagement was required of Alexander than his word; and the respectful manner in which he is mentioned in the bulletins, indicates Buonaparte's desire to cultivate a good understanding with this powerful and spirited young monarch. Accordingly he commenced his march towards Russia, in pursuance of the terms agreed upon. The Russian arms had been unfortunate; but the behaviour of their youthful Emperor, and the marked difference shown towards him by Buonaparte, made a most favorable impression upon Europe at large.

The Austrian monarch, left to his fate, obtained from Buonaparte an armistice—a small part of the price was imposed in the shape of a military contribution of an hundred millions of francs, to be raised in the territories occupied by the French armies. The cessation of hostilities was to endure while Talleyrand on the one side, and Prince John of Lichtenstein on the other, adjusted the terms of a general pacification. The definitive treaty with France was signed at Presburg on the 15th December, and another with Prussia on the 26th at Vienna. Austria yielded the Venetian territories to the kingdom of Italy; her ancient possessions of the Tyrol and Voralberg were transferred to Bavaria, to remunerate the Elector for the part he had taken in the war. Wirtemberg having also adopted the French side, received recompense of the same kind at the expense of the same power, and both of these Electors were advanced to the dignity of kings. Bavaria received Anspach and Bareuth from Prussia, and in return, ceded Berg, which was erected into a grand dutchy, and conferred, in an independent sovereignty, on Napoleon's brother-in-law, Murat. Finally Prussia added Hanover to her dominions in return for the cession of Anspach and Bareuth, and acquiesence in the other arrangements above mentioned.

Eugine Beauharnois, son of Josephine and viceroy of Italy, received in marriage the eldest daughter of the new king of Bavaria. It was announced at this time, that in case the Emperor should die without male issue, the crown of Italy should descend to Eugine.

Other events of the same character now crowded on the scene. The king, or rather the queen of Naples, had not failed, during the recent campaign to manifest the old aversion to the French cause. St. Cyr's army, which, on the first ruption of the peace of Amiens had occupied the seaports of that kingdom, being called into the north of Italy to reinforce Massena against the Arch-duke Charles, an Anglo-Russian expedition soon landed in Naples, and were welcomed cordially by the court. Napoleon, immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, issued a proclamation declaring that "the royal house of Naples had ceased to reign." On hearing of the decisive battle, and the retreat of the czar, the English and Russians evacuated the Neapolitan territories on the mainland of Italy. Joseph Buonaparte conducted a French army towards the frontier; the court passed over into Sicily, and Joseph was proclaimed King of Naples.

The king of Sweden, rushing as hastily and inconsiderately as he of Naples into the war of 1805, landed with a small army in Germany and besieged Hamelen, a fortress in Hanover, where Bernadotte had left a strong garrison. This movement, had Prussia broken her neutrality, might have been of high importance to the general cause; as events turned out it was fruitless. The Swedes raised their seige in confusion, on receiving the news of Austerlitz; and Napoleon from that hour meditated the dethronement of the dynasty of Gustavus.

The principalities of Lucca, Massa-Carrara and Garfagnana were now conferred on Napoleon's sister Eliza: on Pauline, the younger sister, who, after the death of general Leclerc, had married the prince Borghese, the sovereignty of Guastalla was in like manner bestowed. Napoleon's brother Louis was created hereditary king of Holland. He had married the beautiful Hortense-Fanny, daughter of Josephine—so that, by this act, two members of the imperial house were at once elevated to royalty.

Another great consequence of Austerlitz remains to be mentioned. The kings of Wirtemberg and Bavaria, the grand duke of Berg, and other sovereigns of the west of Germany, were now associated together in a close alliance, under the style of the "Confederation of the Rhine," and the princes of the league were bound to place 60,000 men at Napoleon's command. Finally, on his return to Paris, he created a new order of nobility,—Talleyrand became prince of Beneventum, Bernadotte of Ponte Corvo, Berthier of Neufchatel; the most distinguished of the marshals received the title of duke, and a long array of counts of the empire filled the lower steps of the throne.

CHAP. XIII.

Battle of Trafalgar, and Death of Nelson. War with Prussia. Buonaparte again heads his army in the field. Naumberg taken. BATTLE OF JENNA, AND OF AUERSTADT. The French victorious, and Buonaparte enters Berlin. All the strong fortresses of Prussia surrendered to the French. Death of the Duke of Brunswick, and vow of revenge taken by his son.

THE triumphs of Napoleon had been greater at this period of his reign, than had ever before been recorded in history as achieved by a single man. Yet even these, like everything earthly, had their limit. Fate, while she seemed to assign him complete dominion over the land, had vested in other hands the empire of the seas; and it frequently happened, that when his victorious eagles were flying their highest pitch upon the continent, some conspicuous naval disaster warned the nations, that there was another element, where France had a rival and a superior.

The combined fleets of France and Spain sailed from Cadiz on the 19th of October, 1805, and on the morning of the 21st they came in sight of the English fleet, off Cape Trafalgar. The wind never impelled along the ocean two more gallant armaments. Villeneuve, the French admiral, had thirty-three ships of the line, and seven frigates; which, besides the usual crews, carried 4000 troops, many of whom, excellent riflemen, were stationed in the tops. Nelson had twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, and three frigates. Villeneuve showed no inclination to shun the eventful action. His disposition was singular and ingenious. His fleet formed a double line, each alternate ship being about a cable's length to the windward of her second a-head and a-stern, and thus the arrangement represented the chequers of a draught-board, and seemed to guard against the operation of cutting the line. But Nelson had determined to practise the manœuvre in a manner as original as the mode of defence adopted by Villeneuve. His order for sailing was in two lines, and this was also the order for battle. An advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers, was to cut off three or four of the enemies line, a-head of their centre; the second in command, admiral Collingwood, was to break in upon the enemy about the twelfth ship from the rear, and Nelson himself determined to bear down on the centre. The effect of these manœuvres must of course be a close and general action; for the rest, Nelson knew he could trust to the determination of his officers and seamen. To his admirals and officers he explained in general, that his object was a close and decisive action; and that if, in the confusion and smoke of the battle, signals should not be visible, the captain would never do wrong who laid his ship alongside of the enemy.

With such dispositions on either side, the two gallant fleets met on the memorable 21st of October. Admiral Collingwood, who led the van, went down on the enemy with all his sails set, and, disdaining to furl them in the usual manner, cut the sheets, and let his canvass fly loose in the wind, as if he needed it no longer after it had borne him amidst the thickest of the enemy. Nelson run his vessel, the Victory, on board the French Redoubtable; the Temeraire, a second British ship, fell on board the same vessel on the other side; another enemy's ship fell on board the Temeraire, and the action was fiercely maintained betwixt these four vessels, which lay as close as if they had been moored together in some friendly harbor. While the Victory thus engaged the Redoubtable on the starboard, she maintained from her larboard guns an incessant fire on the Bucentaur and the colossal Santa Trinidad, a vessel of four decks. The example of the Admiral was universally followed by the British captains; they broke into the enemy's line on every side, engaged two or three ships at the same time, and maintained the battle at the very muzzles of the cannon. The British naval superiority was soon made manifest. Nineteen ships of the line were captured, two were first rate vessels, none were under seventy-four guns. Four ships of the line which had escaped were taken in a subsequent action, and seven out of those which succeeded in reaching Cadiz were rendered unserviceable.—The fleets of France and Spain were, in fact, annihilated, yet, great and glorious as was the triumph to the British, it was dearly purchased—for Nelson fell, mortally wounded, early in the action. He lived just long enough to hear the cheers of victory, and then breathed out his spirit in words worthy of his life, "Thank God! I have done my duty."

The unfortunate Villeneuve dared not trust his monarch's forgiveness. "He ought," said Napoleon, "to have been victorious, and he was defeated." For this, Villeneuve felt there was no apology to be accepted, or even offered, and the brave but unfortunate seaman committed suicide.

As the conduct of Prussia had been fickle and versatile during the campaign of Austerlitz, the displeasure of Napoleon was excited in proportion against her. By the treaty which Haugwitz had signed at Vienna, after the battle of Austerlitz, it was agreed that Prussia should receive the Electoral dominions of the King of England, his ally, instead of Anspach, Bareuth and Neufchatel, which she was to cede to France. The far superior value of Hanover was to be considered as a boon to Prussia, in guerdon of her neutrality.—But Napoleon did not forgive the hostile disposition which Prussia had manifested, and it is probable he waited with anxiety for the opportunity of inflicting upon her condign chastisement. He continued to maintain a large army in Suabia and Franconia, and, by introducing troops into Westphalia, intimated, not obscurely, an approaching rupture with his ally.

Whatever reluctance the cabinet of Berlin had shown to enter into hostilities with France, the court and country never appeared to have shared that sensation. The former was under the influence of the young, beautiful and high-spirited Queen, and of Louis of Prussia, a prince who felt with impatience the decaying importance of that kingdom, which the victories of the Great Frederick had raised to such a pitch of glory. These were surrounded by a numerous band of noble youth, impatient for war, as the means of emulating the fame of their fathers; but ignorant how little likely were even the powerful and well disciplined forces of Frederick, unless directed by his genius, to succeed in opposition to troops not inferior to themselves, and conducted by a leader who had long appeared to chain victory to his chariot wheels. The sentiments of the young Prussian noblesse were sufficiently indicated, by their going to sharpen their sabres on the threshold of La Foret, the ambassador of Buonaparte, and the wilder frolic of breaking the windows of the ministers supposed to be in the French interest. The Queen appeared frequently in the uniform of the regiment which bore her name, and sometimes rode herself at their head, to give enthusiasm to the soldiery. This was soon excited to the highest pitch; and had the military talents of the Prussian generals borne any correspondence to the gallantry of the officers and soldiers, an issue to the campaign might have been expected far different from that which took place.

Amidst the general ferment of the public mind, Alexander, once more appeared in person at the court of Berlin, and, more successful than on the former occasion, prevailed on the

King of Prussia at length to unsheath the sword. The support of the powerful hosts of Russia was promised; and, defeated by the fatal field of Austerlitz in his attempt to preserve the south-east of Germany from French influence, Alexander now stood forth to assist Prussia as the Champion of the North. The King of Prussia had again placed at the head of his armies the Duke of Brunswick. The plan of the campaign, formed by this ill-fated prince, seems to have been singularly injudicious, and the more so, as it is censurable on exactly the same grounds as that of Austria in the late war. Prussia could not expect to have the advantage of numbers in the contest. It was, therefore her obvious policy to procrastinate and lengthen out negotiation, until she could have the advantage of the Russian forces. Instead of this, it was determined to rush forward towards Franconia, and oppose the Prussian army alone to the whole force of France, commanded by their renowned Emperor. The united force of the Prussian army, with its auxiliaries, amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand men, confident in their own courage, in the rigid discipline which continued to distinguish their service, and in the animating recollections of the victorious career of the Great Frederick. There were many generals and soldiers in their ranks who had served under him; but, amongst that troop of veterans, Blucher alone was destined to do distinguished honor to the school.

While Buonaparte assembled in Franconia an army considerably superior in numbers to that of the Prussians, the latter occupied the country in the vicinity of the river Saale, and seemed, in doing so, to renounce all the advantage of making the attack on the enemy ere he had collected his forces. Yet to make such an attack, was, and must have been, the principal motive of their hasty and precipitate advance, especially after they had secured its primary object, the accession of Saxony to the campaign. The position which the Duke of Brunswick occupied was indeed very strong as a defensive one, but the means of supporting so large an army were not easily to be obtained in such a barren country as that about Weimar; and their magazines and depots of provisions were injudiciously placed, not close in the rear of the army, but at Naumburg, and other places, upon their extreme left, and where they were exposed to the risk of being separated from them. The head-quarters of the Prussians, where were the King and Duke of Brunswick, were at Weimar; their left, under Prince Hohenloe, were at Schleitz; and their right extended as far as Muhlhausen, leaving thus a space of ninety miles betwixt the extreme flanks of their line.

Buonaparte, in the meantime, commenced the campaign according to his custom, by a series of partial actions fought on different points, in which his usual combinations obtained his usual success; the whole tending to straiten the Prussians in their position, to interrupt their communications, separate them from their supplies, and compel them to fight a decisive battle from necessity, not choice, in which dispirited troops, under baffled and outwitted generals, were to encounter with soldiers who had already obtained a foretaste of victory, and who fought under the most renowned commanders, the combined efforts of the whole being directed by the master spirit of the age.

The French advanced in three divisions, upon the dislocated and extended position of the large, but ill-arranged Prussian army. It was an irretrievable fault of the Duke of Brunswick, that his magazines, reserves of artillery and ammunition, were placed at Naumburg, instead of being close in the rear of his army, and under the protection of his main body. This ill-timed separation rendered it easy for the French to interpose betwixt the Prussians and their supplies, providing they were able to clear the course of the Saale.—With this view the French right wing, commanded by Soult and Ney, marched upon Hof. The centre was under Bernadotte and Davoust, with the guard commanded by Murat.—They moved on Saalburg and Schleitz. The left wing was led by Augereau against Coburg and Saalfeld. It was the object of this grand combined movement to overwhelm the Prussain left wing, which was extended farther than prudence permitted; and, having beaten this part of the army, to turn their whole position, and possess themselves of their magazines. After some previous skirmishes, a serious action took place at Saalfeld, where Prince Louis of Prussia commanded the advanced guard of the Prussian left wing. In the ardour and inexperience of youth, the brave prince, instead of being contented with defending the bridge on the Saale, quitted that advantageous position, to advance with unequal forces against Lasnes, who was marching upon him from Graffenthal. If bravery could have atoned for imprudence, the battle of Saalfeld would not have been lost. Prince Louis showed the utmost gallantry in leading his men when they advanced, and in rallying them when they fled. He was killed fighting hand to hand with a French subaltern, who required him to surrender, and receiving a sabre-wound for reply, plunged his sword into the prince's body. Several of his staff also fell around him.

The victory of Saalfeld opened the course of the Saale to the French, who instantly advanced on Naumburg. The city and its magazines were consigned to the flames, which first announced to the Prussians that the French army had gotten completely into their rear, had destroyed their magazines, and, being now interposed betwixt them and Saxony, left them no alternative save that of battle.

Too late determined to make some exertion to clear their communications to the rear, the Duke of Brunswick, with the King of Prussia in person, marched with a great part of their army to the recovery of Naumburg. Here Davoust, who had taken the place, remained at the head of a division of thirty-six thousand men, with whom he was to oppose nearly double the number. The march of the Duke of Brunswick was so slow, as to lose the advantage of this superiority. He paused on the evening of the 12th on the heights of Auerstadt, and gave Davoust time to reinforce the troops with which he occupied the strong defile of Koesen. The next morning, Davoust, with strong reinforcements, but still unequal in numbers to the Prussians, marched towards the enemy, whose columns were already in motion. The vanguard of both armies met, without previously knowing that they were so closely approaching each other, so thick lay the mist upon the ground. The village of Hassen-Hausen, near which the opposite armies were first made aware of each other's proximity, became instantly the scene of a severe conflict, and was taken and retaken repeatedly. The Prussian cavalry, being superior in numbers to that of the French, and long famous for its appointments and discipline, attacked repeatedly, and was as often resisted by the French squares of infantry, whom they found it impossible to throw into disorder, or break upon any point. The French having thus repelled the Prussian horse, carried at the point of the bayonet some woods and the village of Spilberg, and remained in undisturbed possession of that of Hassen-Hausen. The Prussians had by this time maintained the battle from eight in the morning till eleven, and being now engaged on all points with the exception of two divisions of the reserve, had suffered great loss. The Generalissimo, Duke of Brunswick, wounded in the face by a grape-shot, was carried off; so was Gen. Schmettau, and other officers of distinction. The want of an experienced chief began to be felt, when to increase the difficulties of their situation, the King of Prussia received intelligence that General Mollendorf, who commanded his right wing, was in the act of being defeated by Buonaparte in person. The King took the generous but perhaps desperate resolution, of trying whether in one general charge he could not redeem the fortune of the day, by defeating that part of the French with which he was personally engaged. He ordered the attack to be made all along the line, and with all the forces which he had in the field; and his commands were obeyed with gallantry enough to vindicate the honor of the troops, but not to lead to success. They were beaten off, and the French resumed the offensive in their turn.

Still the Prussian monarch, who seems now to have taken the command on himself, endeavoring to supply the want of professional experience by courage, brought up his last reserves, and encouraged his broken troops rather to make a final stand for victory, than to retreat in face of a conquering army. This effort also proved in vain. The Prussian line was attacked everywhere at once; centre and wings were broken through by the French at the bayonet's point; and the retreat, after so many fruitless efforts, in which no division had been left unengaged, was of the most disorderly character. But the confusion was increased tenfold, when, as the defeated troops reached Weimar, they fell in with the right wing of their own army, fugitives like themselves, and who were attempting to retreat in the same direction. The disorder of two routed armies meeting in opposing currents, soon became inextricable. The roads were choked up with artillery and baggage waggons; the retreat became a hurried flight; and the King himself, who had shown the utmost courage during the battle of Auerstadt, was at length, for personal safety, compelled to leave the high roads, and escape across the field escorted by a small body of cavalry.

While the left of the Prussian army were in the act of combating Davoust at Auerstadt, their right, as we have hinted, were with equally bad fortune engaged at Jena. This second action, though the least important of the two, has always given the name to the double battle; because it was at Jena that Napoleon was engaged in person. The French Emperor had arrived at this town, which is situated upon the Saale, on the 13th of October, and had lost no time in issuing those orders to his Marshals, which produced the demonstrations of Davoust and the victory of Auerstadt. His attention was not less turned to the position he himself occupied, and in which he had the prospect of fighting Mollendorf, and the right of the Prussians, on the next morning. With his usual activity, he formed or enlarged, in the course of the night, the roads by which he proposed to bring up his artillery on the succeeding day, and, by hewing the solid rock, made a path practicable for guns to the plateau, or elevated plain in the front of Jena, where his centre was established. The Prussian army lay before them, extended on a line of six leagues, while that of Napoleon, extremely concentrated, showed a very narrow front, but was well secured both in the flanks and in the rear. Buonaparte, according to his custom, slept in the bivouac, surrounded by his guards. In the morning he harrangued his soldiers, and recommended to them to stand firm against the charges of the Prussian cavalry, which had been represented as very redoubtable. As before Ulm he had promised his soldiers a repetition of the battle of Marengo, so now he pointed out to his men that the Prussians, separated from their magazines, and cut off from their country, were in the situation of Mack at Ulm. He told them that the enemy no longer fought for honor and victory, but for the chance of opening a way to retreat; and he added, that the corps which should permit them to escape would lose their honor. The French replied with loud shouts, and demanded instantly to advance to the combat. The Emperor ordered the columns destined for the attack to descend into the plain. His centre consisted of the Imperial Guard and two divisions of Lasnes. Augereau commanded the right, which rested on a village and a forest; and Soult's division, with a part of Ney's, were upon the left.

General Mollendorf advanced on his side, and both armies, as at Auerstadt, were hid from each other by the mist, until suddenly the atmosphere cleared, and showed them to each other within the distance of half cannon-shot. The conflict instantly commenced. It began on the French right, where the Prussians attacked with the purpose of driving Augereau from the village on which he rested his extreme flank. Lasnes was sent to support him, by whose succour he was enabled to stand his ground. The battle then became general, and the Prussians showed themselves such masters of discipline, that it was long impossible to gain any advantage over men, who advanced, retired, or moved to either flank, with the regularity of machines. Soult at length, by the most desperate efforts, dispossessed the Prussians opposed to him, of the woods from which they had annoyed the French left; and at the same conjuncture the division of Ney, and a large reserve of cavalry, appeared upon the field of battle. Napoleon thus strengthened, advanced the centre, consisting in a great measure of the Imperial Guard, who, being fresh and in the highest spirits, compelled the Prussian army to give way. Their retreat was at first orderly; but it was a part of Buonaparte's tactics to pour attack after attack upon a worsted enemy, as the billows of a tempestuous ocean follow each other in succession, till the last waves totally disperse the fragments of the bulwark which the first have breached. Murat at the head of the dragoons and the cavalry of reserve, charged, as one who would merit, as far as bravery could merit, the splendid destinies which seemed now opening to him.—The Prussian infantry were unable to support the shock, nor could their cavalry protect them. The route became general. Great part of the artillery was taken, and the broken troops retreated in disorder upon Weimar, where, as we have already stated, their confusion became inextricable, by their encountering the other tide of fugitives from their own left, which was directed upon Weimar also. All leading and following seemed now lost in this army, so lately confiding in its numbers and discipline. There was scarcely a general left to issue orders, scarcely a soldier disposed to obey them; and it seems to have been more by a sort of instinct, than any resolved purpose, that several broken regiments were directed, or directed themselves, upon Magdeburg, where Prince Hohenloe endeavored to rally them.

Besides the double battle of Jena and Auerstadt, Bernadotte had his share in the conflict, as he worsted at Apolda, a village between those two points of general action, a large detachment. The French accounts state that 20,000 Prussians were killed and taken in the course of this fatal day; that three hundred guns fell into their power, with twenty generals, or lieutenant-generals, and standards and colors to the number of sixty.

The mismanagement of the Prussian generals in these calamitous battles, and in all the manœuvres which preceded them, amounted to infatuation. The troops also, according to Buonaparte's evidence, scarcely maintained their high character, oppressed probably by a sense of the disadvantages under which they combated. But it is unnecessary to dwell on the various causes of a defeat, when the vanquished seem neither to have formed one combined and general plan of attack in the action, nor maintained communications with each other while it endured, nor agreed upon any scheme of retreat when the day was lost. The Duke of Brunswick, too, and General Schmettau, being mortally wounded early in the battle, the several divisions of the Prussian army fought individually, without receiving any general orders and consequently without regular plan or combined manœuvres. The consequences of the defeat were more universally calamitous than could have been anticipated, even when we consider, that, no mode of retreat having been fixed on, or general rallying place appointed, the broken army resembled a covey of heath-fowl, which the sportsman marks down and destroys in detail and at his leisure.

Next day after the action, a large body of the Prussians, who, under the command of Mollendorf, had retired to Erfurt, were compelled to surrender to the victors, and the Marshal, with the Prince of Orange Fulda, became prisoners. Other relics of this most unhappy defeat met with the same fate.—General Kalkreuth, at the head of a considerable division of troops, was overtaken and routed in an attempt to cross the Hartz mountains. Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg commanded an untouched body of sixteen thousand men, whom the Prussian general-in-chief had suffered to remain at Memmingen, without an attempt to bring them into the field. Instead of retiring when he heard all was lost, the Prince was rash enough to advance towards Halle, as if to put the only unbroken division of the Prussian army in the way of the far superior and victorious hosts of France. He was accordingly attacked and defeated by Bernadotte. The chief point of rallying, however, was Magdeberg, under the walls of which strong city, Prince Hohenloe, though wounded, contrived to assemble an army amounting to fifty thousand men, but wanting everything, and in the last degree of confusion. But Magdeberg was no place of rest for them. The same improvidence, which had marked every step of the campaign, had exhausted that city of the immense magazines which it contained, and taken them for the supply of the Duke of Brunswick's army. The wrecks of the field of Jena were exposed to famine as well as to the sword. It only remained for Prince Hohenloe to make the best escape he could, and, considering the disastrous cicumstances in which he was placed, he seems to have displayed both courage and skill in his proceedings. After various partial actions, however, in all of which he lost men, he finally found himself, with the advanced-guard and centre of his army, on the heights of Prenzlow, without provisions, forage or ammunition. Surrender became unavoidable; and at Prenzlow and Passewalk nearly 20,000 Prussians laid down their arms.

The rear of Prince Hohenloe's army did not immediately share this calamity. They were at Bortzenberg when the surrender took place, and amounted to about ten thousand men, the relics of the battle in which Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg had engaged near Weimar, and were under the command of a general whose name hereafter was destined to sound like a war trumpet—the celebrated Blucher. In the extremity of his country's distresses, this distinguished soldier shewed the same indomitable spirit, the same activity in execution and daringness of resolve, which afterwards led to such glorious results. He was about to leave Bortzenberg on the 29th, in consequence of his orders from Prince Hohenloe, when he learned that general's disaster at Prenzlow. He instantly changed the direction of his retreat, and, by a rapid march towards Strelitz, contrived to unite his forces with about ten thousand men, gleanings of Jena and Auerstadt, which, under the Dukes of Weimar and of Brunswick Oels, had taken their route in that direction. Thus reinforced, Blucher adopted the plan of passing the Elbe at Lauenburg, and reinforcing the Prussian garrison at Lower Saxony.—With this view he fought several sharp actions, and made many rapid marches. But the odds were too great to be balanced by courage and activity. The division of Soult which had crossed the Elbe, cut him off from Lauenburg, that of Murat interposed between him and Stralsund, while Bernadotte pressed upon his rear. Blucher had no resource but to throw himself and his diminished and dispirited army into Lubeck. The pursuers soon came up, and found him like a stag at bay. A battle was fought on the 6th of November in the streets of Lubeck, with extreme fury on both sides, in which the Prussians were overpowered by numbers, and lost many slain, besides four thousand prisoners. Blucher fought his way out of the town, and reached Schwerta. But he had now retreated as far as he had Prussian ground to bear him, and to violate the neutrality of the Danish territory, would only have raised up new enemies to his unfortunate master. On the 7th of November, therefore, he gave up his good sword, to be resumed under happier auspices, and surrendered with the few thousand men which remained under his command. But the courage which he had manifested, like the lights of St. Elmo amid the gloom of the tempest, showed that there was at least one pupil of the Great Frederick worthy of his master, and afforded hopes on which Prussia long dwelt in silence, till the moment of action arrived.

The total destruction, for such it might almost be termed, of the Prussian army, was scarcely so wonderful, as the facility with which the fortresses which defend that country, some of them ranking among the foremost in Europe, were surrendered by their commandants, without shame, and without resistance, to the victorious enemy. Strong towns, and fortified places, on which the engineer had exhausted his science, provided too, with large garrisons, and ample supplies, opened their gates at the sound of a French trumpet, or the explosion of a few bombs. Spandau, Stettin, Castrin and Hamelen, were each qualified to have arrested the march of invaders for months, yet were all surrendered on little more than a summons. In Magdeberg was a garrison of twenty-two thousand men, two thousand of them being artillerymen; and nevertheless, this celebrated city capitulated with Marshal Ney, at the first flight of shells.

While the French army made this uninterrupted progress, the new king of Holland, Louis Buonaparte, with an army, partly composed of Dutch and partly of Frenchmen, possessed himself with equal ease of Westphalia, great part of Hanover, Emden and East Friesland. To complete the picture of general disorder which Prussia now exhibited, it is only neccessary to add, that the unfortunate king, whose personal qualities deserved a better fate, had been obliged after the battle to fly into East Prussia, where he finally sought refuge in the city of Koningsberg. L'Estocq, a faithful and able general, was still able to assemble out of the wreck of the Prussian army, a few thousand men for the protection of his sovereign. Buonaparte took possession of Berlin on the 25th of October, eleven days after the battle of Jena.

The Duke of Brunswick received a mortal wound on the field of battle, and was immediately transported to his hereditary capital. But the approach of the French troops to Brunswick, compelled the dying prince to cause himself to be carried to Altona, where he expired. A vow of "eternal revenge" was made by his son—how he kept it we shall see hereafter.

CHAP. XIV

Napoleon welcomed with enthusiasm by the Poles. Enters Warsaw, and Bennigsen retreats before him. Character of the Russian soldiery.—The Cossacks. BATTLE OF PULTUSK. French go into winter quarters. BATTLE OF PREUSS EYLAU. Surrender of Dantzic. Both armies recruited. Battle of Heilsberg. BATTLE OF FRIEDLAND, on the 13th of June, 1807, and defeat of the Russians. Treaty of Tilsit.

THE ruin of Prussia seemed, in the eyes of astonished Europe, not only universal, but irremediable. The King, driven to the extremity of his dominions, could only be considered as a fugitive, whose precarious chance of restoration to the crown depended on the doubtful success of his ally of Russia, who now, as after the capture of Vienna, had upon his hands, strong as those hands were, not the task of aiding an ally, who was in the act of resistance to the common enemy, but the far more difficult one of raising from the ground a prince who was totally powerless and prostrate. The French crossed the Oder—Glogau and Breslau were taken. Their defence was respectable; but it seemed not the less certain that their fall involved almost the last hopes of Prussia, and that a name, raised so high by the reign of one wise monarch, was like to be blotted out from the map of Europe, by the events of a single day.

The unfortunate king sent a messenger to Napoleon to learn on what terms he might be admitted to treat for peace with the victor, who now had possession of his capital and the greater part of his dominions. He had been accustomed to treat with France on the footing of equality,—but these times were passed since the battle of Jena, and the only terms to which Prussia could now be admitted even to a temporary armistice, was the surrender of all her remaining fortresses. He refused to acquiesce in such severe terms, and determined to repose his fate in the chance of war, and in the support of the auxiliary army of Russia which was now hastily advancing to his assistance.

Napoleon was justified in these harsh terms, by having now brought his victorious armies to the neighborhood of Poland, in which he had a good right to conceive himself sure to find numerous followers and a friendly reception The partition of this fine kingdom by its powerful neighbors, Russia, Austria and Prussia, was the first open and audacious transgression of the law of nations, which disgraced the annals of civilized Europe. It was executed by a combination of three of the most powerful states of Europe against one, too unhappy in the nature of its constitution, and too much divided by factions, to offer any effectual resistance. The kingdom subjected to this aggression had appealed in vain to the code of nations for protection against an outrage to which, after a desultory and uncombined, and therefore a vain defence, she saw herself under the necessity of submitting. The Poles retained, too, a secret sense of their fruitless attempt to recover freedom in 1791, and an animated recollection of the violence by which it had been suppressed by the Russian arms. They waited with hope and exultation the approach of the French armies to aid them in regaining the independence of which they had been oppressively and unjustly deprived.

The continuance of war was now to be determined upon; a war to be waged with circumstances of more than usual horror, as it involved the sufferings of a winter-campaign in the northern latitudes. The French, having completely conquered the Prussian estates to the east of the Oder, had formed the sieges of Great Glogau, of Breslau and of Graudentz, and were at the same time pushing westward to occupy Poland. The Russian general, Bennigsen, had on his side pressed forward for the purpose of assisting the Prussians, and had occupied Warsaw. But finding that their unfortunate allies had scarcely the remnant of an army in the field, the Russian general retreated after some skirmishes, and recrossed the Vistula, while the capital of Poland, thus evacuated, was entered on the 28th of November by Murat, at the head of the French van-guard.

About the 25th Buonaparte, leaving Berlin, had established himself at Posen, a central town of Poland, which country began to manifest an agitation, arising from the animating prospect of restored independence. The Poles resumed in many instances their ancient national dress and manners, and sent deputies to urge the decision of Buonaparte in their favor. The language in which they entreated his interposition, resembled that of oriental idolatry. "The Polish nation," said the Palatine of Gnesna, "presents itself before your Majesty, groaning still under the yoke of German nations, and salutes with the purest joy the regenerator of their dear country, the legislator of the universe. Full of submission to your will, they adore you, and repose on you with confidence all their hopes, as upon him who has the power of raising empires and destroying them, and of humbling the proud."

In the meanwhile, Warsaw was put into a state of defence, and the auxiliary forces of Saxony and the new confederates of the Rhine were brought up by forced marches, while strong reinforcements from France repaired the losses of the early part of the campaign. The French army at length advanced in full force, and crossed successively the rivers Vistula and Bug, forcing a passage wherever it was disputed. But it was not the object of Bennigsen to give battle to forces superior to his own, and he therefore retreated behind the Wkra, and was joined by the large bodies of troops commanded by Generals Buxhowden and Kaminskoy. On the 23d of December, Buonaparte arrived in person upon the Wkra, and ordered the advance of his army in three divisions. Kaminskoy, when he saw the passage of this river forced, determined to retreat behind the Niemen, and sent orders to his lieutenants accordingly. Bennigsen, therefore, fell back upon Pultusk, and Prince Galitzin upon Golymin, both pursued by large divisions of the French army. The Russian Generals Buxhowden and D'Anrep also retreated in different directions, and apparently without maintaining a sufficiently accurate communication either with Bennigsen, or Galitzin

Buonaparte was sensible that he was approaching a conflict of a different kind from that which he had maintained with Austria, and more lately against Prussia. The common soldier in both those services was too much levelled into a mere moving piece of machinery, to have any confidence in himself, or zeal beyond the mere discharge of the task entrusted to him according to the word of command. These troops, however highly disciplined, wanted that powerful and individual feeling, which in armies possessing a strong national character, (by which the Russians are peculiarly distinguished,) induces the soldier to resist to the last moment, even when resistance can only assure him of revenge. They were still the same Russians, of whom Frederick the Great said, "that he could kill, but could not defeat them;"—they were also strong of constitution, and inured to the iron climate in which Frenchmen were now making war for the first time; and were accustomed from their earliest life to spare nourishment and hardship.

The Cossacks are a species of force belonging to Russia exclusively. They are trained from early childhood to the use of the lance and sword, and familiarised to the management of a horse peculiar to the country; far from handsome in appearance, but tractable, hardy, swift and sure-footed, beyond any breed perhaps in the world. At home, and with his family and children, the Cossack is kind, gentle, generous and simple; but when in arms, and in a foreign country, he resumes the predatory, and sometimes the ferocious habits of his ancestors, the roving Scythians. As the Cossacks receive no pay, plunder is generally their object; and as prisoners were esteemed a useless encumbrance, they granted no quarter, until Alexander promised a ducat for every Frenchman whom they brought in alive. In the actual field of battle, their mode of attack is singular. Instead of acting in line, a body of Cossacks about to charge, disperse at the word of command, very much in the manner of a fan suddenly flung open, and joining in a loud yell, or hourra, rush, each acting individually, upon the object of attack, whether infantry, cavalry or artillery, to all of which they have been in this wild way of fighting, formidable assailants. But it is as light cavalry that the Cossacks are perhaps unrivalled. They and their horses have been known to march one hundred miles in twenty-four hours without halting. They plunge into woods, swim rivers, thread passes, cross deep morasses, and penetrate through deserts of snow, without undergoing material loss, or suffering from fatigue. No Russian army with a large body of Cossacks in front can be liable to surprise; nor on the other hand, can an enemy surrounded by them ever be confident against it. In covering the retreat of their own army, their velocity, activity and courage, render pursuit by the enemy's cavalry peculiarly dangerous; and in pursuing a flying enemy, these qualities are still more redoubtable. In the campaign of 1806-7, the Cossacks took the field in great numbers, under their celebrated Hettman Platoff, who, himself a Cossack, knew their peculiar capacity for warfare, and raised their fame to a pitch which it had not attained in former European wars. The Russians had also in their service Tartar tribes, who in irregularity resembled the Cossacks, but were not to be compared with them in discipline or courage, being in truth, little better than hordes of roving savages.

On the 25th of December, the Russian army of Bennigsen, closely concentrated, occupied a position behind Pultusk; their left, commanded by Count Ostreman, rested upon the town, which is situated on the river Narew. A corps occupied the bridge, to prevent any attack from that point.—

The right, under Barclay de Tolly, was strongly posted in a wood, and the centre was under the orders of General Zachen. A considerable plain extended between the town of Pultusk and the wood, which formed the right of the Russian position. They had stationed a powerful advanced guard, had occupied the plain with their cavalry, and established a strong reserve in their rear. On the 26th, the Russian position was attacked by the French divisions of Lasnes and Davoust, together with the French guards. After skirmishing some time in the centre without making the desired impression, the battle appeared doubtful, when, suddenly assembling a great strength on their own left, the French made a decisive effort to overwhelm the Russians, by turning their right wing. The attack prevailed to a certain extent. The accumulated and superior weight of fire, determined Barclay de Tolly to retreat on his reserves, which he did without confusion, while the French seized upon the wood, and took several Russian guns. But Bennigsen, in spite of Kaminskoy's order to retreat, was determined to abide the brunt of battle, and to avail himself of the rugged intrepidity of the troops which he commanded. Ordering Barclay de Tolly to continue his retreat, and thus throwing back his right wing, he enticed the French, confident in victory, to pursue their success until the Russian cavalry, which had covered the manœuvre, suddenly withdrawing, they found themselves under a murderous and well directed fire from one hundred and twenty guns, which extending along the Russian front, played on the French advancing columns with the utmost success. The Russian line at the same time advanced in turn, and pushing the enemy before them, recovered the ground from which they had been driven. The approach of night ended the combat, which had been both obstinate and bloody. The French lost near eight thousand men, killed and wounded, including General Lasnes and five other general officers among the latter. The Russian loss amounted to five thousand. The French retreated after nightfall with such rapidity, that on the next day the Cossacks could not find a rear-guard in the vicinity of Pultusk.

Bennigsen fell back upon Ostrolenka, where he was joined by Prince Galitzin, who had been engaged in action at Golymin upon the day of the battle of Pultusk, had like Bennigsen driven back the enemy, and like him had retreated for the purpose of concentrating his forces with those of the grand army. The French evinced a feeling of the unusual and obstinate nature of the contest in which they had been engaged at Pultusk and Golymin. Instead of pressing their operations, they retreated into winter-quarters; Napoleon withdrawing his guard as far as Warsaw, while the other divisions were cantoned in the towns to the eastward.

The conduct of Kaminskoy began now to evince decided tokens of insanity. He was withdrawn from the supreme command, which, with the general approbation of the soldiers was conferred upon Bennigsen. This general was not equal in military genius to Suwarrow, but he seems to have been well fitted to command a Russian army. He was active, hardy and enterprising, and showed none of that peculiarly fatal hesitation, by which officers of other nations opposed to the French generals, and to Buonaparte in particular, seem often to have been affected, as with a sort of moral palsy, which disabled them for the combat at the very moment when it seemed about to commence. On the contrary, Bennigsen, finding himself in the supreme command of ninety thousand men, was resolved not to wait for Buonaparte's onset, but determined to anticipate his motions; wisely concluding, that the desire of desisting from active operations, which the French Emperor had evinced by cantoning his troops in winter-quarters, ought to be a signal to the Russians again to take the field.

Buonaparte saw himself forced into a winter campaign, and issued general orders for drawing out his forces, for the purpose of concentrating them at Willenberg, in the rear of the Russians, (then stationed at Mohringen,) and betwixt them and their own country. He proposed, in short, to force his enemies eastward towards the Vistula, as at Jena he had compelled the Prussians to fight with their rear turned to the Rhine. Bernadotte had orders to engage the attention of Bennigsen upon the right, and detain him in his present situation, or rather, if possible, induce him to advance eastward towards Thorn, so as to facilitate the operation he meditated. The Russian general learned Buonaparte's intention from an intercepted dispatch, and changed his purpose of advancing on Ney and Bernadotte. Marches and counter-marches took place, through a country at all times difficult, and now covered with snow. The experience and dexterity of the French secured some advantages, but these were counter-balanced by the daily annoyance and loss which they in turn sustained from Platoff and his Cossacks. In cases where the French retreated, the Scythian lances were always on their rear; and when the Russians retired in turn, and were pursued by the French, with the same venturous spirit which they had displayed against others, the latter seldom failed to suffer for their presumption. There was found in the spearmen of the Don and Wolga a natural and instinctive turn for military statagem, ambuscade and sudden assault, which compelled the French light troops to adopt a caution, very different from their usual habits of audacity. Bennigsen was aware that it was the interest of Russia to protract the campaign in this manner. He was near his reinforcements, the French were distant from theirs—every loss, therefore, told more in proportion on the ememy, than on his army. On the other hand, the Russian army, impatient of protracted hostilities, became clamorous for battle, for the hardships of their situation were such as to give them every desire to bring the war to a crisis. The defects of the Russian commissariat were especially manifest during those campaigns, when the leader was obliged more than once, merely from want of provisions, to peril the fate of the war upon a general battle, which prudence would have induced him to avoid. In those northern latitudes, and in the month of February, the troops had no resource but to prowl about, and dig for the hoards of provision concealed by the peasants. This labor, added to their military duty, left them scarcely time to lie down; and when they did so, they had no bed but the snow, no shelter but the wintry heaven, and no covering but their rags. The distresses of the army were so extreme, that it induced General Bennigsen, against his judgment, to give battle at all risks, and for this purpose to concentrate his forces at Preuss-Eylau, which was pitched upon as the field on which he proposed to await Buonaparte.

In marching through Landsberg to occupy the selected ground, the Russian rear-guard was exposed to a serious attack by the French, and was only saved from great loss by the gallantry of Prince Bagration, who redeemed, by sheer dint of fighting, the loss sustained by want of conduct in defiling through the streets of a narrow village, while pursued by an enterprising enemy. The Russian army lost 3000 men. On the 7th of February, the same gallant prince, with the Russian rear-guard, gained such decided advantages over the French van as nearly balanced the loss at Landsberg, and gave time for the whole army to march through the town of Preuss-Eylau, and to take up a position behind it. It had been intended to maintain the town itself, and a body of troops had been left for that purpose; but in the confusion attending the movement of so large an army, the orders issued had been misunderstood, and the division designed for this service evacuated the place as soon as the rear guard had passed through it.

A Russian division was hastily ordered to re-occupy Preuss-Eylau. They found the French already in possession, and, although they dislodged them, were themselves driven out in turn by another division of French, to whom Buonaparte had promised the plunder of the town. A third division of Russians was ordered to advance; for Bennigsen was desirous to protract the contest for the town until the arrival of his heavy artillery, which joined him by a different route. When it came up, he would have discontinued the struggle for the possession of Preuss-Eylau, but it was impossible to control the ardor of the Russian columns, who persevered in advancing with drums beating, rushed into the town, and, surprising the French in the act of sacking it, put many of them to the bayonet, even in the acts of license which they were practising. Preuss-Eylau, however, proved no place of shelter. It was protected by no works of any kind; and the French advancing under cover of the hillocks and broken ground which skirt the village, threw their fire upon the streets, by which the Russians sustained some loss. General Barclay de Tolly was wounded, and his forces again evacuated the town, which was once more and finally occupied by the French. Night fell, and the combat ceased, to be renewed with treble fury on the next day.

The position of the two armies may be easily described.—That of Russia occupied a space of uneven ground, about two miles in length and a mile in depth, with the village of Serpallen on their left; in the front of their army lay the town of Preuss-Eylau, situated in a hollow, and in possession of the French. It was watched by a Russian division; which, to protect the Russian centre from being broken by an attack from that quarter, was strongly reinforced, though by doing so the right wing was considerably weakened. This was thought of the less consequence, that L'Estocq, with his division of Prussians was hourly expected to join the Russians on that point. The French occupied Eylau with their left, while their centre and right lay parallel to the Russians, upon a chain of heights which commanded in a great measure the ground possessed by the enemy. They also expected to be reinforced by the division of Ney, which had not yet come up, and which was destined to form on the extreme left. The space betwixt the hostile armies was open and flat, and intersected with frozen lakes. They might trace each other's position by the pale glimmer of the watch-lights upon the snow.

This eventful action commenced with day-break on the 8th of February. Two strong columns of the French advanced with the purpose of turning the right, and storming the centre of the Russians, at one and the same time. But they were driven back in great disorder by the heavy and sustained fire of the Russian artillery. An attack on the Russian left was equally unsuccessful. The Russian infantry stood like stone ramparts—they repulsed the enemy—their cavalry came to their support, pursued the retiring assailants, and took standards and eagles. About mid-day, a heavy storm of snow began to fall, which the wind drove right in the face of the Russians, and which added to the obscurity caused by the smoke of the burning village of Serpallen, that rolled along the line. Under cover of the darkness, six columns of the French advanced with artillery and cavalry, and were close on the Russian position ere they were opposed. Bennigsen, at the head of his staff, brought up the reserves in person, who, uniting with the first line, bore the French back at the point of the bayonet. Their columns, partly broken, were driven again to their own position, where they rallied with difficulty. A French regiment of cuirassiers, which during this part of the action, had gained an interval in the Russian army, were charged by the Cossacks, and found their defensive armour no protection against the lance. They were all slain except eighteen.

At the moment when victory appeared to declare for the Russians, it was on the point of being wrested from them.—Davoust's division had been manœuvring since the beginning of the action, to turn the left, and gain the rear, of the Russian line. They now made their appearance on the field of battle with such sudden effect, that Serpallen was lost, the Russian left wing, and a part of their centre, were thrown into disorder, and forced to retire and change their front, so as to form almost at right angles with their right, and that part of the centre which retained their original position. At this crisis, and while the French were gaining ground on the rear of the Russians, L'Estocq, so long expected, appeared in his turn suddenly on the field, and passing the left of the French, and the right of the Russians, pushed down in three columns to redeem the battle on the Russian centre and rear The Prussians under their gallant leader, regained in this bloody field their ancient military reputation. They never fired till within a few paces of the enemy, and then used the bayonet with readiness and courage. They redeemed the ground which the Russians had lost, and drove back in their turn the troops of Davoust and Bernadotte, who had been lately victorious.

Ney, in the meanwhile, appeared on the field, and occupied Schloditten, a village on the road to Konigsberg. As this endangered the communication of the Russians with that town, it was thought necessary to carry it by storm; a gallant resolution, which was successfully executed. This was the last act of that bloody day. It was ten o'clock at night, and the combat was ended.

After fourteen hours of fighting, either army occupied the same position as in the morning. Twelve of Napoleon's eagles were in the hands of Bennigsen, and the field between was covered with 50,000 corpses, of whom at least half were French. Either leader claimed the victory; Bennigsen exhibiting as a proof of his success the twelve eagles which his army, admitted to be inferior in numbers, bore off the field; Buonaparte, that he kept possession of the field, while the enemy retired, the very night after the battle, from Eylau towards Konigsberg. It was, in truth, a drawn battle; and to have found an equal was sufficient bitterness to Napoleon. The Russian general-in-chief had retreated, in opposition to the opinion of most of his council, out of anxiety for the personal safety of the king of Prussia at Konigsberg, and desire to recruit his army ere another great action should be hazarded. The French, triumphant as was the language of their bulletins, made no effort to pursue. Bennigsen conducted his army in perfect order to Konigsberg, and the Cossacks issuing from that city continued for more than a week to waste the country according to their pleasure, without any show of opposition from the French. But the best proof how severely Napoleon had felt the struggle of Preuss-Eylau, is to be found in a communication which he made to Frederick William, on the 13th of February, five days after the battle, offering him, in effect, the complete, or nearly complete restoration of his dominions, provided he would accept of a separate peace: with the king's answer; namely, that it was impossible for him to enter on any treaty unless the Czar were a party in it. Finally on the 19th of February, Napoleon left Eylau, and reteated with his whole army on the Vistula. The soldiery and peasantry had, since the battle, been continually employed in burying the dead; the ground was still covered with human carcasses, and many parts of the road to Landsberg were literally paved with frozen and encrusted bodies, which the returning cannon wheels had lacerated and deformed. Napoleon was well satisfied that it would be fatal rashness to engage in another campaign in Poland, while several fortified towns, and above all, Dantzic held out in his rear, and determined to have possession of these places, and to summon new forces from France, ere he should again meet in the field such enemies as the Russians had proved to be.

Dantzic was defended with the more desperate resolution, because it was expected that, as soon the season permitted, an English fleet and army would certainly be sent to its relief. But the besiegers having a prodigious superiority of numbers, and being conducted with every advantage of skill, the place was at legth compelled to surrender, on the 7th of May; after which event, Napoleon's extraordinary exertions in hurrying supplies from France, Switzerland and the Rhine country, and the addition of the division of 25,000, which had captured Dantzic, enabled him to take the field again at the head of not less than 280,000 men. The Russian general also had done what was in his power to recruit his army during this interval; but his utmost zeal could effect no more than bringing his muster up again to its original point—90,000 men; the chief blame lying, as it was alleged, with the coldness of the English cabinet, who, instead of lavishing gold on the Emperor of Russia, as had been done in other similar cases, were with difficulty, it is said, persuaded to grant him, at this critical time, so small a supply as £80,000. Russia has men to any amount at her command; but the poverty of the national purse renders it all times very difficult for her to maintain a large army in a distant contest.

The Russians however, were the first assailants, making a combined movement on Ney's division, which was stationed at Gutstadt, and in the vicinity. They pursued him as far as Deppen, where there was some fighting; but upon the 8th of June, Napoleon advanced in person to extricate his Marshal, and Bennigsen was obliged to retreat in his turn. He was hardly pressed on the rear by the Grand Army of France.—But even in this moment of peril, Platoff, with his Cossacks, made a charge, or, in their phrase, a hourra, upon the French, with such success, that they not only dispersed the skirmishers of the French van-guard, and the advanced troops destined to support them, but compelled the infantry to form squares, endangered the personal safety of Napoleon, and occupied the attention of the whole French cavalry, who bore down on them at full speed. Musketry and artillery were all turned on them at once, but to little or no purpose; for, having once gained the purpose of checking the advance, which was all they aimed at, the cloud of Cossacks dispersed over the field, like mist before the sun, and united behind the battalions whom their demonstration had protected.

By this means Platoff and his followers had got before the retreating division of the Russian army under Bagration, which they were expected to support, and had reached first a bridge over the Aller. The Cossacks were alarmed by the immense display of force demonstrated against them, and showed a disposition to throw themselves confusedly on the bridge, which must certainly have been attended with the most disastrous consequences to the rear-guard, who would thus have been impeded in their retreat by the very troops appointed to support them. The courage and devotion of Platoff prevented that great misfortune. He threw himself from his horse. "Let the Cossack that is base enough," he exclaimed, "desert his Hettman!" The children of the wilderness halted around him, and he disposed of them in perfect order to protect the retreat of Bagration and the rear-guard, and afterwards achieved his own retreat with trifling loss.

The Russian army fell back upon Heilsberg, and there concentrating their forces, made a most desperate stand.—A very hard-fought action here took place. The Russians, overpowered by superior numbers, and forced from the level ground, continued to defend with fury their position on the heights, which the French made equally strenuous efforts to carry by assault. The combat was repeatedly renewed, with cavalry, infantry and artillery; but without the fiery valor of the assailants making any effectual impression on the iron ranks of the Russians. The battle continued, till the approach of midnight, upon terms of equality; and when the morning dawned, the space of ground between the position of the Russians and that of the French, was not merely strewed, but literally sheeted over, with the bodies of the dead and wounded. The Russians retired unmolested after the battle of Heilsberg, and, crossing the river Aller, placed that barrier between them and the army of Buonaparte, which though it had suffered great losses, had, in consequence of the superiority of numbers, been less affected by them than the Russian forces. In the condition of Bennigsen's army, it was his obvious policy to protract the war, especially as reinforcements, to the number of thirty thousand men, were approaching the frontier from the interior of the empire. It was probably with this view that he kept his army on the right bank of the Aller, with the exception of a few bodies of cavalry, for the sake of observation and intelligence.

On the 13th, the Russian army reached Friedland, a considerable town on the west side of the Aller, communicating with the eastern, or right bank of the river, by a long wooden bridge. It was the object of Napoleon to induce the Russian general to pass by this narrow bridge to the left bank, and then to decoy him into a general action, in a position where the difficulty of defiling through the town, and over the bridge, must render retreat almost impossible. For this purpose he showed such a proportion only of his forces, as induced General Bennigsen to believe that the French troops on the western side of the Aller consisted only of Oudinot's division, which had been severely handled in the battle of Heilsberg, and which he now hoped altogether to destroy.—Under this deception he ordered a Russian division to pass the bridge, defile through the town, and march to the assault. The French took care to offer no such resistance as should intimate their real strength. Bennigsen was thus led to reinforce this division with another—the battle thickened, and the Russian general at length transported all his army, one division excepted, to the left bank of the Aller, by means of the wooden bridge and three pontoons, and arrayed them in front of the town of Friedland, to overpower as he supposed, the crippled division of the French, to which alone he believed himself opposed.

But no sooner had he taken this irretrievable step than the mask was dropped. The French skirmishers advanced in force; heavy columns of infantry began to show themselves; batteries of cannon were got into position; and all circumstances concurred, with the report of prisoners, to assure Bennigsen, that he, with his enfeebled forces, was in presence of the grand French army. His position, a sort of plain, surrounded by woods and broken ground, was difficult to defend; with the town and a large river in his rear, it was dangerous to attempt a retreat, and to advance was prevented by the inequality of his force. Bennigsen now became anxious to maintain his communication with Wehlau, a town on the Pregel, which was the original point of retreat, and where he hoped to join with the Prussians under General L'Estocq. If the enemy should seize the bridge at Allerberg, some miles lower down the Aller than Friedland, this plan would become impossible, and he found himself therefore obliged to diminish his forces, by detaching six thousand men to defend that point. With the remainder of his force he resolved to maintain his present position till night.

The French advanced to the attack about ten o'clock.—The broken and wooded country which they occupied, enabled them to maintain and renew their efforts at pleasure, while the Russians in their exposed situation, could not make the slightest movement without being observed. Yet they fought with such obstinate valor, that about noon the French seemed sickening of the contest, and about to retire. But this was only a feint, to repose such of their forces as had been engaged, and to bring up reinforcements. The cannonade continued till about half past four, when Buonaparte brought up his full force in person, for the purpose of one of those desperate and generally irresistible efforts to which he was wont to trust the decision of a doubtful day. Columns of enormous power, and extensive depth, appeared partially visible among the interstices of the wooded country, and seen from the town of Friedland, the hapless Russian army looked as if surrounded by a deep semicircle of glittering steel: The attack upon all the line, with cavalry, infantry and artillery, was general and simultaneous, the French advancing with shouts of assured victory; while the Russians, weakened by the loss of at least twelve thousand killed and wounded, were obliged to attempt that most dispiriting and dangerous of movements—a retreat through encumbered defiles, in front of a superior enemy. The principal attack was on the left wing, where the Russian position was at length forced. The troops which composed it streamed into the town and crowded the bridge and pontoons; the enemy thundered on their rear, and without the valor of Alexander's Imperial Guards, the Russians would have been utterly destroyed. These brave soldiers charged with the bayonet the corps of Ney, who led the French van-guard, disordered his column, and, though they were overpowered by numbers, prevented the total ruin of the left wing.

Meanwhile the bridge and pontoons were set on fire, to prevent the French, who had forced their way into the town, from taking possession of them. The smoke rolling over the combatants, increased the horror and confusion of the scene; yet a considerable part of the Russian infantry escaped through a ford close by the town, which was discovered in the moment of defeat. The Russian centre and right, who remained on the west bank of the Aller, effected a retreat by a circuitous route, leaving on the right the town of Friedland, with its burning bridges, no longer practicable for friend or foe, and passing the Aller by a ford considerably further down the river. This also was found out in the very moment of extremity,—was deep and dangerous,—took the infantry up to the breast, and destroyed what ammunition was left in the tumbrils.

The results of the battle of Friedland, were however, as great as could have been expected from any victory. On the retreat of Bennigsen towards the Niemen, the unfortunate king of Prussia, evacuating Konigsberg, where he now perceived it must be impossible to maintain himself, sought a last and precarious shelter in the seaport of Memel; and the Emperor Alexander, overawed by the genius of Napoleon, which had triumphed over troops more resolute than had ever before opposed him, and alarmed for the consequences of some decisive measure towards the re-organization of the Poles as a nation, began to think seriously of peace. Buonaparte, on his part also, had many reasons for being anxious to bring hostilities to a close. The Swedish king was in Pomerania, besieging Stralsund, and hourly expecting reinforcements from England, which might have ended in a formidable diversion in the rear of the French army. Schill, an able partisan, was in arms in Prussia, where the general discontent was such, that nothing but opportunity seemed wanting for a national insurrection against the conquerors.—The further advance of the French towards the north could hardly have failed to afford such an opportunity. Neither could this be executed, to all appearance, without involving the necessity of proclaiming the independence of Poland; thereby giving a character of mortal rancour to the war with Russia, and in all likelihood calling Austria once more into the field. Under such circumstances the minds of Napoleon and Alexander were equally disposed towards negotiation; General Bennigsen sent, on the 21st of June, to demand an armistice; and to this proposal the victor of Friedland yielded immediate assent.

The armistice was ratified on the 23d of June, and on the 25th the Emperors of France and Russia met personally, each accompanied by a few attendants, on a raft moored on the river Niemen, near the town of Tilsit. The sovereigns embraced each other, and retiring under a canopy had a long conversation, to which no one was a witness. At its termination the appearances of mutual good-will and confidence were marked; immediately afterward the town of Tilsit was neutralized, and the two Emperors established their courts there, and lived together, in the midst of the lately hostile armies, more like old friends who had met on a party of pleasure, than enemies and rivals, attempting by diplomatic means the arrangement of differences which had for years been deluging Europe with blood. Whatever flatteries could be suggested by the consummate genius and mature experience of Napoleon, were lavished, and produced their natural effects, on the mind of a young autocrat, of great ambition, and as great vanity. The intercourse of the Emperors assumed by degrees the appearance of a brotherlike intimacy. They spent their mornings in reviewing each other's troops, or in unattended rides; their evenings seemed to be devoted to the pleasures of the table, the spectacle, music, dancing and gallantry. Meantime, the terms of a future alliance were in effect discussed and settled, much more rapidly than could have been expected from any of the usual apparatus of diplomatic negotiation.

The treaty of Tilsit, to which as the document itself bore testimony, the king of Prussia was admitted as a party solely by reason of Napoleon's "esteem for the Emperor of Russia," was ratified on the 7th of July. Napoleon restored, by this act, to Frederick William, ancient Prussia and the French conquests in Upper Saxony—the king agreeing to adopt "the continental system," in other words, to be henceforth the vassal of the conqueror. The Polish provinces of Prussia were erected into a separate principality, styled "the grand dutchy of Warsaw," and bestowed on the Elector of Saxony; with the exception, however, of some territories assigned to Russia, and of Dantzic, which was declared a free city, to be garrisoned by French troops until the ratification of a maritime peace. The Prussian dominions in Lower Saxony and on the Rhine, with Hanover, Hesse Cassel, and various other small states, formed a new kingdom of Westphalia, of which Jerome Buonaparte, Napoleon's youngest brother, was recognised as king; Jerome having at length made his peace with his brother by repudiating his wife, an American lady of the name of Patterson, and consenting to a new alliance, more consonant with the views of the Emperor, with a daughter of the king of Wirtemberg. The Elector of Saxony was recognised as another king of Napoleon's creation; Joseph Buonaparte as king of Naples; and Louis, of Holland. Finally, Russia accepted the mediation of France for a peace with Turkey, and France that of Russia for a peace with England.

There seems to be little doubt that Napoleon broached at Tilsit the dazzling scheme of dividing the European world virtually between the two great monarchs of France and Russia; and that the Czar, providing he were willing to look on, while his Imperial brother of the west subjected Spain, Portugal and England to his yoke, was induced to count on equal forbearance, whatever schemes he might venture on for his own aggrandizement, at the expense of the smaller states of the north of Europe, and, above all, of the Ottoman porte. Napoleon, having left strong garrisons in the maritime cities of Poland and Northern Germany, returned to Paris in August, and was received by the senate and other public bodies with all the triumph and excess of adulation.—The Swedish king abandoned Pomerania immediately on hearing of the treaty of Tilsit. In effect, the authority of the Emperor appeared now to be consolidated over the whole continent of Europe.

The fortunes and fame of Napoleon were, indeed, such as to excite in the highest degree the veneration with which men look upon talents and success. All opposition seemed to sink before him, and fortune seemed only to have looked doubtfully upon him during the last campaign, in order to render still brighter the auspicious aspect by which he closed it. Many of his most confirmed enemies, who, from their proved attachment to the House of Bourbon, had secretly disowned the authority of Buonaparte, and doubted the continuance of his success, when they saw Prussia lying at his feet, and Russia clasping his hand in friendship, conceived they should be struggling against the decrees of Providence, did they longer continue to resist their predestined master. Austerlitz had shaken their constancy; Tilsit destroyed it; and with few and silent exceptions, the vows, hopes and wishes of France, seemed turned on Buonaparte as her Heir by Destiny. Perhaps he himself, only, could finally have disappointed their expectations. But he was like the adventurous climber of the Alps, to whom the surmounting the most tremendous precipices, and ascending to the most towering peaks, only shows yet dimer heights and higher points of elevation.

CHAP. XV.

Relations of Napoleon with Spain. Treaty of Fontainbleau. Junot marches to Portugal. Flight of the Royal Family to Brazil. French proceed into Spain. Murat occupies Madrid. Charles and Ferdinand abdicate at Bayonne. Joseph Buonaparte declared King of Spain.

THE vast extent to which the prohibited manufactures and colonial produce of England found their way into every district of the Spanish peninsula, and especially of Portugal, and thence, through the hands of whole legions of audacious smugglers into France itself, ere long fixed the attention and resentment of Napoleon. In truth, a proclamation issued at Madrid shortly before the battle of Jena, and suddenly recalled on the intelligence of that great victory, had prepared the Emperor to regard with keen suspicion the conduct of the Spanish court, and to trace every violation of his system to its deliberate and hostile connivance.

This court presented in itself the lively image of a divided and degraded nation. The king, old and almost incredibly imbecile, was ruled absolutely by his queen, a woman audaciously unprincipled, whose strong and wicked passions again were entirely under the influence of Manuel Godoy, "Prince of the Peace," raised, by her guilty love, from the station of a private guardsman to precedence above all the grandees of Spain, a matrimonial connexion with the royal house, and the supreme conduct of affairs. She, her paramour, and the degraded king were held in contempt and hatred by a powerful party, at the head of whom were the canon Escoiquiz, the duke del Infantado, and Ferdinand, prince of Asturias, heir of the throne. The scenes of dissension which filled the palace and court were scandalous beyond all contemporary examples; and the strength of the two parties vibrating in the scale, according as corrupt calculators looked to the extent of Godoy's present power, or to the probability of Ferdinand's accession, the eyes of both were turned to the hazardous facility of striking a balance by calling in support from the Tuilleries. Napoleon, on his part, regarding the rival factions with equal scorn, flattered himself that, in their common fears and baseness, he should find the means of ultimately reducing the whole peninsula to complete submission under his own yoke.

The secret history of the intrigues of 1807, between the French court and the rival parties in Spain, has not yet been clearly exposed; nor is it likely to be so while most of the chief agents survive. According to Buonaparte, the first proposal for conquering Portugal by the united arms of France and Spain, and dividing that monarchy into three separate prizes, of which one should fall to the disposition of France, a second to the Spanish king, and a third reward the personal exertions of Godoy, came not from him, but from the Spanish minister. The treaty was ratified at Fontainbleau on the 29th of October, 1807, and accompanied by a convention, which provided for the immediate invasion of Portugal by a force of 28,000 French soldiers, under the orders of Junot, and of 27,000 Spaniards; while a reserve of 40,000 French troops were to be assembled at Bayonne, ready to take the field by the end of November, in case England should land an army for the defence of Portugal, or the people of that devoted country presume to meet Junot by a national insurrection.

Junot forthwith commenced his march through Spain, where the French soldiery were received every where with coldness and suspicion, but no where by any hostile movement of the people. He would have halted at Salamanca to organize his army, which consisted mostly of young conscripts, but Napoleon's policy outmarched the schemes of his general, and the troops were, in consequence of a peremptory order from Paris, poured into Portugal in the latter part of November. Godoy's contingent of Spaniards appeared there also, and placed themselves under Junot's command. Their numbers overawed the population, and they advanced, unopposed, towards the capital—Junot's most eager desire being to secure the persons of the prince-regent and the royal family. The feeble government, meantime, having made, one by one, every degrading submission which France dictated, having expelled the British factory and the British minister, confiscated all English property, and shut the ports against all English vessels, became convinced at length that no measures of subserviency could avert the doom which Napoleon had fulminated. A Moniteur, proclaiming that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign," reached Lisbon. The prince-regent re-opened his communication with the English admiral off the Tagus (Sir Sydney Smith,) and the lately expelled ambassador (Lord Strangford,) and being assured of their protection, embarked on the 27th of November, and sailed for the Brazils on the 29th, only a few hours before Junot made his appearance at the gates of Lisbon.—The disgust with which the Portuguese people regarded this flight, the cowardly termination, as they might not unnaturally regard it, of a long course of meanness, was eminently useful to the invader. With the exception of one trivial insurrection, when the conqueror took down the Portuguese arms and set up those of Buonaparte in their place, several months passed in apparent tranquility; and of these the general made skilful use, in perfecting the discipline of his conscripts, improving the fortifications on the coast, and making such a disposal of his force as might best guard the country from any military demonstration on the part of England.

Napoleon thus saw Portugal in his grasp; but that he had all along considered as a point of minor importance, and he had accordingly availed himself of the treaty of Fontainbleau, without waiting for any insurrection of the Portuguese, or English debarkation on their territory. His army of reserve, in number far exceeding the 40,000 men named in the treaty, had already passed the Pyrenees, in two bodies, under the orders of Dupont and Moncey, and were advancing slowly, but steadily into the heart of Spain. Nay, without even the pretext of being mentioned in the treaty, another French army of 12,000, under Duhesme, had penetrated through the eastern Pyrenees, and being received as friends among the unsuspecting garrisons, obtained possession of Barcelona, Pampeluna, St. Sebastian and the other fortified places in the north of Spain. The armies then pushed forward, and the chief roads leading from the French frontiers to Madrid were entirely in their possession.

It seems impossible that such daring movements should not have awakened the darkest suspicions at Madrid; yet the royal family, overlooking the common danger about to overwhelm them and their country, continued, during three eventful months, to waste what energies they possessed in petty conspiracies, domestic broils, and, incredible as the tale will hereafter appear, in the meanest diplomatic intrigues with the court of France. The prince of Asturias solicited the honor of a wife from the house of Napoleon. The old king, or rather Godoy, invoked anew the assistance of the Emperor against the treasonable, nay (for to such extremities went their mutual accusations,) the parricidal plots of the heir apparent. Buonaparte listened to both parties, vouchsafed no direct answer to either, and continued to direct the onward movement of those stern arbiters, who were ere long to decide the question. A sudden panic at length seized the king or his minister, and the court, then at Aranjuez, prepared to retire to Seville, and, sailing from thence to America, seek safety, after the example of the house of Braganza, in the work of whose European ruin they had so lately been accomplices. The servants of the prince of Asturias, on perceiving the preparations for this flight, commenced a tumult, in which the populace of Aranjuez readily joined, and which was only pacified (for the moment) by a royal declaration that no flight was contemplated. On the 18th of March, the day following, a scene of like violence took place in the capital itself. The house of Godoy in Madrid was sacked.—The favorite himself was assaulted at Aranjuez, on the 19th; with great difficulty saved his life by the intervention of the royal guards; and was placed under arrest. Terrified by what he saw at Aranjuez, and heard from Madrid, Charles IV, abdicated the throne, and on the 20th, Ferdinand, his son, was proclaimed king at Madrid, amid a tumult of popular applause. Murat, grand duke of Berg, had ere this assumed the chief command of all the French troops in Spain; and hearing of the extremities to which the court factions had gone, he now moved rapidly on Madrid, surrounded that capital with 30,000 troops, and took possession of it in person, at the head of 10,000 more, on the 23d of March. Charles IV, meantime, dispatched messengers both to Napoleon and to Murat, asserting that his abdication had been involuntary, and invoking their assistance against his son. Ferdinand, entering Madrid on the 24th, found the French general in possession of the capital and in vain claimed his recognition as king. Murat accepted the sword of Francis I., which, amid other adulations, Ferdinand offered to him; but pertinaciously declined taking any part in the decision of the great question, which demanded, as he said the fiat of Napoleon.—The Emperor heard with much regret of the precipitancy with which his lieutenant had occupied Madrid, for his clear mind had foreseen ere now the imminent hazard of trampling too rudely on the jealous pride of the Spaniards; and the events of the 17th, 18th and 19th of March were well qualified to confirm his impression, that though all sense of dignity and decorum might be extinguished in the court, the ancient elements of national honor still remained, ready to be called into action, among the body of the people. He, therefore, sent Savary, in whose practised cunning he hoped to find a remedy for the military rashness of Murat, to assume the chief direction of affairs at Madrid; and the rumour was actively spread, that the Emperor was about to appear there in person without delay.

Madrid occupied and begirt by forty thousand armed strangers, his title unrecognised by Murat, his weak understanding and tumultuous passions worked upon incessantly by the craft of Savary, Ferdinand was at length persuaded, that his best chance of securing the aid and protection of Napoleon lay in advancing to meet him on his way to the capital, and striving to gain his ear before the emissaries of Godoy should be able to fill it with their reclamations. Savary eagerly offered to accompany him on this fatal journey, which began on the 10th of April. The infatuated Ferdinand had been taught to believe that he should find Buonaparte at Burgos: not meeting him there, he was tempted to pursue his journey as far as Vittoria; and from thence, in spite of the populace, who, more sagacious than their prince, cut the traces of his carriage, he was induced to proceed stage by stage, and at length to pass the frontier and present himself at Bayonne, where the abiter of his fate lay anxiously expecting this consummation of his folly. He arrived there on the 20th of April, and was received by Napoleon with courtesy, entertained at dinner at the imperial table, and the same evening informed by Savary that his doom was sealed—that the Bourbon dynasty had ceased to reign in Spain, and that his personal safety must depend on the readiness with which he should resign all his pretensions into the hands of Buonaparte.

He, meanwhile, as soon as he was aware that Ferdinand had actually set out from Madrid, had ordered Murat to find the means of causing the old king, the queen and Godoy to repair also to Bayonne; nor does it appear that his lieutenant had any difficulty in persuading these personages, that in doing so, they should adopt the course of conduct most in accordance with their interests. They reached Bayonne on the 4th of May, and Napoleon, confronting the parents and the son on the 5th, witnessed a scene in which the profligate rancour of their domestic feuds reached extremities hardly to have been contemplated by the wildest imagination. The flagitious queen did not, it is said and believed, hesitate to signify to her son, that the king was not his father—and this in the presence of that king and of Napoleon. Charles IV, resigned the crown of Spain for himself and his heirs, accepting in return from the hands of Napoleon a safe retreat in Italy, and a splendid pension. Godoy, who had entered into the fatal negotiation of Fontainbleau, with the hope and the promise of an independent sovereignty carved out of the Portuguese dominions, was pensioned off in like manner, and ordered to partake the Italian exile of his patrons. A few days afterward, Ferdinand VII., being desired to choose at length between compliance and death, followed the example of his father, and executed a similar act of resignation.

Napoleon had not failed to measure from the beginning the mighty dangers which surrounded his design. He had been warned of them in the strongest manner by Talleyrand, and even by Fouche: nay, he had himself written to rebuke the headlong haste of Murat in occupying the Spanish capital—to urge on him the necessity of conciliating the people, by preserving a show of respect for their national authorities and institutions—to represent the imminent hazard of permitting the Duke del Infantado to strengthen and extend his party in Madrid—and concluding with these ominous words: Remember, if war breaks out, all is lost.

Ferdinand, before he left Madrid, invested a council of regency with the sovereign power, his uncle, Don Antonio, being president, and Murat one of the members. Murat's assumption of the authority thus conferred, the departure of Ferdinand, the liberation and departure of the detested Godoy, the flight of the old king—these occurrences produced their natural effects on the popular mind. A dark suspicion that France meditated the destruction of the national independence, began to spread; and on the 2d of May, when it transpired that preparations were making for the journey of Don Antonio also, the general rage at last burst out. A crowd collected round the carriage meant, as they concluded, to convey the last of the royal family out of Spain, the traces were cut; the imprecations against the French were furious. Colonel La Grange, Murat's aid-de-camp, happening to appear on the spot, was cruelly maltreated. In a moment, the whole capital was in an uproar; the French soldiery were assaulted every where—about 700 were slain. The mob attacked the hospital—the sick and their attendants rushed out and defended it. The French cavalry, hearing the tumult, entered the city by the gate of Alcala—a column of 3000 infantry from the other side by the street Ancha de Bernardo. Some Spanish officers headed the mob, and fired on the soldiery in the street of Maravalles; a bloody massacre ensued; many hundreds were made prisoners; the troops swept the streets from end to end, released their comrades, and, to all appearance, tranquility was restored ere nightfall. During the night, however, the peasantry flocked in armed from the neighboring country; and being met at the gates by the irritated soldiery, not a few more were killed, wounded and made prisoners. Murat ordered all the prisoners to be tried by a military commission, which doomed them to instant death.

This commotion had been preceded by a brief insurrection, easily suppressed and not unlikely to be soon forgotten, on the 23d of April, at Toledo. The events in the capital were of a more decisive character, and the amount of the blood shed, in itself great, was much exaggerated in the reports which flew, like wildfire, throughout the peninsula—for the French were as eager to overawe the provincial Spaniards, by conveying an overcharged impression of the consequences of resistance, as their enemies in Madrid were to rouse the general indignation, by heightened details of the ferocity of the invaders and the sternness of their own devotion. In almost every town of Spain, and almost simultaneously, the flame of patriotic resentment broke out in the terrible form of assassination. The French residents were slaughtered without mercy, the supposed partisans of Buonaparte and Godoy (not a few men of worth being confounded in their fate) were sacrificed in the first tumult of popular rage. At Cadiz, Seville, Carthagena and above all in Valencia, the streets ran red with blood. The dark and vindictive temper of the Spaniards, covered the land with scenes, on the details of which it is shocking to dwell. The French soldiery, hemmed in, insulted, and, wherever they could be found separately, sacrificed —often with every circumstance of savage torture—retorted by equal barbarity whenever they had the means. Popular bodies (juntas) assumed the conduct of affairs in most of the cities and provinces, renounced the yoke of France, reproclaimed Ferdinand king, and at the maritime stations of chief importance entered into communication with the English fleets, from whom they failed not to receive pecuniary supplies, and every encouragement to proceed in their measures. Deputies were sent to England without delay; and welcomed there with the utmost enthusiasm of sympathy and admiration.

Napoleon received the intelligence with alarm; but he had already gone too far to retract without disturbing the magical influence of his reputation. He moreover, was willing to flatter himself that the lower population of Spain alone took an active part in these transactions; that the nobility, whose degradation he could hardly over-estimate, would abide by his voice; in a word, that with 80,000 troops in Spain, besides Junot's army in Portugal, he possessed the means of suppressing the tumult after the first effervescence should have escaped. He proceeded, therefore, to act precisely as if no insurrection had occurred. Tranquility being re-established in Madrid, the council of Castile was convoked, and commanded to elect a new sovereign; their choice had of course been settled beforehand: it fell on Joseph Buonaparte, King of Naples; and ere it was announced, that personage was already on his way to Bayonne. Ninety-five notables of Spain met him in that town; and swore fealty to him and a new constitution. Joseph, on entering Spain, was met by unequivocal symptoms of scorn and hatred; but the main road being strongly occupied throughout with his brother's troops, he reached Madrid in safety.

CHAP. XVI.

Alliance of England with Spain and Portugal against France. Battle of Riosecco. Joseph enters Madrid. Battle of Baylen. Dupont surrenders. Joseph quits Madrid. First siege of Zarragossa. British troops land in Portugal. Battle of Rorica. Battle of Vimiero. Convention of Cintra, and the French evacuate Portugal. Napoleon at Erfurt.—Interview with Alexander. Arrives at Paris. Sends an army of two hundred thousand men into Spain. Arrives at Vittoria. Successes of Soult. Napoleon enters Madrid. Marches against the British under Sir John Moore. Calamitous retreat of the British. Battle of Corunna, and death of Moore. Napoleon leaves Spain.

It now became the universal wish of Britain to afford the Spaniards every possible assistance in their power. On the 4th of July the King addressed parliament on the subject, and declared that Spain could no longer be considered the enemy of Great Britain, but was recognised by him as a natural friend and ally. The Spanish prisoners of war were forthwith released, clothed, equipped and sent back to their country. Supplies of arms and money was liberally transmitted thither, and Portugal catching the flame, and bursting into general insurrection, a general treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was soon concluded between England and the two kingdoms of the peninsula. "Thus" says a distinguished writer, "the two leading nations of the world were brought into contact at a moment when both were disturbed by angry passions, eager for great events, and possessed of surprising power."

Napoleon, from the extent and population of his empire, under the operation of the conscription code, was enabled to maintain an army of 500,000 strong; but his relations with those powers on the continent whom he had not entirely subdued were of the most unstable character, and even the states which he had formally united to France were, without exception, pregnant with the elements of disaffection. It was therefore impossible for him to concentrate the whole of his gigantic strength on the soil of Spain. His troops, moreover, being drawn from a multitude of different countries and tongues, could not be united in heart or in discipline like the soldiers of a purely national army. On the other hand, the military genius at his command has never been surpassed in any age or country: his officers were accustomed to victory, and his own reputation exerted a magical influence over both friends and foes. The pecuniary resources of the vast empire were great, and they were managed so skillfully by Buonaparte, that the supplies were raised within the year, and in a metalic currency.

At the moment when the insurrection occurred, 20,000 Spanish troops were in Portugal under the orders of Junot; 15,000 more under the Marquis de Romana, were serving Napoleon in Holstein. There remained 40,000 Spanish regulars, 11,000 Swiss and 30,000 militia; but of the best of these, the discipline, when compared with French or English armies, was contemptible. The nobility, to whose order the chief officers belonged, were divided in their sentiments—perhaps the greater number inclined to the interests of Joseph. Above all, the troops were scattered, in small sections, over the face of the whole country, and there was no probability that any one regular army should be able to muster so strong as to withstand the efforts of a mere fragment of the mighty French force already established within the kingdom. The fleets of Spain had been destroyed in the war with England: her commerce and revenues had been mortally wounded by the alliance with France and the maladministration of Godoy. Ferdinand was detained a prisoner in France. There was no natural leader or chief, around whom the whole energies of the nation might be expected to rally. It was amid such adverse circumstances that the Spanish people rose every where, against a French army, already 80,000 strong, in possession of half the chief fortresses of the country, and in perfect communication with the mighty resources of Buonaparte.

The Spanish arms were at first exposed to many reverses; the rawness of their levies, and the insulated nature of their movements, being disadvantages of which it was not difficult for the experienced generals and overpowering numbers of the French to reap a full and bloody harvest. After various petty skirmishes, in which the insurgents of Arragon were worsted by Lefebre Desnouettes, and those of Navarre and Biscay by Bessieres, the latter officer came upon the united armies of Castile, Leon and Galicia, commanded by the generals Cuesta and Blake, on the 14th of July, at Riosecco, and defeated them in a desperate action, in which not less than 20,000 Spaniards died. This calamitous battle opened the gates of Madrid to the new king—whose arrival in that capital on the 20th of the same month has already been mentioned.

But Joseph was not destined to remain long in Madrid: the fortune of war, after the great day of Riosecco, was every where on the side of the patriots. Duhesme, who had possessed himself of Barcelona and Figueras, found himself surrounded by the Catalonian mountaineers, who, after various affairs, in which much blood was shed on both sides, compelled him to shut himself up in Barcelona. Marshal Moncey conducted another large division of the French towards Valencia, and was to have been further reinforced by a detachment from Duhesme. The course of events in Catalonia prevented Duhesme from affording any such assistance; and the inhabitants of Valencia, male and female, rising en masse, and headed by their clergy, manned their walls with such determined resolution, that the French marshal was at length compelled to commence his retreat. He fell back upon the main body, under Bessieres, but did not effect a conjunction with them until his troops had suffered miserably in their march through an extensive district, in which every inhabitant was a watchful enemy.

A far more signal catastrophe had befallen another powerful corps d'armee, under General Dupont, which marched from Madrid towards the south, with the view of suppressing all symptoms of insurrection in that quarter, and, above all of securing the great naval station of Cadiz, where a French squadron lay. Dupont's force was increased as he advanced till it amounted to 20,000 men; and with these he took possession of Baylen and La Carolina, in Andalusia, and stormed Jaen. But ere he could make these acquisitions, the citizens of Cadiz had universally taken the patriot side; the commander of the French vessels had been forced to surrender them; and the place, having opened a communication with the English fleet, assumed a posture of determined defence. General Castannos, the Spanish commander in that quarter, meanwhile, having held back from battle until his raw troops should have had time to be disciplined, began at length to threaten the position of the French. Jaen was attacked by him with such vigor, that Dupont was fain to evacuate it, and fall back to Baylen, where his troops soon began to suffer severe privations, the peasantry being in arms all around them, and the supply of food becoming from day to day more difficult. On the 16th of July, Dupont was attacked at Baylen by Castannos, who knew from an intercepted despatch the extent of his enemy's distress: the French were beaten, and driven as far as Menjibar. They returned on the 18th, and attempted to recover Baylen; but, after a long and desperate battle, in which 3000 of the French were killed, Dupont, perceiving that the Spaniards were gathering all around in numbers not to be resisted, proposed to capitulate. In effect, he and 20,000 soldiers laid down their arms at Baylen, on condition that they should be transported in safety into France. The Spaniards broke this convention, and detained them as prisoners. This battle and capitulation of Baylen were termed by the Emperor himself the "Caudine forks" of the French army. The richest part of Spain was freed wholly of its invaders; the light troops of Castannos pushed on, and swept the country before them; and within ten days, Joseph perceived the necessity of quitting Madrid and removed his head-quarters to Vittoria.

In the meantime, Lefebre Desnouettes, whose early successes in Arragon has been alluded to, was occupied with the siege of Zaragossa—the inhabitants of which city had risen in the first out-break, and prepared to defend their walls to the last extremity. Don Jose Palafox, a young nobleman of no great talents, who had made his escape from Bayonne, was invested with the command; but the real leaders were the priests and some of the private citizens, who selected him for the prominent place as belonging to a family of eminent distinction in their kingdom, but in effect considered and used him as their tool. Some Spanish and Walloon regiments, who had formed the garrisons of strong places treacherously seized by the enemy ere the war commenced, had united with Palafox, and various bloody skirmishes had occurred ere the French general was enabled to shut them up in Zaragossa. The seige was pressed with the utmost vigor; but the immortal heroism of the citizens baffled the valor of the French. There were no regular works worthy of notice; but the old Moorish walls, not above eight or ten feet in height, and some extensive monastic buildings in the outskirts of the city, being manned by crowds of determined men, whose wives and daughters looked on, nay, mingled boldly in their defence—the beseigers were held at bay week after week, and saw their ranks thinned in continued assaults without being able to secure any adequate advantage. Famine came, and disease in its train, to aggravate the sufferings of the towns-people; but they would listen to no suggestions but those of the same proud spirit in which they had begun. The French at length gained possession of the great convent of

St. Engracia, and thus established themselves within the town itself; their general then sent Palafox this brief summons; "Head-quarters, Santa Engracia—capitulation;" but he received for answer, "Head-quarters, Zaragossa—War to the knife." The battle was maintained literally from street to street, from house to house, and from chamber to chamber. Men and women fought side by side, amid flames and carnage; until Lefebre received the news of Baylen, and having wasted two months in his enterprise, abandoned it abruptly, lest he should find himself insulated amid the general retreat of the French armies. Such was the first of the two famous seiges of Zaragossa.

The English government, meanwhile, had begun their preparations for interfering effectually in the affairs of the peninsula. They had despatched one body of troops to the support of Castannos in Andalusia; but these did not reach the south of Spain until their assistance was rendered unnecessary by the surrender of Dupont at Baylen. A more considerable force, amounting to 10,000 men, sailed early in June from Cork, under the command of the Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley. On the 8th of August, 1808, he effected his debarkation in the bay of Mondego. He immediately commenced his march towards Lisbon, and on the 17th came up with the enemy under General Laborde, strongly posted on an eminence near Rorica. The French contested their ground gallantly, but were driven from it at the point of the bayonet, and compelled to retreat. The British general, having hardly any cavalry, was unable to pursue them so closely as he otherwise would have done; and Laborde succeeded in joining his shattered division to the rest of the French forces in Portugal. Junot (recently created duke of Abrantes) now took the command in person; and finding himself at the head of full 24,000 troops, did not hesitate to assume the offensive. On the 21st of August he attacked Sir Arthur at Vimiero. In the language of the English general's despatch, "a most desperate contest ensued," and the result was "a signal defeat." Junot, having lost thirteen cannon and more than 2000 men, immediately fell back upon Lisbon, where his position was protected by the strong lines of Torres Vedras.

Sir Arthur Wellesley proposed following up the victory; but as soon as the battle was ended, Sir Harry Burrard, an officer of superior rank, arrived on the field and took the command. He prevented the army from advancing; and, having made this use of his command, was, in his turn, the very next day superseded by Sir Hew Dalrymple, the governor of Gibraltar.

Junot sent Kellerman to demand a truce, and propose a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the troops under his orders. Dalrymple received Kellerman with civility, and forthwith granted the desired armistice. Junot offered to surrender his magazines, stores and armed vessels, provided the British would disembark his soldiers, with their arms, at any French port between Rochefort and L'Orient, and permit them to take with them their private property; and Dalrymple did not hesitate to agree to these terms, although Sir John Moore arrived off the coast with a reinforcement of 10,000 men, during the progress of the negotiation. The famous "Convention of Cintra" was signed accordingly on the 30th of August; and the French army wholly evacuated Portugal in the manner provided for. Napoleon on hearing of the reverses of Dupont, Lefebre and Junot, perceived too clearly that the affairs of the peninsula demanded a keener eye and a firmer hand than his brother's, and he resolved that his gigantic resources should be set in motion by himself.

The nominal strength of the three Spanish armies, each under an independent chief, was at this time 130,000 men.—Had they been combined under an able general, they might have assaulted the French army with success, which did not then exceed 60,000;—but they chose their basis of operations so absurdly, and were so dilatory afterward, that Napoleon had time both to rectify Joseph's blunders and to reinforce his legions effectually, before they were able to achieve any considerable advantage. Blake who commanded on the west, extended his line from Burgos to Bilboa; Palafox, on the east, lay between Zaragossa and Sanguessa; Castannos, general of the central army had his head-quarters at Soria.—The three armies thus lay in a long and feeble crescent, of which the horns were pushed towards the French frontier; while the enemy, resting on three strong fortresses, remained on the defensive until the Emperor should pour new forces through the passes of the Pyrenees.

Napoleon now determined to cross the Pyrenees in person, at the head of a force capable of sweeping the whole peninsula clear before him, "at one fell swoop." He announced in the French journals that the peasants of Spain had rebelled against their king; that treachery had caused the ruin of one corps of his army; and that another had been forced by the English, to evacuate Portugal; demanding two new conscriptions, each of 80,000 men—which were of course granted without hesitation. Recruiting his armies on the German side, and in Italy, with these new levies, he now ordered his veteran troops, to the amount of 200,000, including a vast and brilliant cavalry, and a large body of the imperial guards, to be drafted from those frontiers, and marched through France towards Spain. As these warlike columns passed through Paris, Napoleon addressed to them one of those orations which never failed to swell the resolution and pride of his soldiery on the eve of some great enterprise. "Comrades," said he "after triumphing on the banks of the Danube and the Vistula, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you traverse France. Soldiers I have need of you. The hideous presence of the English leopard contaminates the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphant eagles to the pillars of Hercules; there also we have injuries to revenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies; but have you yet equalled the glory of those Romans, who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious on the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and on the Tagus! A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labors. A real Frenchman could not, should not rest, until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers, what you have done, and what you are about to do, for the happiness of the French people and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart." Having thus dismissed his troops on their way, Buonaparte himself travelled rapidly to Erfurt where he had invited the Emperor Alexander to confer with him. It was most needful that ere he went to Spain himself, he should ascertain the safety of his empire on the other side; and there was much in the state of Germany that might well give rise to serious apprehensions. Austria was strengthening her military force to a vast extent, and had, by a recent law, acquired the means of drawing on her population unlimitedly, after the method of Napoleon's own conscription-code. She professed pacific intentions towards France, and intimated that her preparations were designed for the protection of her Turkish frontier; but the Emperor Francis positively declined to acknowledge Joseph Buonaparte as king of Spain; and this refusal was quite sufficient to satisfy Napoleon as to his real purposes.—He also appreciated the unpopularity of his "continental system" in Russia, and the power of the aristocracy there, far too accurately, not to entertain some suspicion that Alexander himself might be compelled to take the field against him, should England succeed in persuading Austria and Germany to rise in arms during his own absence in Spain.—For these reasons he had requested the Czar's presence at Erfurt; and this conference was apparently as satisfactory to either as that of Tilsit had been. They addressed a joint letter to the king of England, proposing once more a general peace; but as they both refused to acknowledge any authority in Spain, save that of king Joseph, the answer was of course in the negative. Buonaparte, however, had obtained his object when he thus exhibited the Czar and himself as firmly allied. He perceived clearly that Austria was determined on another campaign; gave orders for concentrating and increasing his own armies accordingly, both in Germany and Italy; and—trusting to the decision and rapidity of his own movements, and the comparative slowness of his ancient enemy—dared to judge that he might still bring matters to an issue in Spain, before his presence should be absolutely necessary beyond the Rhine.

On the 14th of October the conferences of Erfurt terminated; on the 24th Napoleon was present at the opening of the legislative session at Paris; two days after he left that capital, and reached Bayonne on the 3d of November, where he remained, directing the movements of the last columns of his advancing army, until the morning of the 8th. He arrived at Vittoria the same evening: the civil and military authorities met him at the gates of the town, and would have conducted him to a house prepared for his reception, but he leaped from his horse, entered the first inn that he observed, and calling for maps and a detailed report of the position of all the armies, French and Spanish, proceeded instantly to draw up his plan for the prosecution of the war. Within two hours he had completed his task. Soult, who had accompanied him from Paris, and whom he ordered to take the command of Bessieres's corps, set off on the instant, reached Briviesca, where its head-quarters were, at day-break on the 9th, and within a few hours the whole machinery was once more in motion.

Napoleon had, early in October, signified to Joseph that the French cause in Spain would always be favored by acting on the offensive, and his disapproval of the extent to which the king had retreated had not been heard in vain. General

Blake's army had already been brought to action, and defeated disastrously by Moncey, at Espinosa; from which point Blake had most injudiciously retreated towards Reynosa, instead of Burgos, where another army, meant to support his right, had assembled under the orders of the Count de Belvedere.

Soult now poured down his columns on the plains of Burgos. Belvedere was defeated by him at Gomenal even more easily than Blake had been at Espinosa. The latter-again defeated by the indefatigable Soult, at Reynosa, was at length obliged to take refuge, with what hardly could be called even the skeleton of an army, in the seaport of St. Ander. Thus the whole of the Spanish left was dissipated; and the French right remained at liberty to march onwards at their pleasure.

Palafox, meanwhile, had effected at length a junction with Castannos; and the combined Spanish armies of the centre and the east awaited the French attack, on the 22d of November, at Tudela. The disaster here was still more complete. Castannos and Palafox separated in the moment of overthrow; the former escaping to Calatayud with the wreck of his troops, while the latter made his way once more to Zaragossa.

Napoleon now saw the main way to Madrid open before him—except that some forces were said to be posted at the strong defile of the Somosierra, within ten miles of the capital; while Soult, continuing his march by Carrion and Valladolid, could at once keep in check the English, in case they were still so daring as to advance from Portugal, and outflank the Somosierra, in case the mountains should be so defended as to bar the Emperor's approach in that direction to Madrid. Palafox was pursued, and soon shut up in Zaragossa by Lasnes. That heroic city on the east, the British army on the west, and Madrid in front, were the only far-separated points on which any show of opposition was still to be traced—from the frontiers of France to those of Portugal, from the sea-coast to the Tagus. Napoleon, with his guards and the first division, marched towards Madrid. His vanguard reached the foot of the Somosierra chain on the 30th of November, and found that a corps of 12,000 men had been assembled for the defence of that pass, under General St. Juan. No stronger position could well be fancied than that of the Spaniards; the defile was narrow and excessively steep, and the road completely swept by sixteen pieces of artillery. At day-break, on the 1st of December, the French began their attempt to turn the flanks of St. Juan: three battalions scattered themselves over the opposite sides of the defile, and a warm skirmishing fire had begun. At this moment Buonaparte came up. He rode into the mouth of the pass, surveyed the scene for an instant, perceived that his infantry were making no progress, and at once conceived the daring idea of causing his Polish lancers to charge right up the causeway in face of the battery. The smoke of the skirmishers on the hill sides mingled with the thick fogs and vapors of the morning, and under this veil the brave Krazinski led his troopers fearlessly up the ascent. The Spanish infantry fired as they passed them, threw down their arms, abandoned their intrenchments, and fled. The Poles speared the gunners, and took possession of the cannon. The Spaniards continued their flight in such disorder that they were at last fain to quit the road to Madrid, and escape in the direction, some of Segovia, others of Talaveyra. On the morning of the 2d, three divisions of French cavalry made their appearance on the high ground to the northwest of the capital.

During eight days the inhabitants had been preparing the means of resistance. A local and military junta had been invested with authority to conduct the defence. Six thousand regular troops were in the town, and crowds of the citizens and of the peasantry of the adjoining country were in arms along with them. The pavement had been taken up, the streets barricadoed, the houses on the outskirts loopholed, and the Retiro, a large but weak edifice, occupied by a strong garrison. Terrible violence prevailed—many persons suspected of adhering to the side of the French were assassinated; the bells of churches and convents rung incessantly; ferocious bands paraded the streets day and night; and at the moment when the enemy's cavalry appeared, the universal uproar seemed to announce that he was about to find a new and a greater Zaragossa in Madrid.

The town was summoned at noon; and the officer employed would have been massacred by the mob but for the interference of the Spanish regulars. Napoleon waited until his infantry and artillery came up in the evening, and then the place was invested on one side. "The night was clear and bright," says Napier; "the French camp was silent and watchful; but the noise of tumult was heard from every quarter of the city, as if some mighty beast was struggling and howling in the toils." At midnight the city was again summoned; and the answer being still defiance, the batteries began to open. In the course of the day the Retiro was stormed, and the immense palace of the dukes of Medina Celi, which commands one side of the town, seized also.—Terror now began to prevail within; and shortly after the city was summoned, for the third time, Don Thomas Morla, the governor, came out to demand a suspension of arms.—Napoleon received him with anger, and rebuked him for the violation of the capitulation at Baylen. "Injustice and bad faith," said he "always recoil on those who are guilty of them."

Morla was a coward, and there is no doubt a traitor also —On returning to the town he urged the necessity of instantly capitulating; and most of those in authority took a similar part, except Castellas, the commander of the regular troops. The peasantry and citizens kept firing on the French outposts during the night; but Castellas, perceiving that the civil rulers were all against further resistance, withdrew his troops and sixteen cannon in safety. At eight in the morning of the 4th, Madrid surrendered. The Spaniards were disarmed, and the town filled with the French army. Napoleon took up his residence at Chamartin, a country house four miles off. In a few days tranquility seemed completely re-established. The French soldiery observed excellent discipline: the shops were re-opened, and the theatres frequented as usual.

Napoleon now exercised all the rights of a conqueror. He issued edicts abolishing the inquisition, all feudal rights, and all particular jurisdictions; regulating the number of monks; increasing at the expense of the monastic establishments, the stipends of the parochial clergy; and proclaiming a general amnesty, with only ten exceptions. He received a deputation of the chief inhabitants, who came to signify their desire to see Joseph among them again. His answer was, that Spain was his own by right of conquest; that he could easily rule it by viceroys; but if they chose to assemble in their churches, priests and people, and swear allegiance to Joseph, he was not indisposed to listen to their request.

This was a secondary matter; meantime, the Emperor was making his dispositions for the completion of his conquest.—His plan was to invade Andalusia, Valencia and Galicia, by his lieutenants, and to march in person to Lisbon. Nor was this vast plan beyond his means; for he had at that moment 255,000 men, 50,000 horses and 100 pieces of field artillery, actually ready for immediate service in Spain; while 80,000 men and 100 cannon, besides, were in reserve, all on the south side of the Pyrenees. To oppose this gigantic force there were a few poor defeated corps of Spaniards, widely separated from each other, and flying already before mere detachments; Seville, whose local junta had once more assumed the nominal sovereignty, and guarded in front by a feeble corps in the Sierra Morena; Valencia, without a regular garrison; Zaragossa, closely invested, and resisting once more with heroic determination; and the British army under Sir John Moore. The moment Napoleon was informed that Moore had advanced into Spain, he resolved to march in person and overwhelm him.

The English general had put his troops, 20,000 in number, into motion, and advanced in the direction of Salamanca; while a separate British corps of 13,000, under Sir David Baird, recently landed at Corunna, had orders to march through Galicia, and effect a junction with Moore either at Salamanca or Valladolid. The object of the British march was of course to support the Spanish armies of Blake and Belvedere in their defence; but owing to delays and blundering intelligence, these armies were in a hopeless condition before Sir John Moore's march begun.

Buonaparte, hearing on the 20th of December of the advance of Moore, instantly put himself at the head of 50,000 men, and marched with incredible rapidity, with the view of intercepting his communications with Portugal, and in short hemming him in between himself and Soult. Moore no sooner heard that Napoleon was approaching, than he perceived the necessity of an immediate retreat; and he commenced accordingly a most calamitous one through the naked mountains of Galicia, in which his troops maintained their character for bravery, rallying with zeal whenever the French threatened their rear, but displayed a lamentable want of discipline in all other parts of their conduct. The weather was tempestuous; the roads miserable; the commissariat utterly defective; and the very notion of retreat broke the high spirits of the soldiery. They ill-treated the inhabitants, drank whatever strong liquors they could obtain, straggled from their ranks, and in short lost the appearance of an army except when the trumpet warned them that they might expect the French charge. Clarke, in his History of the War, gives a heart-rending account of the horrors of this retreat:—"the mountains" he observes, "were now covered with snow—there was neither provision to sustain nature, nor shelter from the rain and snow, nor fuel for fire to keep the vital heat from total extinction, nor place where the weary and foot-sore could rest for a single hour in safety.—All that had hitherto been suffered was but the prelude to this consummate scene of horrors. It was still attempted to carry forward some of the sick and wounded: the beasts which drew them failed at every step, and they were left in the waggons, to perish amid the snows. "I looked around," says an officer, "when we had hardly gained the highest point of those slippery precipices, and saw the rear of the army winding along the narrow road. I saw their way marked by the wretched people who lay on all sides expiring from fatigue and the severity of the cold:—their bodies reddened in spots, the white surface of the ground." The men were now desperate; excessive fatigue, and the feeling of the disgrace attending the retreat; or, as they expressed it, running away from the enemy, excited a spirit almost mutinous;—the delay of a few hours was unanimously desired, that an opportunity might be obtained of facing the French, the chance of an honorable and speedy death, the certainty of sweetening their sufferings by taking vengeance upon their pursuers. A Portuguese bullock-driver, who had faithfully served the English from the first day of their march, was seen on his knees amid the snow, with his hands clasped, dying in the attitude and act of prayer. He had at least the hopes, the actual consolation and comfort of religion in his passing hour. The soldiers, who threw themselves down to perish by the way-side, gave utterance to far different feelings with their dying breath: shame and anger were their last sentiments, and their groans were mingled with imprecations upon the Spaniards, by whom "they fancied themselves betrayed; and the generals, who rather let them die like beasts than take their chance in the field of battle." That no horror might be wanting, women and children accompanied this wretched army:—some were frozen to death in the baggage waggons, which were broken down or left upon the road for want of cattle; some died of fatigue and cold, while their infants were pulling at the empty breast. One woman was taken in labor upon the mountain; she lay down at the turning of an angle rather more sheltered than the rest of the way from the icy sleet which drifted along;—there she was found dead, and two babes which she had brought forth, struggling in the snow;—a blanket was thrown over her to hide her from sight,—the only burial that could be afforded, and the infants were given in charge to a woman who came up in one of the bullock carts,—little likely as it was that they could survive through such a journey."

Soult hung close on their rear until they reached Corunna; and Moore perceived that it would be impossible to embark without either a convention or a battle. He chose the latter. The attack was made by the French on the 16th of January, in heavy columns with their usual vivacity, but it was sustained and repelled by the British and they were permitted to embark without further molestation. Sir John Moore fell in the action, mortally wounded by a cannon shot. He was one of the best and bravest officers in the British army. His body was wrapped in his military cloak, instead of the usual vestments of the tomb, and deposited in a grave hastily dug on the ramparts of the citadel of Corunna.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and raised not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory."

The French, with a feeling of respect for the valor of their fallen foe, erected a monument over his remains.

Napoleon came up with the troops in pursuit of Moore at Benevente, on the 29th of December, and enjoyed for a moment the spectacle of the English army in full retreat.—He saw that Moore was no longer worthy of his own attention, and intrusted the consummation of his ruin to Soult.—It excited universal surprise that the Emperor did not immediately return from Benevente to Madrid, to complete and consolidate his Spanish conquest. He, however, proceeded, not towards Madrid, but Paris; and this with his utmost speed—riding on post-horses, on one occasion, not less than eventy-five English miles in five hours and a half. The cause of this sudden change of purpose, and extraordinary haste, was a sufficient one, and it ere long transpired.

CHAP. XVII.

Austria declares war. Napoleon heads his army in Germany. Battle of Landshut and Eckmuhl. Ratisbon taken. Napoleon enters Vienna. Hostilities in Italy, Hungary, Poland, the north of Germany and the Tyrol. Great conflict at Aspern. Both armies reinforced. Decisive BATTLE OF WAGRAM, in which the Austrians are completely defeated. Armistice concluded.

NAPOLEON had foreseen that Austria, hardly dissembling her aversion to the "continental system," and openly refusing to acknowledge Joseph as king of Spain, would avail herself of the insurrection of that country, necessarily followed by the march of a great French army across the Pyrenees, as affording a favorable opportunity for once more taking arms, in the hope of recovering what she had lost in the campaign of Austerlitz. His minister, Talleyrand, had, during his absence, made every effort to conciliate the Emperor Francis; but the warlike preparations throughout the Austrian dominions proceeded with increasing vigor—and Napoleon received such intelligence ere he witnessed the retreat of Moore, that he immediately countermanded the march of such of his troops as had not yet reached the Pyrenees,—wrote (from Valladolid) to the princes of the Rhenish league, ordering them to hold their contingents in readiness—and travelled to Paris with extraordinary haste.—He reached his capital on the 22d of January; renewed the negotiations with Vienna; and, in the mean time, recruited and concentrated his armies on the German side—thus adjourning the completion of the Spanish conquest.

On the 6th of April, Austria declared war; and on the 9th, the Archduke Charles, generalissimo of armies, which were recruited at this period, to the amount of 550,000 men, crossed the Inn at the head of six corps, each consisting of 30,000; while the Arch-duke John marched with two other divisions towards Italy, by the way of Carinthia; and the Arch-duke Ferdinand assumed the command of a 9th corps in Galicia, to make head against Russia, in case that power should be forced or tempted by Napoleon to take part in the struggle. Napoleon having so great an army in Spain, could not hope to oppose numbers such as these to the Austrians; but he trusted to the rapid combinations which had so often enabled him to battle the same enemy; and the instant that he heard Bavaria was invaded by the Arch-duke Charles, he proceeded, without guards, without equipage, accompanied solely by the faithful Josephine, to Frankfort, and thence to Strasburg. He assumed the command on the 13th, and immediately formed the plan of his campaign.

He found the two wings of his army, the one under Massena, the other under Davoust, at such a distance from the centre that, if the Austrians had seized the opportunity, the consequences might have been fatal. On the 17th of April, he commanded Davoust and Massena to march simultaneously towards a position in front, and then pushed forward the centre, in person, to the same point. The Arch-duke Lewis, who commanded two Austrian divisions in advance, was thus hemmed in unexpectedly by three armies, moving at once from three different points; defeated and driven back, at Abensberg, on the 20th; and utterly routed at Landshut, on the 21st. Here the Arch-duke lost 9000 men, thirty guns and all his stores.

On the 22d of April, after this fortunate commencement of the campaign, Buonaparte directed his whole force, scientifically arranged into different divisions, and moving by different routes, on the principal army of the Arch-duke Charles, which, during these misfortunes, he had concentrated at Eckmuhl. The battle is said to have been one of the most splendid which the art of war could display. An hundred thousand men and upwards were dispossessed of all their positions by the combined attack of their scientific enemy, the divisions appearing on the field, each in its due place and order, as regularly as the movements of the various pieces in a game of chess. All the Austrian wounded, great part of their artillery, fifteen stand of colors and twenty thousand prisoners, remained in the power of the French. The retreat was attended with corresponding loss; and Austria again baffled in her hopes of re-acquiring her influence in Germany, was once more reduced to combat for her existence amongst nations.

On the subsequent day, the Austrians made some attempt to protect the retreat of their army, by defending Ratisbon. A partial breach in the ancient walls was hastily effected, but for some time the French who advanced to the storm, were destroyed by the musketry of the defenders. There was at length difficulty in finding volunteers to renew the attack, when the impetuous Lasnes, by whom they were commanded, seized a ladder, and rushed forward to fix it himself against the walls. "I will show you," he exclaimed, "that your general is still a grenadier." The example prevailed, the wall was surrounded, and the combat was continued or renewed in the streets of the town, which was speedily on fire. A body of French, rushing to charge a body of Austrians, which still occupied one end of a burning street, were interrupted by some waggons belonging to the enemy's train.—"They are tumbrils of powder," cried the Austrian commanding, to the French; "if the flames reach them, both sides perish." The combat ceased, and the two parties joined in averting a calamity which must have been fatal to both, and finally saved the ammunition from the flames. At length the Austrians were driven out of Ratisbon, leaving much cannon, baggage and prisoners, in the hands of the enemy.

In the middle of this last melee, Buonaparte, who was speaking with his adjutant, Duroc, observing the affair at some distance, was struck on the foot by a spent musket-ball, which occasioned a severe contusion. "That must have been a Tyrolese," said the Emperor, coolly, "who has aimed at me from such a distance. These fellows fire with wonderful precision." Those around remonstrated with him for exposing his person; to which he answered, "What can I do? I must needs see how matters go on." The soldiers crowded about him in alarm at the report of his wound; but he would hardly allow it to be dressed, so eager was he to get on horseback and put an end to the solicitude of his army, by showing himself publicly among the troops.

Thus within five days—the space, and almost the very days of the month, which Buonaparte had assigned for settling the affairs of Germany,—the original aspect of the war was entirely changed; and Austria, who had engaged in it with the proud hope of reviving her original influence in Europe, was now to continue her struggle for the doubtful chance of securing her existence. At no period in his momentous career, did the genius of Napoleon appear more completely to prostrate all opposition; at no time did the talents of a single individual exercise such an influence on the fate of the universe. The forces which he had in the field had been not only unequal to those of the enemy, but they were in a military point of view, ill-placed and imperfectly combined. Napoleon arrived alone, found himself under all these disadvantages, and we repeat, by his almost unassisted genius, came in the course of five days, in complete triumph out of a struggle which bore a character so unpromising. It was no wonder that others, nay, that he himself, should have annexed to his person the degree of superstitious influence claimed for the chosen instruments of Destiny, whose path must not be crossed, and whose arms cannot be arrested.

Napoleon reviewed his army on the 24th, distributing rewards of all sorts with a lavish hand, and, among others, bestowing the title of duke of Eckmuhl on Davoust; and forthwith commenced his march upon Vienna. The corps defeated at Landshut had retreated in that direction, and being considerably recruited, made some show of obstructing his progress; but they were defeated again and totally broken at Ehrensberg, on the 3d of May, by Massena, and on the 9th Napoleon appeared before the walls of the capital. The Emperor had already quitted it with all his family, except his daughter, the Arch-duchess Maria Louisa, who was confined to her chamber by illness. The Arch-duke Maximilian, with the regular garrison of 10,000 men, evacuated it on Napoleon's approach; and, though the inhabitants had prepared for a vigorous resistance, the bombardment soon convinced them that it was hopeless. It perhaps deserves to be mentioned, that on learning the situation of the sick princess, Buonaparte instantly commanded that no fire should be directed towards that part of the town. On the 10th, a capitulation was signed, the French troops took possession of the city, and Napoleon once more established his head-quarters in the imperial palace of Schoenbrunn.

In the meantime, the Arch-duke Ferdinand had commenced the war in Poland, and, obtaining the advantage in several affairs, taken possession of Warsaw; but the news of Eckmuhl recalled this division to the support of the main army, under the Arch-duke Charles; and the Russian troops not only retook Warsaw, but occupied the whole of the Austro-Polish provinces. Alexander, however, showed no disposition to push the war with vigor, or to advance into Germany for the support of Napoleon. In Italy, in like manner, the Arch-duke John had at first been successful. But after defeating Eugene Beauharnois, Napoleon's viceroy, and taking possession of Padua and Vicenza, this prince also was summoned to retrace his steps, in consequence of the catastrophe at Eckmuhl. Eugene pursued him into Hungary, and defeated him in a great battle at Raab. Colonel Schill, the Prussian partisan, had availed himself of the concentration of Napoleon's troops for the Austrian Campaign, to take up arms, though without any authority from his sovereign, in the hope that the national resentment would burst out in a universal insurrection; and the duke of Brunswick, son to him who was mortally wounded at Jena, had also appeared in Lusatia, and invited all true Germans to imitate the heroic conduct of the Spaniards. His name, his misfortunes, his character and his purpose, tended soon to fill his ranks; the external appearance of which indicated deep sorrow, and a determined purpose of vengeance. His uniform was black, in memory of his father's death; the lace of the cavalry was disposed like the ribs of a skeleton; the helmets and caps bore a death's head on their front.

These occurrences threatened a general burst of war wherever the Tugenbund and other patriotic associations had for some time been strongly influencing the popular mind.—The battle of Eckmuhl, however, diffused new awe all over the north of Germany. The troops of Saxony checked the duke of Brunswick's progress, and Schill's heroic band were at last shut up in Stralsund, where their leader perished in a sortie; thus, and only thus, escaping the vengeance of Napoleon.

Among the mountains of the Tyrol, the native zeal of a few hardy peasants achieved more than all the mighty population of Germany. This ancient province of the house of Austria had been, in sinful violation of all the rights of mankind, transferred to the hated yoke of Bavaria, by the treaty of Presberg. The mountaineers no sooner heard that their rightful sovereign was once more in arms against Napoleon, than they rose (early in April,) under the guidance of Hofer, a gallant peasant, seized the strong passes of their country, and, in the course of four days, made every French and Bavarian soldier quartered among them a prisoner,—with the exception of the garrison of the fortress of Kufstein.—Napoleon caused Lefebre to march into the country with his division; but Hofer posted his followers on the edge of precipices, from which they fired on the French columns with the skill of practised marksmen, and rolled down torrents of stones with such effect, that Lefebre was compelled to retreat. Austria, however, having enough of work at home, could not afford to sustain the efforts of these heroic peasants by any detachment of regular troops. On the retirement of Lefebre, they issued from their hills and wasted the neighboring territory of Bavaria; but the general issue of the campaign left them at the mercy of Buonaparte, who suppressed the insurrection, finally, by overwhelming numbers, and avenged it by massacreing Hofer and all who had taken a prominent part in the cause.

These popular movements, however, could not be regarded with indifference by him who had witnessed and appreciated the character of the Spanish insurrection. Napoleon well knew, that unless he concluded the main contest soon, the spirit of Schill and Hofer would kindle a general flame from the Rhine to the Elbe; and he therefore desired fervently that the Austrian generalissimo might be tempted to quit the fastnesses of Bohemia, and try once more the fortune of a battle.

The Arch-duke, having re-established the order and recruited the numbers of his army, had anticipated these wishes of his enemy, and was already posted on the opposite bank of the Danube, which river, being greatly swollen, and all the bridges destroyed, seemed to divide the two camps, as by an impassable barrier.

Napoleon determined to pass it; and after an unsuccessful attempt at Nussdorff, met with better fortune at Ebersdorff, where the river is broad and intersected by a number of low and woody islands, the largest of which bears the name of Lobau. On these islands Napoleon established the greater part of his army, on the 19th of May, and on the following day made good his passage, by means of a bridge of boats, to the left bank of the Danube; where he took possession of the villages of Aspern and Essling, with so little show of opposition, that it became evident the Arch-duke wished the inevitable battle to take place with the river between his enemy and Vienna.

The reports brought in during the night were contradictory, nor could the signs visible on the horizon induce the generals to agree concerning the numbers and probable plans of the Austrians. On the distant heights of Bisamberg many lights were seen, which induced Lasnes and others to conceive the enemy to be there concentrated. But much nearer the French, and in their front, the horizon also exhibited a pale streak of about a league in length, the reflected light of numerous watch-fires, which the situation of the ground prevented being themselves seen.

From these indications, while Lasnes was of opinion they had before them only a strong rear-guard, Massena, with more judgment, maintained they were in presence of the whole Austrian army. Napoleon was on horseback by break of day on the 21st to decide by his own observation; but all the ground in front was so thickly masked and covered by the Austrian light cavalry, as to render it vain to attempt to reconnoitre. On a sudden, this living veil of skirmishers was withdrawn, and the Austrians were seen advancing with their whole force, divided into five columns of attack, headed by their best generals, their numbers, more than double those of the French, and possessing two hundred and twenty pieces of artillery. The combat commenced by a furious attack on the village of Aspern, which seemed only taken that it might be retaken, only retaken that it might be again lost. The carnage was dreadful; the obstinacy of the Austrians in attacking, could not, however, overcome that of the French in their defence. Essling was also assaulted by the Austrians, though not with the same pertinacity; yet many brave men fell in its attack and defence.

The battle began about four in the afternoon; and when the evening approached nothing decisive had been done.—The Arch-duke brought his reserves, and poured them in successive bodies upon the disputed village of Aspern. Every garden, terrace and farm-yard was a scene of the most obstinate struggle. Waggons, carts, harrows and ploughs, were employed to construct barricades. As the different parties succeeded on different points, those who were victorious in front were often attacked in the rear by such of the other party as had prevailed in the next street. At the close of the day Massena remained partially master of the place, on fire as it was with bombs, and choked with the slain. The Austrians, however, had gained possession of the church and churchyard, and claimed the superiority on the left accordingly.

Essling was the object, during the last part of this bloody day, of three general attacks; against all which, the French made decisive head. At one time, Lasnes, who defended the post, was so hard pressed, that he must have given way, had not Napoleon relieved him and obtained him breathing time by a well-timed and terrific charge of cavalry. Night separated the combatants.

The French could not in any sense be said to have been beaten; but it was an unusual thing for them, fighting under Napoleon's eye, to be less than completely victorious. The Austrians could as little be called victors; but even the circumstance of possessing themselves of the most important part of Aspern, showed that the advantage had been with, rather than against them; and both armies were affected with the results of the day, rather as they appeared when compared with those of their late encounters, than as considered in their own proper character. The feeling of the Austrians was exultation; that of the French not certainly discouragement, but unpleasant surprise.

On the 22d the work of carnage re-commenced. Both armies had received reinforcements during the night—Napoleon from the left bank, the Arch-duke from reserves in his rear. The French had at first the advantage—they recovered the church of Aspern, and made a number of Austrians prisoners in the village. But the attacks on it were presently renewed with the same fury as on the preceding day.—Napoleon here formed a resolution worthy of his military fame. He observed that the enemy, while pressing on the village of Aspern, which was the left hand point of support of the French position, kept back, or, in military language, refused the right and centre of his line, which he was therefore led to suppose were weakened for the purpose of supporting the assault upon Aspern. He determined for this reason, to advance the whole French right and centre, to assail the Austrian position on this enfeebled point. This movement was executed 'in echellon,' advancing from the French right. Heavy masses of infantry, with a numerous artillery, now advanced with fury. The Austrian line was forced back, and in some danger of being broken. Regiments and brigades began to be separated from each other, and there was a danger that the whole centre might be cut off from the right wing. The Arch-duke Charles hastened to the spot, and in this critical moment discharged at once the duty of a general and of a common soldier. He brought up reserves, replaced the gaps which had been made in his line by the fury of the French, and seizing a standard, himself led the grenadiers to the charge.

At this critical moment, by means of Austrian fireships suddenly sent down the swollen and rapid river, the bridge connecting the island of Lobau with the right bank was wholly swept away. Buonaparte perceived that if he wished to preserve his communications with the right of the Danube, where his reserve still lay, he must instantly fall back on Lobau; and no sooner did his troops commence their backward movement than the Austrians recovered their order and zeal, charged in turn, and finally made themselves master of

Aspern. Essling, where Massena commanded, held firm, and under the protection of that village and numerous batteries erected near it, Napoleon succeeded in withdrawing his whole force during the night.

The loss of both armies was dreadful, and computed to exceed twenty thousand men on each side, killed and wounded. General St. Hilaire, one of the best French generals, was killed in the field, and Lasnes, whose behavior had been the subject of admiration during the whole day, had both his legs shattered to pieces by a cannon ball, and was brought back to the island. He was much lamented by Buonaparte, who considered him as his own work. "I found him" he said, "a mere swordsman, I brought him up to the highest point of talent. I found him a dwarf, I raised him up into a giant." The death of this general, whom, for his romantic valor, the French soldiers delighted to call the Roland of their camp, had something in it inexpressibly shocking. With both his legs shot to pieces, he refused to die, and insisted that the surgeons should be hanged who were unable to cure a Marshal and Duke de Montebello. While he thus clung to life, he called on the Emperor, with the instinctive hope that Napoleon at least could defer the dreaded hour, and repeated his name to the last, with the wild interest with which an Indian prays to the object of his superstition. Buonaparte showed much and creditable emotion at beholding his faithful follower in such a condition.

On either side a great victory was claimed; and with equal injustice. But the situation of the French Emperor was imminently hazardous, he was separated from Davoust and his reserve; and had the enemy either attacked him in the islands, or passed the river higher up, and so overwhelmed Davoust and relieved Vienna, the results might have been fatal. But the Arch-duke's loss in these two days had been great; and, in place of risking any offensive movement, he contented himself with strengthening the position of Aspern and Essling, and awaiting quietly the moment when his enemy should choose to attempt once more the passage to the left bank, and the re-occupation of these hardly contested villages.

Napoleon availed himself of this pause with his usual skill. That he had been checked was true, and that the news would be heard with enthusiasm throughout Germany he well knew. It was necessary to revive the tarnished magic of his name by another decisive battle; and he made every exertion to prepare for it. With unexampled activity he assembled materials, and accomplished the re-establishment of his communications with the right bank, by the morning of the second day after the battle. With equal speed, incessant labor converted the Isle of Lobau into an immense camp, protected by battering cannon, and secured either from surprise or storm from the Austrian side of the river. The smaller islands were fortified in the like manner; and on the 1st of July, Buonaparte pitched his head-quarters in the Isle of Lobau, the name of which was changed to Napoleon Island, as in an immense citadel, from which he had provided the means of sallying at pleasure upon the enemy. Boats, small craft, and means to construct, on a better plan than formerly, three floating bridges, were prepared and put in order in an incredibly short space of time.

On the 5th of July, at 10 o'clock at night, the French began to cross from the islands in the Danube to the left-hand bank. Gun-boats prepared for the purpose, silenced some of the Austrian batteries; others were avoided, by passing the river out of reach of their fire, which the French were enabled to do by the new and additional bridges they had secretly prepared.

At day-light on the next morning, the Arch-duke had the unpleasant surprise to find the whole French army on the left bank of the Danube, after having turned all the fortifications which he had formed for the purpose of opposing their passage, and which were thus rendered totally useless. The villages of Essling and Entzersdorf had been carried, and the French line of battle was formed upon the extremity of the Arch-duke's left wing, menacing him, of course, both in flank and rear. The Arch-duke Charles endeavored to remedy the consequences of this surprise by outflanking the French right, while the French made a push to break the centre of the Austrian line, the key of which position was the village of Wagram. Wagram was taken and retaken, and only one house remained, which was occupied by the Arch-duke Charles, when night closed the battle, which had been bloody and indecisive. Courier after courier were dispatched to the Arch-duke John, to hasten his advance.

On the next day, being the 7th of July, was fought the dreadful battle of Wagram, in which, it is said, that the Arch-duke Charles committed the great military error of extending his lines, and weakening his centre. His enemy was too alert not to turn such an error to profit. Lauriston with a hundred pieces of cannon, and Macdonald, at the head of a chosen division, charged the Austrians in the centre, and broke through it. Napoleon showed all his courage and talents, and was ever in the hottest of the action, though the appearance of his retinue drew on him showers of grape by which he was repeatedly endangered.

At length the Austrian army fell into disorder. Their centre was driven back two or three miles out of the line; cries of alarm were heard, the right wing gave way, and the left followed the example. The French took twenty thousand prisoners; and so complete was the discomfiture, that, though the Arch-duke John came up with a part of his army before the battle was quite over, so little chance was there of redeeming the day, that he was glad to retire from the field unnoticed by the enemy. A dreadful circumstance took place after the close of the battle. Between 3000 and 4000 men, Austrians, were reposing in a field of rye, which took fire, and most of them, unable to move from their wounds and from fatigue, were miserably burnt to death. All hope of further resistance was now abandoned by the Austrian princes and government; and they concluded an armistice with Buonaparte at Znaim, by which they agreed to evacuate the Tyrol, and put the citadels of Brunn and Gratz into the hands of Napoleon, as pledges for their sincerity in desiring a peace. Napoleon returned to Schoenbrunn and continued occupied with the negotiation until October.

CHAP. XVIII.

Progress of the war in the Peninsula. Battle of Talavera. Battle of Ocana. Attempt to assassinate Napoleon. Treaty of Schoenbrunn.—Napoleon divorces Josephine. Marries the Arch-duchess Maria Louisa. Deposes Louis Buonaparte and annexes Holland and the whole coast of Germany to France. Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden. Birth of the King of Rome.

The war, meanwhile, had been pursued with mixed fortune in the peninsula. Zaragossa, after sustaining another siege with fortitude not unworthy of the first, was at length compelled to surrender in the month of February. Sir Arthur

Wellesley, being restored to the command of the British army in Portugal, landed at Lisbon on the 22d of April, and immediately marched upon Oporto, which Soult had occupied early in the year. Soult was defeated under the walls of the town, and forthwith began his retreat towards Galicia. Sir Arthur was prevented from urging the pursuit of Soult by the intelligence that Marshal Victor was laying Andalusia waste, being opposed only by Cuesta, a bigotted old general, and an army which had lost heart from repeated disasters. The English leader perceived that if he marched into Galicia, Victor must possess the means of instantly occupying Portugal; and resolved in place of following Soult, to advance towards this more formidable enemy. He effected a junction with Cuesta at Oropesa, on the 20th of July, and marched along the Tagus towards the position of Victor, who assumed the offensive, and attacked the allies, on the 28th, at Talavera de la Reyna. The battle ended in the repulsion of Victor; but Wellesley found it impossible to advance further into Spain, because Ney, Soult and Mortier were assembling their divisions, with the view of coming between him and Portugal. The English retired, therefore, to Badajos, and thence to the Portuguese frontier. On the eastern side of the peninsula, Blake, advancing with the view of recovering Zaragossa, was met, on the 19th of June, by Marshal Suchet, duke of Albufera, and totally routed. The central Spanish army, under Ariezaga, attempted with equal ill-fortune, to relieve Madrid. King Joseph, accompanied by Soult, Victor and Mortier, met them at Ocana on the 19th of November, and broke them utterly. In December, Girona surrendered to Augereau; and left Joseph in possession of far the greater part of Spain.

Napoleon a few days after he returned from Moravia to Schoenbrunn, escaped narrowly the dagger of a young man, who rushed upon him in the midst of all his staff, at a grand review of the imperial guard. Berthier and Rapp threw themselves upon him, and disarmed him at the moment when his knife was about to enter the Emperor's body. Napoleon demanded what motive had actuated the assassin. "What injury," said he, "have I done to you?" "To me, personally, none," answered the youth, "but you are the oppressor of my country, the tyrant of the world; and to have put you to death would have been the highest glory of a man of honor." This enthusiastic youth, by name Stabbs, son of a clergyman of Erfurt, was justly condemned to death, and he suffered with the calmness of a martyr.

Buonaparte led at Schoenbrunn nearly the same course of life to which he was accustomed at the Tuilleries; seldom appearing in public; occupied incessantly with his ministers and generals. The treaty was at last signed on the 14th of October, 1809. Austria gave up, in all, territory to the amount of 45,000 square miles, and a population of nearly 4,000,000. When compared with the signal triumphs of the campaign, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation.

On his return to Paris he opened the sitting of the legislative body by an imperial speech, in which the events of the year and the state of France formed the principal topics.—He also alluded to the situation of the imperial family. "I and my house," said Napoleon, " will ever be found ready to sacrifice every thing, even our own dearest ties and feelings to the welfare of the French people." This was the first public intimation of a measure which had for a considerable time occupied his thoughts. On the 15th of December he summoned his council, and announced to them, that, at the expense of all his personal feelings, he, devoted wholly to the welfare of the state, had resolved to separate himself from his consort. Josephine then appeared among them, and, not without tears, expressed her acquiescence in the decree. The council accepted and ratified the disolution of the marriage. The title of empress was to continue with Josephine for life, and a pension of two millions of francs (to which Napoleon afterward added a third million from his privy purse,) was allotted her. She retired from the Tuilleries, residing thenceforth mostly at the villa of Malmaison; and in the course of a few weeks it was signified that Napoleon had demanded the hand of the archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter to the emperor Francis, the same youthful princess who has been mentioned as remaining in Vienna, on account of illness, during the second occupation of that capital.

Having given her hand, at Vienna, to Berthier, who had the honor to represent the person of his master, the young archduchess came into France in March, 1810. On the 28th, as her carriage was proceeding towards Soissons, Napoleon rode up to it, in a plain dress, altogether unattended: and at once breaking through the etiquette of such occasions, introduced himself to his bride. She had never seen his person till then, and it is said that her first exclamation was, " Your majesty's pictures have not done you justice." Buonaparte was at this time forty years of age; his countenance had acquired a certain fulness, and that statue-like calmness of expression with which posterity will always be familiar; but his figure betrayed as yet nothing more than a tendency towards corpulence. He was considered as a handsomer man at this period than he had been in his earlier days. They spent the evening at the chateau of Compiegne, and were re-married on the 2d of April at Paris, amid every circumstance of imperial splendour

In July, 1810, Napoleon deposed his brother Louis, and formally annexed the kingdom of Holland to the French empire, Amsterdam took rank among the cities next after Rome, the Pope having been seized and sent prisoner to Fontainbleau the year previous, and the countries which formed the Holy See annexed to the empire of France. The Hanse towns, were shortly afterwards added, and the whole sea-coast of Germany, from the frontier of Holland to that of Denmark.

In May, 1810, the prince of Augustenburg, who had been recognized as heir to Charles XIII of Sweden, died suddenly; and the choice of a successor was, according to the constitution of Sweden, to depend on the vote of the diet, which assembled accordingly in the month of August following. In the hope of securing the friendship and protection of Napoleon, the succession was proposed to Marshal Bernadotte, brother-in-law to Joseph Buonaparte. Napoleon consented to the acceptance of the proffered dignity by Bernadotte, and the marshal proceeded to Stockholm, where he received an enthusiastic welcome.

On the 20th of April, 1811, Napoleon's wishes were crowned by the birth of a son. The birth was a difficult one, and the nerves of the medical attendant were shaken. At length the child appeared, but without any signs of life. After a lapse of some minutes a feeble cry was heard, and Napoleon entering the anti-chamber, in which the high functionaries of the state were assembled, announced the event in these words, "It is a King of Rome."

CHAP. XIX.

Rupture with Russia. Great preparations on both sides for the approaching conflict. Amount of Buonaparte's army. Resources of Alexander. Napoleon at Dresden. Passage of the Niemen. Arrives at Wilna. Enthusiasm of the Russians. Their army largely reinforced. Napoleon leaves Wilna. Battle of Smolensko. Russians burn the place and retreat. GREAT BATTLE OF BORODINO. Napoleon continues his advance. Moscow abandoned by the Russian Army and the Inhabitants.

WE are now approaching the verge of that fated year, when fortune, hitherto unwearied in her partiality towards Napoleon, for the first time turned upon him a clouded and stormy aspect.

The conditions of the treaty of Tilsit bore hard upon the Emperor Alexander, and he was disposed to free himself from them. Certain harbors were opened partially for the admission of colonial produce, and the export of native productions; and there ensued a series of indignant reclamations on the part of Napoleon, and haughty evasions on that of the Czar, which, ere long, satisfied all near observers that Russia would not be slow to avail herself of any favorable opportunity of once more appealing to arms. The year 1811 was spent in negotiations, neither party being ready for hostilities, but both were making the most active preparations.—The amount of the French army at the period in question is calculated at 850,000 men; the army of the kingdom of Italy mustered 50,000; that of Naples, 30,000; that of the grand dutchy of Warsaw, 60,000; the Bavarian, 40,000; the Westphalian, 30,000; the Saxon, 30,000; Wirtemberg, 15,000; Baden, 9,000; Saxony, 30,000; and the minor powers of the Rhenish league, 23,000. Of these armies Napoleon had the entire control. In addition, Austria was bound to furnish him with 30,000, and Prussia with 20,000 auxiliaries.—The sum total is 1,187,000 men. Deducting 387,000—a large allowance for hospitals, furloughs and incomplete regiments—there remained 800,000 effective men at his immediate command. The Spanish peninsula might perhaps occupy, even now, 150,000; but still Napoleon could bring into the field against Russia, an army of 650,000 men; numbers such as had never before followed an European banner. The Emperor Alexander's resources were also extensive. He had

400,000 regulars and 50,000 Cossacks already in arms, and an enormous population, on which he had the means of drawing for recruits.

Napoleon, without waiting for any formal rupture with the Russian diplomatists at Paris, now directed the march of very great bodies of troops into Prussia and the grand dutchy of Warsaw. Alexander's minister was ordered in the beginning of April, to demand the withdrawal of these troops, together with the evacuation of the fortresses in Pomerania, in case the French government still entertained a wish to negotiate. Buonaparte instantly replied that he was not accustomed to regulate the distribution of his forces by the suggestions of a foreign power. The ambassador demanded his passports, and quitted Paris.

On the 9th of May, Napoleon left Paris with his Empress, and arrived on the 16th at Dresden, where the Emperor of Austria, the kings of Prussia, Naples, Wirtemberg and Westphalia, and almost every German sovereign of inferior rank, had been invited, or commanded, to meet him. He had sent to request the Czar also to appear in this brilliant assemblage, as affording a last chance of an amicable arrangement; but the messenger could not obtain admission to Alexander's presence. Buonaparte continued for some days to play the part of undisputed master amid this congregation of royalties, and in the blaze of successive festivals the king of Saxony appeared but as some chamberlain, or master of ceremonies to his imperial guest.

Having sufficiently indicated to his allies and vassals the conduct which they were respectively to adopt, in case the war should break out, Napoleon, already weary of his splendid idleness, sent on the Abbe de Pradt to Warsaw, to prepare for his reception among the Poles, dismissed Maria Louisa on her return to Paris, and broke up the court in which he had, for the last time, figured as the "king of kings." Marshal Ney, with one great division of the army, had already passed the Vistula; Junot, with another, occupied both sides of the Oder. The Czar was known to be at Wilna, his Lithuanian capital, there collecting the forces of his immense empire, and intrusting the general arrangements of the approaching campaign to Marshal Barclay de Tolly. The season was advancing; and it was time that the question of peace or war should be forced to a decision.

Napoleon arrived at Dantzic on the 7th of June; and during the fortnight which ensued, it was known that the final communications between him and Alexander were taking place. The attention of mankind was never more entirely fixed on one spot than it was, during these fourteen days, upon Dantzic. On the 22d, Buonaparte broke silence in a bulletin. "Soldiers," said he, "Russia is dragged on by her fate; her destiny must be accomplished. Let us march: let us cross the Niemen: let us carry war into her territories.—Our second campaign of Poland will be as glorious as our first: but our second peace shall carry with it its own guarantee: it shall put an end forever to that haughty influence which Russia has exercised for fifty years on the affairs of Europe."

The disposition of the French army when the campaign commenced was as follows:—The left wing, commanded by Macdonald, and amounting to 30,000 men, had orders to march through Courland, with the view of, if possible, outflanking the Russian right, and gaining possession of the seacoast in the direction of Riga. The right wing, composed almost wholly of the Austrians, 30,000 in number, and commanded by Schwartzenberg, were stationed on the Volhynian frontier. Between these moved the various corps forming the grand central army under the general superintendence of Napoleon himself, viz, those of Davoust, Ney, the king of Westphalia, the viceroy of Italy, Poniatowski, Junot and Victor; and in numbers not falling below 250,000. The communication of the centre and left was maintained by the corps of Oudinot, and that of the centre and extreme right by the corps of Regnier, who had with him the Saxon auxiliaries and the Polish legion of Dombrowski. The chief command of the whole cavalry of the host was assigned to Murat, king of Naples; but he was in person at the head-quarters of the Emperor, having immediately under his order three divisions of horse, those of Grouchy, Montbrun and Nansouty. Augereau with his division was to remain in the north of Germany, to overawe Berlin and protect the communications with France.

A glance at the map will show that Napoleon's base of operations extended over full one hundred leagues; and that the heads of his various columns were so distributed, that the Russians could not guess whether St. Petersburg or Moscow formed the main object of his march.

The Russian main army, under Barclay de Tolly himself, had its head-quarters at Wilna; and consisted at the opening of the campaign, of 120,000. Considerably to the left lay "the second army," as it was called, of 80,000, under Bagration; with whom were Platoff and 12,000 of his Cossacks; while at the extreme of that wing "the army of Volhynia," 20,000 strong, commanded by Tormazoff, watched Schwartzenberg. On the right of Barclay de Tolly was Witgenstein with 30,000, and between these again and the sea, the corps of Essen, 10,000 strong. Behind the whole line two armies of reserve were rapidly forming at Novogorod and Smolensko; each, probably, of about 20,000 men. On the Russian side the plan of the campaign had been settled ere now: it was entirely defensive. Taught by the events of the former war in Poland, the Czar was resolved, from the beginning, to draw Buonaparte if possible into the heart of his own country ere he gave him battle. The various divisions of the Russian force had orders to fall back leisurely as the enemy advanced, destroying whatever they could not remove along with them, and halting only at certain points, where entrenched camps had already been formed for their reception. The difficulty of feeding half a million of men in a country deliberately wasted beforehand, and separated by so great a space from Germany, to say nothing of France, was sure to increase with every hour and every step; and Alexander's great object was to husband his own strength until the polar winter should set in around the strangers, and bring the miseries which he thus foresaw to a crisis. Napoleon, on the other hand, had calculated on being met by the Russians at, or even in advance of, their own frontier; of gaining a great battle; marching immediately either to St. Petersburg, or to Moscow, and dictating a peace within the walls of one of the Czar's own palaces.

On the 24th of June, the grand imperial army, consolidated into three masses, began their passage of the Niemen; the king of Westphalia at Grodno; the viceroy Eugene at Pilony, and Napoleon himself near Kowno. The Emperor rode on in front of his army to reconnoitre the banks; his horse stumbled, and he fell to the ground. "A bad omen—a Roman would return," exclaimed some one; it is not certain whether Buonaparte himself or one of his attendants.—The first party that crossed were challenged by a single Cossack. "For what purpose," said he "do you enter the Russian country?" "To beat you and take Wilna," answered the advanced guard. The sentinel struck spurs into his horse, and disappeared in the forest. There came on at the same moment a tremendous thunder storm. Thus began the fatal invasion. No opposition awaited these enormous hosts as they traversed the plains of Lithuania. Alexander withdrew his armies deliberately as they advanced. The capital itself, Wilna, was evacuated two days before they came in sight of it; and Napoleon took up his quarters there on the 28th of June. But it was found that all the magazines which Buonaparte had counted on seizing, had been burnt before the Russians withdrew, and the imperial bulletins began already to denounce the babarous method in which the enemy seemed resolved to conduct his defence.

Months before Napoleon left Paris, he had given orders for preparing immense quantities of provisions of all kinds, to be conveyed along with his gigantic host, and render him inpendent of the countries which might form the theatre of his operations. The destruction of the magazines at Wilna was a sufficient indication that the Emperor had judged well in ordering his commissariat to be placed on an efficient footing; and his attention was naturally directed to ascertaining, ere he advanced further, in how much his directions as to this matter had been fulfilled. He remained twenty days at Wilna—a pause altogether extraordinary in a Buonapartean campaign, and which can only be accounted for by his anxiety on this head. The result of his inquiries was most unsatisfactory. The prodigious extent of the contracts into which his minister of war had entered was adequate to the occasion; but the movement of such enormous trains of cattle and waggons as these contracts provided for must, under any circumstances, have been tedious, and in some degree uncertain. In this case they were entered into by French traders, who, in consequence of Buonaparte's own practice in preceding campaigns, could have slender experience of the method of supplying a great army in the field; by Germans, who served him with reluctance; or, finally, by Polish Jews—a race of inveterate smugglers, and consequently of inveterate swindlers. The result was, that after spending three weeks at Wilna, the Emperor found himself under the necessity, either of laying aside his invasion for another year, or of urging it in the face of all the difficulties which he had foreseen, and, moreover, of that presented by a commissariat less effective by two thirds than he had calculated on.

While Napoleon was detained in the capital of Lithuania by the confusion and slowness which marked almost every department of his commissariat at this great crisis, the enemy employed the unexpected pause to the best advantage.—

The Czar signed treaties of strict alliance with England, Sweden and the Spanish Cortes, in the middle of July; and the negotiation with Turkey was urged, under the mediation of England, so effectually, that a peace with that power was also proclaimed early in August. By these means Alexander was enabled to withdraw whatever troops he had been maintaining on the two flanks of his European dominions, and bring them all to the assistance of his main army. Admiral Tchichagoff, at the head of 50,000 soldiers hitherto opposed to the Turks on the side of Moldavia, marched towards the left wing of Barclay de Tolly's force; and the right, which had gradually retired until it had reached a strong camp formed on the river Dwina, was reinforced from Finland, though not so largely. The enthusiasm of the Russian nation appeared in the extraordinary rapidity with which supplies of every kind were poured at the feet of the Czar.—From every quarter he received voluntary offers of men, of money and of whatever might assist in the prosecution of the war. The grand dutchess, whose hand Napoleon had solicited, set the example by raising a regiment on her estate.—Moscow offered to equip and arm 80,000 men. Platoff, the veteran hetman of the Cossacks, promised his only daughter and 200,000 rubles to the man by whose hand Buonpaarte should fall. Noblemen every where raised troops, and displayed their patriotism by serving in the ranks themselves, and intrusting the command to experienced officers, chosen by the government. The peasantry participated in the general enthusiasm, and flocked in from every province, demanding arms and training. Two hundred thousand militia-men were called out, and in separate divisions began their march upon the camp.

Napoleon having done whatever lay in his power to remedy the disorder of his commissariat, at length re-appeared in the field. He had now determined to make St. Petersburg his mark; he counted much on the effects which a triumphal entry into the capital would produce throughout the country; and the fleet at Cronstadt was in itself a prize of the utmost importance. He directed, therefore, all his efforts upon the Dwina, where the Russian commander-in-chief had now halted on extensive entrenchments, and on Riga. This town, however, was now defended, not only by Essen, but by the English sailors of Admiral Martin's fleet, and resisted effectually; and Napoleon was repelled in three successive attempts to force Barclay's camp at Dunaburg.

He upon this changed his plan of operations, and resolving to march, not for Petersburg, but for Moscow, threw forward the centre of his army, under Davoust, with the view of turning Barclay's position, and cutting off his communication with Bagration. That general was compelled by this movement to pass the Dnieper (or Borysthenes;) and Barclay, on perceiving the object of Davoust's march, broke up from the camp on the Dwina, and retired upon Vitepsk, where he hoped to be joined by Bagration. Davoust, however, brought Bagration to action near Mohilow, on the 23d of July; and as the French remained in possession of that town at the end of the day, the Russians found themselves under the necessity of altering the line of their retreat. Bagration informed Barclay that he was now marching, not on Vitepsk, but on Smolensko, and the commander-in-chief felt the necessity of abandoning Vitepsk also. During three days (the 25th, 26th and 27th of July,) his troops were engaged with the French at Vitepsk; and, the result was that the Russians left their position and retired on the proposed point of junction.—Meantime, Regnier, on the right wing, and Oudinot, on the left, were defeated; the former by Tormazoff, the latter by Witgenstein, both with severe loss. The Emperor halted at Vitepsk for several days; his troops requiring refreshment.—The Russian plan of defence was already ascertained—and alarming. The country was laid utterly desolate wherever they retired; every village was burned ere they quitted it; the peasantry withdrew with the army and swelled its ranks.

Napoleon quitted Vitepsk on the 8th of August, and after a partial engagement at Krasnoi, on the 14th, came in sight of Smolensko on the 16th. The first and second armies of the Czar (Bagration having at length effected his junction with Barclay) lay behind the river which flows at the back of this town; but it was occupied in great force. Three times did Buonaparte attack it, and three times he was repulsed. During the night the garrison withdrew, and joined the army across the river—but ere they went they committed the city to the flames, and, the buildings being chiefly of wood, the conflagration, according to the French bulletin, "resembled in its fury an eruption of Vesuvius." "Never," continues the same bulletin, "was war conducted with such inhumanity: the Russians treat their own country as if it were that of an enemy." With the exception of some trivial skirmishes, they retreated unmolested from Smolensko to Dorogobuz, and thence on Viasma; halting at each of these towns, and deliberately burning them in the face of the enemy.

It now, however, began to be difficult in the extreme to prevail on the Russian soldiery to continue their retreat.—They had consented to retire in the beginning solely because they were assured that such was the will of their Father—as they affectionately call their sovereign; but reinforcements were now joining them from the interior, and the skirmishes which had occurred had so inflamed their spirits, that it seemed impossible to restrain them much longer. At this period, also, Barclay was appointed to the war-ministry at St. Petersburg, and Kutusoff, who assumed the command in his stead, was supposed to doubt whether the system of retreat had not been far enough persisted in. The new general at length resolved to comply with the clamorous entreaties of his troops, and fixed on a strong position between Borodino and Moskwa, on the high road to Moscow, where he determined to await the attack of Napoleon. It was at Gjatz that the Emperor was informed of Kutusoff's arrival, and of the universal belief that the Czar had at length consented to run the hazard of a great battle. A little further on a Russian officer, on some pretext, appeared with a flag of truce; his real errand being, no doubt, to witness the state of the invader's camp. Being brought into Napoleon's presence, this man was asked, "What he should find between Viasma and Moscow?" He answered, "Pultowa."

On the 5th of Sept. Napoleon came in sight of the position of Kutusoff. His first operation was a successful attack upon a redoubt in the Russian front, but which—a great error in war—was situated too distant from it to be effectually supported. The French gained it and kept it. The armies lay in presence of each other all the next day, preparing for the approaching contest. Upon a position naturally strong, the Russians had raised formidable field works. Their right flank rested on a wood, which was covered by some detached entrenchments. A brook, occupying in its course a deep ravine, covered the front of the right wing, and the centre of the position as far as the river of Borodino; from that village the left extended down to another village, which is more open, yet protected by ravines and thickets in front. This, as the most accessible point, was anxiously secured by redoubts and batteries; and in the centre of the position, upon a gentle elevation, arose a sort of double battery, like a citadel, for the protection of the whole line.

In this strong position was stationed the Russian army, equal now in numbers to the French, as each army might be about 120,000 men. They were commanded by a veteran, slow, cautious, tenacious of his purpose, wily, too, but perhaps not otherwise eminent as a military leader. The army he led were of one nation and language, all conscious that this battle had been granted to their own ardent wishes, and determined to make good the eagerness with which they had called for it.

The French army, again, consisted of various nations; but they were the seasoned soldiers who had survived the distresses of a calamitous march; they were the veterans of the victors of Europe; they were headed by Napoleon in person, and under his immediate command by those marshals, whose names in arms were only inferior to his own. Besides a consciousness of their superiority in action, of which, from the manner in which the Russians had covered themselves in entrenchments, they seemed aware, the French had before them, the prospect of utter destruction, if they should sustain a defeat in a country so difficult that they could hardly advance even as a successful army, and certainly could never hope to retreat as a routed one. Buonaparte addressed his troops as usual. "Soldiers," he said, "here is the battle you have longed for; it is necessary, for it brings us plenty, good winter quarters, and a safe return to France. Behave yourselves so that posterity may say of each of you, 'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'"

In the Russian camp was a scene of a different kind. The Greek clergy showed themselves to the troops, arrayed in their rich vestments, and displaying for general worship the images of their holiest Saints. They told their countrymen of the wrongs which had been offered by the invaders to earth as well as Heaven, and exhorted them to merit a place in paradise by their behaviour in that day's battle. The Russians answered with shouts. Two deeply interesting circumstances occurred to Napoleon the day before the battle. An officer brought him a portrait of his boy, the king of Rome, which he displayed on the outside of the tent, not only to satisfy the officers, but the soldiers, who crowded to look upon the son of their Emperor. The other was the arrival of an officer from Spain with despatches, giving Napoleon news of the loss of the battle of Salamanca. He bore the tidings with temper and firmness, and soon turned his thoughts alike from domestic enjoyments and foreign defeats, to forming the necessary plans for the action before him.

Davoust proposed a plan for turning the left of the enemy's entrenched line, by following the old road from Smolensko to Moscow, and placing 35,000 men in the flank and rear of that part of the Russian position. This operation was partly to be accomplished by a night march and partly in the morning, while the rest of the army was engaging the enemy's attention in front. Such a movement must have cut off the Russians from their point of retreat on Moscow; and Davoust would have come down from his elevated position, driving every thing before him, advancing from redoubt to redoubt, and dispersing reserve after reserve, till the Russians should no longer have the semblance of an army. Napoleon considered this plan too hazardous, as it would greatly weaken his front line, which might be attacked and broken before Davoust could reach the desired position, he therefore determined that Poniatowski, with about 5000 men should make a demonstration on the enemy's left in the direction proposed by Davoust, and that then a general attack should commence on the Russian right and centre. Foreseeing an obstinate battle he had ordered as much artillery as possible to be brought into line. The French had a thousand pieces of cannon, and the Russians at least an equal number. The battle began about six o'clock in the morning. The gallant Ney attacked the bastioned redoubt on the Russian centre with the greatest violence. He bore down upon them in a solid column, supported by 50 pieces of cannon. The divisions under Davoust and Poniatowski, advanced on the skirts of the wood which supported the left of the Russians, and, flanked by 70 pieces of cannon, they commenced the attack, and were answered by a charge of musketry, which was returned and received in alternate volleys. A dreadful fire commenced at the same time from the redoubt which the French had possessed themselves of on the 5th, while the prince Eugine made efforts to dislodge the enemy from the village of Borodino, and the adjoining fortifications. The battle now became general, and no action was ever more keenly debated, or at such an expenditure of human life.—The cavalry, animated at the exhortations of their generals, galloped up to the very mouths of the Russian guns, and were swept away in hundreds as they approached. The fury of the French onset at length carried the redoubts, but the Russians rallied under the very line of their enemy's fire, and advanced again to the combat to recover their entrenchments. Regiments of peasants, who, till that day had never seen war, and who still had no other uniform than their grey jackets, formed with the steadiness of veterans, crossed their brows, and having uttered their national exclamation,—"God have mercy upon us!"—rushed into the thickest of the battle, where the survivors, without fear or astonishment, closed their ranks over their comrades as they fell, while, supported by a religious sense of predestination, life and death seemed alike indifferent to them. Three hundred pieces of cannon thundered upon their masses as they advanced, and the Russian soldiers died at the foot of those parapets which they had raised with so much labor as a protecting shelter.

There still remained to the Russians their redoubts on the right. General Count Morand marched thither and carried them, but being attacked on all sides he could not maintain himself there. Encouraged by this success, Kutusoff brought up his reserves, the imperial guards forming a part of them, and advanced to try his fortune again. He attacked the French centre, where the battle still raged with unmitigated fury. The discharge of a thousand pieces of cannon from the hostile armies, the continued firing of volleys of musketry, the struggle, arm to arm, of a host of embattled infantry, presented a scene unexampled in the annals of ancient or modern warfare. The Russians were driven back a short distance, where they stood their ground for two hours in close order under the chain-shot of the French, unable to advance, and unwilling to retire. Murat decided their uncertainty.—He caused a terrific charge of cavalry to be made, who penetrated through the breaches made by cannon shot in the condensed masses of the Russians and the squadrons of their cuirassiers—they dispersed on all sides. Count Caulaincourt advanced at the head of a regiment of French cuirassiers, and succeeded in entering the redoubt on the left by its gorge and turned upon the enemy the 21 pieces of cannon which it contained. The Russians, whose desperate efforts had exposed them to such severe loss, were at length commanded to retreat. The battle ended, and left the French victorious. They drew off, however, to their original ground, and allowed the Russians possession of the bloody field, where they buried their dead, and carried off their wounded.

Both parties sustained a dreadful loss in this sanguinary battle. Among that of the Russians, the death of the gallant Prince Bagration, was generally lamented. General Touczkoff also died of his wounds; and many other Russian generals were wounded. Their loss amounted to the awful sum total of fifteen thousand men killed, and more than thirty thousand wounded. The French were supposed to have at least ten thousand men killed, and double the number wounded. Eight French generals were slain, of whom Monbrun and Caulaincourt, brother of the Grand Equerry, were men of distinguished reputation. About thirty other generals were wounded. Some accounts raise the number of slain on both sides to 100,000! In the course of the action the French fired 60,000 cannon-shot. Such was the victory in honor of which Napoleon created Marshal Ney "Prince of Moskwa."

Kutusoff retreated the next day upon Mojaisk, without leaving a single fragment to indicate that he had the day before sustained such an immense loss. Upon the 9th of September the French arrived at Mojaisk, and came again in sight of the Russian guard, and made dispositions to attack them. But on the 11th they found that the Russian army had again disappeared, by a retreat so well conducted, and so effectually masked and concealed, as to leave Napoleon altogether uncertain whether they had taken the road to Moscow, or to Kalouga. Owing to this uncertainty, Napoleon was obliged to remain at Mojaisk till the 12th, when he received positive intelligence that the Russian army had retreated upon their capital.

On the 12th Buonaparte resumed his march, the army having no better guide than the direction of the high road, and the men no better food than horse-flesh and bruised wheat.—Upon the previous day, Murat and Mortier, who led the vanguard, found the Russians strongly posted near Krymskoie, where the inconsiderate valor of the king of Naples brought on an action, in which the French lost two thousand men.—Still Buonaparte pursued the traces of the Russians, because he could not suppose it possible that they would resign their capital without a second struggle. He was the more anxious to meet it, as two divisions of the Italian army, under Laborde and Pino, had joined him from Smolensko, which again carried his numbers, sore thinned after the battle of Borodino, to upwards of 100,000 men.

A council of war, of the Russian generals, had been called, to deliberate on the awful question, whether they should expose the only army which they had in the centre of Russia, to the consequences of a too probable defeat, or whether they should abandon without a struggle, and as a prey to the spoiler, the holy Moscow—the Jerusalem of Russia. To hazard a second battle, was in a great measure to place the fate of their grand army upon the issue; and this was too perilous an adventure even for the protection of the capital. The consideration seems to have prevailed, that Napoleon being now in the centre of Russia, with an army daily diminishing, and the hard season coming on, every hour during which a decisive action could be delayed, was a loss to France, and an advantage to Russia. It was, therefore, determined, that the preservation of the army was more essential to Russia than the defence of Moscow, and it was agreed that the ancient capital of the Czars should be abandoned to its fate.

Count Rostopchin, the governor of Moscow, had, since the commencement of the war, kept up the spirits of the citizens with favorable reports and loyal declarations, qualified to infuse security into the public mind. After the fate of Smolensko, however, and especially after the recommencement of Buonaparte's march eastward, many of the wealthy inhabitants of Moscow removed or concealed their most valuable effects, and left the city themselves. Rostopchin continued, however, his assurances, and took various means to convince the people that there was no danger. Among other contrivances he engaged a great number of females in the task of constructing a very large balloon, from which he was to shower down fire, as the people believed, upon the French army. Under this pretext, he is stated to have collected a large quantity of fire-works and combustibles, actually destined for a very different purpose.

As time passed on, however, the inhabitants become more and more alarmed, and forming a dreadful idea of the French, and of the horrors which would attend their entrance into the city, not only the nobility. gentry, and those of the learned professions, but tradesmen, mechanics and the lower orders in general, left Moscow by thousands, while the governor, though keeping up the language of defiance, did all he could to superintend and encourage the emigration. The archives and public treasures were removed; the magazines, particularly those of provisions, were emptied, as far as time permitted; and the roads, especially to the south, were crowded with files of carriages, and long columns of men, women and children on foot, singing the hymns of their church, and often turning their eyes back to the magnificent city, which was so soon destined to be a pile of ruins.

The Grand Army of Russia arrived in the position of Fili, near the capital; not, it was now acknowledged, to defend the sacred city, but to traverse its devoted streets, associating with their march the garrison, and such of the citizens as were fit to bear arms, and so leave the capital to its fate. On the 14th of September, the troops marched with downcast looks, furled banners and silent drums through the streets of the metropolis, and went out at the Kolonna gate. Their long columns of retreat were followed by the greater part of the remaining population. Meanwhile Rostopchin, ere departing, held a public court of justice. Two men were brought before him, one a Russian, an enthusiast, who had learned in Germany, and been foolish enough to express at Moscow, some of the old French republican doctrines. The other was a Frenchman, whom the near approach of his countrymen had emboldened to hold some indiscreet political language. The father of the Russian delinquent was present He was expected to interfere. He did so; but it was to demand his son's death.

"I grant you," said the governor, "some moments to take leave and to bless him."

"Shall I bless a rebel!" said this Scythian Brutus. "Be my curse upon him that has betrayed his country!"

The criminal was hewed down on the spot.

"Stranger," said Rostopchin to the Frenchman, "thou has been imprudent; yet it is but natural thou shouldst desire the coming of thy countrymen. Be free, then, and go to meet them. Tell them there was one traitor in Russia, and thou hast seen him punished."

The governor then caused the jails to be opened, and the criminals to be set at liberty; and, abandoning the desolate city to these banditti, and a few of the lowest rabble, he mounted his horse, and putting himself at the head of his retainers, followed the march of the army.

CHAP. XX.

Napoleon enters Moscow, and takes up his quarters in the Kremlin.—The "Holy City" plundered by the French and burnt by the Russians. Napoleon proposes peace. Alexander refuses to treat. Napoleon quits Moscow. Battle of Vincova and Malo-Yaraslovetz. Retreat of the French Grand Army. Repeated Defeats and Sufferings of the French. Smolensko. Krasnoi. Heroism of Ney. Passage of the Beresina.—Napoleon quits the army. His arrival at Warsaw—at Dresden—at Paris. Loss of the French Army, 450,000 men.

On the 14th of September 1812, while the rear-guard of the Russians were in the act of evacuating Moscow, Napoleon reached the hill called the Mount of Salvation, because it is there where the natives kneel and cross themselves at first sight of the Holy City.

Moscow seemed lordly and striking as ever, with the steeples of its thirty churches, and its copper domes glittering in the sun; its palaces of Eastern architecture, mingled with trees, and surrounded with gardens; and its Kremlin, a huge triangular mass of towers, something between a palace and a castle, which rose like a citadel out of the general mass of groves and buildings. But not a chimney sent up smoke, not a man appeared on the battlements, or at the gates. Napoleon gazed every moment, expecting to see a train of bearded boyards arriving to fling themselves at his feet, and place their wealth at his disposal. His first exclamation was, "Behold at last that celebrated city!" His next, "It was full time." His army, less regardful of the past or the future, fixed their eyes on the goal of their wishes, and a shout of "Moscow:—Moscow!"—passed from rank to rank.

Meantime no one interrupted his mediations, until a message came from Murat. He had pushed in among the Cossacks, who covered the rear of the Russians, and readily admitted to a parley the chivalrous champion, whom they at once recognised, having so often seen him blazing in the van of the French cavalry. The message which he sent to Buonaparte intimated, that Miloradovitch threatened to burn the town, if his rear was not allowed time to march through it. This was a tone of defiance. Napoleon, however granted the armistice, for which no inhabitants were left to be grateful.

After waiting two hours, he received from some French inhabitants, who had hidden themselves during the evacuation, the strange intelligence that Moscow was deserted by its population. The tidings that a population of two hundred and fifty thousand persons had left their native city was incredible, and Napoleon still commanded the boyards, the public functionaries, to be brought before him; nor could he be convinced of what had actually happened, till they led to his presence some of that refuse of humanity, the only live creatures they could find in the city, but they were wretches of the lowest rank. When he was at last convinced that the desertion of the capital was universal, he smiled bitterly, and said, "The Russians will soon learn better the value of their capital."

The signal was now given for the troops to advance; and the columns, still in a state of wonder at the solitude and silence which received them everywhere, penetrated through that assemblage of huts, mingled with palaces, where it seemed that penury, which had scarce means to obtain the ordinary necessaries of life, had for the next door neighbor all the wealth and profuse expenditure of the East. At once the silence was broken by a volley of musketry, which some miserable fanatics poured from the battlements of the Kremlin on the first French troops that approached the palace of the Czars. These wretches were most of them intoxicated; yet the determined obstinacy with which they threw away their lives, was another feature of that rugged patriotism of which the French had seen, and were yet to see, so many instances.

When he entered the gates of Moscow, Buonaparte, as if unwilling to encounter the sight of the empty streets, stopt immediately on entering the first suburb. His troops were quartered in the desolate city. During the first few hours after their arrival, an obscure rumor, which could not be traced, but one of those which are sometimes found to get abroad before the approach of some awful certainty, announced that the city would be endangered by fire in the course of the night. The report seemed to arise from those evident circumstances which rendered the event probable, but no one took any notice of it, until at midnight, when the soldiers were startled from their quarters by the report that the town was in flames. The memorable conflagration began among the coachmakers' warehouses and workshops in the Bazaar, or general market, which was the richest district of the city. It was imputed to accident, and the progress of the flames was subdued by the exertions of the French soldiers. Napoleon who had been roused by the tumult, hurried to the spot, and when the alarm seemed at an end, he retired, not to his former quarters in the suburbs, but to the Kremlin, the hereditary palace of the only sovereign whom he had ever treated as an equal, and over whom his successful arms had now obtained such an apparently immense superiority. Yet he did not suffer himself to be dazzled by the advantage he had obtained, but availed himself of the blazing Bazaar, to write to the Emperor proposals of peace with his own hand. They were despatched by a Russian officer of rank, who had been disabled by indisposition from following the army. But no answer was ever returned.

Next day the flames had disappeared, and the French officers luxuriously employed themselves in selecting out of the deserted palaces of Moscow, that which best pleased the fancy of each for his residence. At night the flames again arose in the north and west quarters of the city. As far the greater part of the houses were built of wood, the conflagration spread with the most dreadful rapidity. This was at first imputed to the blazing brands and sparkles which were carried by the wind; but at length it was observed, that, as often as the wind changed, and it changed three times in that dreadful night, new flames broke always forth in that direction, where the existing gale was calculated to direct them on the Kremlin. These horrors were increased by the chance of explosion. There was, though as yet unknown to the French, a magazine of powder in the Kremlin; besides that a park of artillery, with its ammunition, was drawn up under the Emperor's window. Morning came, and with it a dreadful scene. During the whole night, the metropolis had glared with an untimely and unnatural light. It was now covered with a thick and suffocating atmosphere, of almost palpable smoke. The flames defied the efforts of the French soldiery, and it is said that the fountains of the city had been rendered inaccessible, the water-pipes cut, and the fire-engines destroyed or carried off.

Then came the reports of fire-balls having been found burning in deserted houses; of men and women, that, like demons, had been seen openly spreading the flames, and who were said to be furnished with combustibles for rendering their dreadful work more secure. Several wretches against whom such acts had been charged, were seized upon, and shot on the spot. While it was almost impossible to keep the roof of the Kremlin clear of the burning brands which showered down the wind, Napoleon watched from the windows the course of the fire which devoured his fair conquest, and the exclamation burst from him, "These are indeed Scythians."

The equinoctial gales rose higher upon the third night, and extended the flames, with which there was no longer any human power capable of contending. At the dread hour of midnight, the Kremlin itself was found to be on fire. A soldier of the Russian police, charged with being the incendiary, was turned over to the summary vengeance of the Imperial Guard. Buonaparte was then, at length persuaded, by the entreaties of all around him, to relinquish his quarters in the Kremlin, to which, as the visible mark of his conquest, he had seemed to cling with the tenacity of a lion holding a fragment of his prey. He encountered both difficulty and danger in retiring from the palace, and before he could gain the city gate, he had to traverse with his suite streets arched with fire, and in which the very air they breathed was suffocating. At length, he gained the open country, and took up his abode in a palace of the Czar's called Petrowsky, about a French league from the city. As he looked back on the fire, which, under the influence of the autumnal wind, swelled and surged around the Kremlin, like an infernal ocean around a sable Pandemonium, he could not suppress the ominous expression, "this bodes us great misfortune."

The fire continued to triumph unopposed, and consumed in a few days what it had cost centuries to raise. "Palaces and temples," says a Russian author, "monuments of art, and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages which had passed away, and those which had been the creation of yesterday; the tombs of ancestors, and the nursery-cradles of the present generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of the city, and the deep resolution to avenge its fall."

The fire raged till the 19th with unabated violence, and then began to slacken for want of fuel. It is said, four-fifths of this great city was laid in ruins. On the 20th, Buonaparte returned to the Kremlin; and as if in defiance of the terrible scene which he had witnessed, took measures as if he were disposed to make Moscow his residence for some time. He caused a theatre to be fitted up, and plays to be acted by performers sent from Paris, to show perhaps that it was not in the most terrible of elements to overawe his spirit, or interrupt his usual habits of life.

Buonaparte's object in pressing on to the capital at every risk, was to grasp a pledge, for the redemption of which he had no doubt Alexander would be glad to make peace on his own terms. But the prize of his victory, however fair to the sight, had, like that fabled fruit said to grow on the banks of the Dead Sea, proved in the end but soot and ashes. Moscow, indeed, he had seized, but it had perished in his grasp; and far from being able to work upon Alexander's fears for its safety, it was reasonable to think that its total destruction had produced the most vehement resentment on the part of the Russian monarch, since Napoleon received not even the civility of an answer to his conciliatory letter. And thus the acquisition so much desired as the means of procuring peace, had become, by this catastrophe, the cause of the most irreconcilable enmity.

Neither was it a trifling consideration, that Napoleon had lost by this dreadful fire, a great part of the supplies, which he expected the capture of the metropolis would have contributed for the support of his famished army. Had there existed in Moscow the usual population of a capital, he would have found the usual modes of furnishing its markets in full activity. These, doubtless, are not of the common kind, for provisions are sent to this capital, not, as is usual from fertile districts around the city, but from distant regions whence they are brought by water-carriage in the summer, and by sledges, which travel on the ice and frozen snow, in the winter time. To Moscow, with its usual inhabitants, these supplies must have been remitted as usual, lest the numerous population of 250,000 and upwards, should be famished, as well as the enemy's army. But Moscow deserted, Moscow burnt, and reduced to mountains of cinders and ashes,– had no occasion for such supplies; nor was it to be supposed that the provinces from which they were usually remitted, would send them to a heap of ruins, where there remained none to be fed, save the soldiers of the invading army.—This conviction came with heavy anticipation on the Emperor of France and his principal officers.

Meanwhile, the ruins of Moscow, and the remnant which was left standing, afforded the common soldiers an abundance of booty during their short day of rest; and, as is their nature, they enjoyed the present moment without thinking of futurity. The army was dispersed over the city, plundering at pleasure whatever they could find; sometimes discovering quantities of melted gold and silver, sometimes rich merchandise and precious articles, of which they knew not the value; sometimes articles of luxury, which contrasted strangely with their general want of comforts, and even necessaries. It was not uncommon to see the most tattered, shoeless wretches sitting among bales of rich merchandise, or displaying costly shawls, precious furs and vestments, rich with barbaric gold and pearl. In another place, there were to be seen soldiers possessed of tea, sugar, coffee and similar luxuries, while the same individuals could scarce procure carrion to eat, or muddy water to drink. Of sugar, in particular, they had such quantities, that they mixed it with their horse-flesh soup.—The whole was a contrast of the wildest and most lavish excess, with the last degree of necessity, disgusting to witness, and most ominous in its presage. They esteemed themselves happiest of all, who could procure intoxicating liquors, and escape by some hours of insensibility from the scene of confusion around them.

Napoleon and his officers toiled hard to restore some degree of organization to the army. The plundering, which could not be discontinued, was latterly set about more regularly; and detachments were sent to pillage the ruins of Moscow, as in turn of duty. The rest of the troops were withdrawn from the city, or confined to their quarters in the buildings which remained entire. Everything was done to protect the few peasants, who brought provisions to the camp for sale. Nevertheless few appeared, and at length not one was to be seen. The utmost exertion, therefore, could not, it was obvious, render Moscow a place of rest for many days; and the difficulty of choosing the route by which to leave it, became now an embarrassing consideration.

There were three modes of proceeding on evacuating Moscow, all of which had in their turn Napoleon's anxious consideration. First he might march on St. Petersburg, and deal with the modern, as he had with the ancient capital of Russia. This counsel best suited the daring genius of Napoleon, ever bent upon the game by which all is to be lost, or all won. The second proposed measure, was to move southwards upon the fertile province of Kalouga, and thence to proceed westward towards Smolensko, which was their first depot. In this route Napoleon must have fought a general action with Kutusoff, who had taken a position to the south of Moscow. The third plan was, to return by the route on which he had advanced, and on which, by a few places hastily fortified, he still preserved a precarious communication with Smolensko, Witepsk, and so on to Wilna.—This line, however, lay through the countries which had been totally destroyed and wasted by the advance of the army, and where all the villages and hamlets had been burned and abandoned, either by the French or the Russians themselves. To take this direction was to confront famine.

Napoleon's hesitation on this important point, was increased by the eagerness with which he still adhered to his own plan for the conclusion of the war, by a triumphant peace with Alexander, concluded on the ruins of his capital. He at length sent Count Lauriston to the head-quarters of Kutusoff, with another letter to Alexander, which the count was to deliver in person. Kutusoff received the Frenchman in the midst of all his generals, and answered with such civility that the envoy doubted not of success. The end, however, was, that the Russian professed himself altogether unable to entertain any negotiation, or even to sanction the journey of any French messenger—such being, he said, the last and most express orders of his prince. He offered to send on Napoleon's letter to St. Petersburg by one of his own aides-de-camp; and to this Lauriston was obliged to agree. This interview occurred on the 6th of October; no answer from St. Petersburg could be expected sooner than the 26th.—There had been already one fall of snow. To retreat, after having a second time written to the Czar, would appear like the confession of inability to remain. The difficulty and dangers attendant on a longer sojourn in the ruined capital have already been mentioned; and they were increasing with fearful rapidity every hour. It was under such circumstances that Napoleon lingered on in the Kremlin until the 19th of October; and it seems probable that he would have lingered even more days there, had he not received the tidings of a new reverse, near at hand, and which effectually stirred him. His attendants have not hesitated to say, that from the time when he entered Russia, his mind had seemed to be in a state of indecision and lethargy, when compared with what they had been accustomed to witness in previous campaigns. From this hour his decision and activity(if indeed they had ever been obscured) appear to have been displayed abundantly.

Murat had, without Napoleon's command, and indeed in opposition to his wishes, established a strange species of armistice with Kutusoff, under articles which provided that three hours' notice must precede any regular affair between the two armies confronted to each other, but allowed the petty warfare of the Cossacks and other light troops to proceed without interruption on either flank. This armistice was broken through as soon as Kutusoff had sufficiently disciplined the new recruits who had crowded to his standard from every region of the empire. Murat then received considerable reinforcements from Moscow, together with Napoleon's commands to gain possession, if possible, of one of the roads leading to Kalouga. There, and at Toula, the chief magazines of the Russian army were known to be established; and, moreover, by retiring in that direction towards Poland (should a retreat finally be found necessary,) Napoleon counted on the additional and far greater advantage of traversing a country hitherto unwasted.

Murat, accordingly, pushed his light troops over a new district; and had the mortification to find the Russian system of defence persevered in wherever he advanced. The splendid country house of Rostopchin was burned to the ground, ere the French reached it; and the following letter, affixed to its gates, breathed the same spirit which had dared to sacrifice Moscow;—"I have for eight years embellished this residence, and lived happily in it with my family. The inhabitants of the estate, in number 1720, quit it at your approach; and I set fire to my house, that it may not be polluted with your presence."

Kutusoff was no longer disposed to witness in inaction the progress of Murat. He divined that Napoleon must at last be convinced of the necessity of abandoning Moscow, and determined that at all events he should not make his retreat in the direction of Kalouga. General Bennigsen was ordered to attack Murat, on the 18th of October, at Vincovo; the result was decidedly in favor of the Russians in whose hands there remained nearly 3000 prisoners, and forty pieces of artillery. The cannonade was heard at the Kremlin; and no sooner did the issue of the day reach Napoleon, than he made up his mind to march his whole army to the support of the king of Naples.

The French army, which filed from the gates of Moscow, and which continued to move on in a living mass for many hours, comprehended about 120,000 men, indifferently well appointed, and marching in good order. They were followed by no less than 550 pieces of cannon, a train beyond proportion to their numbers, and 2,000 artillery waggons. So far the march had a martial and imposing aspect. But in the rear of these came a confused crowd of many thousands consisting of followers of the camp, stragglers who had rejoined it, and prisoners, many of them employed in carrying, or driving forward in wheelbarrows, the spoil of the conquerors.

Kutusoff now perceived that he had to expect the attack of a greater than Murat. The Russian general occupied a position at Taroutino, on the old road to Kalouga (the central one of three nearly parallel routes,) so strong by nature, and so improved by art, that Napoleon judged it hopeless to attack him there. He therefore made a lateral movement, and pushed on by the western road, meaning, after he had passed Taroutino, to strike back again into the central one, and so interpose himself between Kutusoff and Kalouga.—The Russians, however, penetrated this plan; and instantly, by a manœuvre of precisely the same kind—marching to the eastward, and thence back to the centre again,—baffled it.—The French van, having executed the first part of their orders, and regained the middle road in the rear of Taroutino, advanced without opposition as far as Malo-Yaraslovetz, and occupied that town. But at midnight they were assaulted furiously within it, and driven back across the river Louja, where the leading divisions of the army bivouacked. Early in the morning the French retook Malo-Yaraslovetz at the point of the bayonet, and the greater part of the day was spent in a succession of obstinate contests, in the course of which the town five times changed masters. In the evening, Napoleon came up with his main body. He found his troops, indeed, in possession of the place; but beyond it, his generals informed him, Kutusoff and his whole army were now posted, and this on a position at least as strong as that of Taroutino, which he himself had considered unassailable.

The Emperor's head-quarters were in the wretched hut of a poor weaver, and here an angry debate ensued between Murat and Davoust; the former of whom urged the necessity of instantly attacking the Russians, while the latter pronounced such an attempt to be worthy of a madman. The Emperor heard them in silence, and declared that he would judge for himself in the morning.

At day-break he passed the Louja, with a few attendants, for the purpose of reconnoitring Kutusoff's position. He had scarcely crossed the bridge, when a party of Platoff's Cossacks, galloping furiously, and sweeping some scattered companies of the French before them, came full upon the Emperor and his suite. Napoleon was urged to seek safety in flight; but he drew his sword and took post on the bank by the way-side. The wild spearmen, intent on booty, plunged on immediately below him, and after stripping some soldiers, retired again at full speed to their pulk, without having observed the inestimable prize. The Emperor watched their retreat, and continued his reconnoissance. It satisfied him that Davoust had judged rightly.

He made another effort to force a passage southwards at Medyn; but here also he was repelled, and forced to abandon the attempt. Meantime, the army which had occupied Moscow began to send forth its Cossacks on his rear. In a word, it became apparent that if the retreat were to be urged, it must now be in the direction of Verreia and Smolensko; that is, through the same provinces which had been entirely wasted in the earlier part of the campaign.

Kutusoff, whether merely overpowered for the moment with that vague sentiment which Buonaparte's name had hitherto been accustomed to inspire, or that he knew of a still better position nearer Kalouga, was, in fact, retiring from his strong ground behind Malo-Yaraslovetz, at the moment when the French began to break up from the Louja. No sooner, however, was that movement known, than the Russian penetrated the extent of his adversary's embarrassments; and Platoff, with the Cossacks, received orders to hang close on the French rear, while Milarodowitch, with 18,000 men, pushed directly on Viasma; and the main army, taking a parallel, and a shorter, though less practicable route, marched also with the view of watching the retreat on Smolensko.

On the 28th of October, Napoleon himself, with 6000 chosen horse, began his journey towards Smolensko; the care of bringing up the main body being given to Beauharnois, while Ney commanded the rear. From the commencement of this march, hardly a day elapsed in which some new calamity did not befall those hitherto invincible legions. The Cossacks of Platoff came on one division at Kolotsk, near Borodino, on the 1st of November, and gave them a total defeat. A second division was attacked on the day after, and with nearly equal success, by the irregular troops of Count Orloff Denizoff. On the 3d, Milarodowitch reached the main road near Viasma, and after routing Ney, Davoust and Beauharnois, drove them through the town, which he entered with drums beating and colors flying, and making a passage for the rest of the army over the dead bodies of the enemy. Beauharnois, after this, separated his division from the rest, and endeavoured to push for Vitepsk, by the way of Douchowtchina, and Platoff followed him, while Milarodowitch continued the pursuit on the main road. The separation of troops so pressed is a sufficient proof that they were already suffering severely for want of food; but their miseries were about to be heightened by the arrival of a new enemy. On the 6th of November, the Russian winter fairly set in; and thenceforth, between the heavy columns of regular troops which on every side watched and threatened them, the continual assaults of the Cossacks, who hung around them in clouds by day and by night, rushing on every detached party, disturbing every bivouac, breaking up bridges before, and destroying every straggler behind them, and the terrible severity of the climate, the frost, the snow, the wind—the sufferings of this once magnificent army were such as to baffle all description.

The enormous train of artillery which Napoleon had insisted on bringing away from Moscow was soon diminished; and the roads were blocked up with the spoils of the city; abandoned of necessity as the means of transport failed. The horses having been ill fed for months, were altogether unable to resist the united effects of cold and fatigue. They sank and stiffened by hundreds and by thousands. The starving soldiery slew others of these animals, that they might drink their warm blood, and wrap themselves in their yet reeking skins. The discipline of these miserable bands vanished.—Ney was indeed able to keep together some battalions of the rear guard, and present a bold aspect to the pursuers—the Marshal himself not disdaining to bear a firelock, and share the meanest fatigues of his followers; but elsewhere there remained hardly the shadow of military order. Small and detached bodies of men moved, like soldiers, on the highway—the immense majority dispersed themselves over the ice and snow which equalized the surface of the fields on either side, and there sustained from time to time the rapid and merciless charge of the Cossacks.

Beauharnois, meantime, discovered, ere he had advanced far on his separate route, that Witgenstein, having defeated successively St. Cyr and Victor on the Dwina, was already in possession of Vitepsk. The Viceroy therefore was compelled to turn back towards the Smolensko road. Platoff turned with him, and brought him once more to action, "killing many," said the Hetman's despatch, "but making few prisoners." The army of Italy, if it could still be called an army, mingled with the few troops who still preserved some show of order under Ney, ere they came in sight of Smolensko, and communicated to them their own terror and confusion.

Meanwhile, the Russian "army of Volhynia," after it was strengthened by the arrival of Tchichagoff from the Danube, had been able to bear down all the opposition of Schwartzenberg and Regnier; had driven their forces before them, and taken possession of Napoleon's great depot, Minsk, from which they might hope ere long to communicate with Witgenstein. The armies of Witgenstein and Tchichagoff were then about to be in communication with each other, and in possession of those points at which Napoleon was most likely to attempt his escape from Smolensko into Poland; while the main army itself, having advanced side by side with the French, was now stationed to the south-west of Smolensko, in readiness to break the enemy's march whenever Kutusoff should choose: Milarodowitch, finally, and Platoff, were hanging close behind, and thinning every hour the miserable bands who had no longer heart, nor, for the most part, arms of any kind, wherewith to resist them. But the whole extent of these misfortunes was not known to any of the French generals, nor even to Napoleon himself, at the time when Beauharnois and Ney at length entered Smolensko.

The name of that town had hitherto been the only spell that preserved any hope within the soldiers on the retreat.—There, they had been told, they should find food, clothing, and supplies of all sorts; and there, being once more assembled under the eye of the Emperor, they would speedily reassume an aspect, such as none of the northern barbarians would dare to brave.

But these expectations were cruelly belied. Smolensko had been, as we have seen, almost entirely destroyed by the Russians in the early part of the campaign. Its ruined walls afforded only a scanty shelter to the famished and shivering fugitives; and the provisions assembled there were so inadequate to the demands of the case, that after the lapse of a few days Buonaparte found himself under the necessity of once more renewing his disastrous march. He had, as yet, received no intelligence of the capture of Minsk by Tchichagoff. It was in that direction, accordingly, that he resolved to force his passage into Poland.

Although the grand army had mustered 120,000 when it left Moscow, and the fragments of various divisions besides had met the Emperor at Smolensko, it was with great difficulty that 40,000 men could now be brought together, in any thing like a fighting condition. These Napoleon divided into four columns, nearly equal in numbers; of the first, which included 6000 of the imperial guard, he himself took the command, and marched with it towards Krasnoi, the first town on the way to Minsk; the second corps was that of Eugene Beauharnois; the third, Davoust's; and the fourth, destined for the perilous service of the rear, and accordingly strengthened with 3000 of the guard, was entrusted to the heroic guidance of Ney. The Emperor left Smolensko on the 13th of November, having ordered that the other corps should follow him on the 14th, 15th, and 16th, respectively; thus interposing a day's march between every two divisions.

He himself, with his columns, reached Krasnoi unmolested, although the whole of the Russian army, moving on a parallel road, were in full observation of his march. Eugene, who followed him, was, however, interrupted on his way by Milarodowitch, and after sustaining the contest gallantly against very disproportionate numbers, and a terrible cannonade, was at length saved only by the fall of night. During the darkness, the Viceroy executed a long and hazardous detour, and joined the Emperor in Krasnoi, on the 17th. On this night-march they fell in with the videttes of another of Kutusoff's columns, and owed their preservation to the quickness of a Polish soldier, who answered the challenge in Russian. The loss, however, had been severe; the two leading divisions, now united in Krasnoi, mustered scarcely 15,000.

Napoleon was most anxious to secure the passage of the Dnieper at Liady, and immediately gave Eugene the command of the van, with orders to march on this point; but he was warned by the losses which his son-in-law had undergone, of the absolute necessity of waiting at Krasnoi until Davoust and Ney should be able to come up with him. He determined, therefore, to abide at Krasnoi, with 6000 of the guard, and another corps of 5000, whatever numbers Kutusoff might please to bring against him. He drew his sword, and said, "I have long enough played the Emperor—I must be the general once more."

In vain was Kutusoff urged to seize this opportunity of pouring an irresistible force on the French position. The veteran commanded a cannonade—and, as he had one hundred pieces of artillery well placed, the ranks of the enemy were thinned considerably. But, excepting one or two isolated charges of cavalry, he adventured on no closer collision; and Napoleon held his ground in face of all that host, until nightfall, when Davoust's division, surrounded and pursued by innumerable Cossacks, at length were enabled to rally once more around his head-quarters.

He had the mortification to learn, however, that Ney was probably still at Smolensko, and that a Russian force had marched on towards Liady, with the design of again intercepting Eugene. The Emperor, therefore, once more divided his numbers—pushed on in person to support Beauharnois and secure Liady—and left Davoust and Mortier to hold out as long as possible at Krasnoi, in the hope of being there joined by Ney. Long, however, ere that gallant chief could reach this point, the Russians, as if the absence of Napoleon had at once restored all their energy, rushed down and forced on Davoust and Mortier the battle which the Emperor had in vain solicited. On that fatal field the French left forty-five cannon and 6000 prisoners, besides the slain and the wounded. The remainder with difficulty effected their escape to Liady, where Napoleon once more received them, and crossed the Dnieper.

Ney, meanwhile, having, in execution of Napoleon's parting injunctions, blown up whatever remained of the walls and towers of Smolensko, at length set his rear-guard in motion, and advanced to Krasnoi, without being harrassed by any enemy except Platoff, whose Cossacks entered Smolensko ere he could wholly abandon it. The field, strewn with many thousand corpses, informed him sufficiently that a new disaster had befallen the fated army. Yet he continued to advance on the footsteps of those who had thus shattered Davoust and Mortier, and met with no considerable interruption until he reached the ravine in which the rivulet Losmina has its channel. A thick mist lay on the ground, and Ney was almost on the brink of the ravine ere he perceived that it was manned throughout by Russians, while the opposite banks displayed a long line of batteries, deliberately arranged, and all the hills behind were covered with troops.

A Russian officer appeared, and summoned Ney to capitulate. "A marshal of France never surrenders," was his intrepid answer; and immediately the batteries, distant only 250 yards, opened a tremendous storm of grape shot. Ney, nevertheless, had the hardihood to plunge into the ravine, clear a passage over the stream, and charge the Russians at their guns. His small band was repelled with fearful slaughter; but he renewed his efforts from time to time during the day, and at night, though with numbers much diminished, still occupied his original position in the face of a whole army interposed between him and Napoleon.

The Emperor had by this time given up all hope of ever again seeing any thing of his rear column. But during the ensuing night, Ney effected his escape; nor does the history of war present many such examples of apparently insuperable difficulties overcome by the union of skill and valor.—The marshal broke up his bivouac at midnight, and marched back from the Losmina, until he came on another stream, which he concluded must flow also into the Dnieper. He followed this guide, and at length reached the great river at a place where it was frozen over, though so thinly that the ice bent and crackled beneath the feet of the men, who crossed in single files. The waggons laden with the wounded, and what great guns were still with Ney, were too heavy for this frail bridge. They attempted the passage at different points, and one after another went down, amid the shrieks of the dying and the groans of the lookers-on. The Cossacks had by this time gathered hard behind, and swept up many stragglers, besides the sick. But Ney had achieved his great object; and on the 20th, he, with his small and devoted band, joined the Emperor once more at Oresa. Napoleon received him in his arms, hailed him as "the bravest of the brave," and declared that he would have given all his treasures to be assured of his safety.

The Emperor was once more at the head of his united army. Between Smolensko and the Dnieper the Russians had taken 228 guns, and 26,000 prisoners; and, in a word, having mustered 40,000 effective men at leaving Smolensko, Napoleon could count only 12,000, after Ney had joined him at Oresa. Of these there were but 150 cavalry; and, to remedy this defect, officers still in possession of horses, to the number of 500, were now formed into a "sacred band," as it was called, for immediate attendance on the Emperor's person. The small fragment of the once gigantic force, had no sooner recovered something like the order of discipline, than once more it was set in motion.

But scarcely had the Emperor passed the Dnieper, when he received the tidings of the fall of Minsk, and the subsequent retreat of Schwartzenberg towards Warsaw. It was therefore necessary to alter his plan, and force a passage into Poland to the northward of that great depot. It was necessary, moreover, to do this without loss of time, for the Emperor well knew that Witgenstein had been as successful on his right flank, as Tchichagoff on his left; and that these generals might soon be, if they already were not, in communication with each other, and ready to unite all their forces for the defence of the next great river on his route—the Beresina

Napoleon had hardly resolved to attempt the passage of this river at Borizoff, ere, to renew all his perplexities, he received intelligence that Witgenstein had defeated Dombrowski there, and retained possession of the town and bridge.—Victor and Oudinot, indeed, advanced immediately to succour Dombrowski, and retook Borizoff; but Witgenstein burnt the bridge ere he recrossed the Beresina. Imperfect as Victor's success was, Napoleon did not hear of it immediately. He determined to pass the Beresina higher up, at Studzianska, and forthwith threw himself into the huge forests which border that river; adopting every stratagem by which his enemies could be puzzled as to the immediate object of his march.

His 12,000 men, brave and determined, but no longer preserving in their dress, nor, unless when the trumpet blew, in their demeanour, a soldier-like appearance, were winding their way amid these dark woods, when suddenly the air around them was filled with sounds which could only proceed from the march of some far greater host. They were preparing for the worst, when they found themselves in presence of the advanced guard of the united army of Victor and Oudinot, who had, indeed been defeated by Witgenstein, but still mustered 50,000 men, completely equipped, and hardly shaken in discipline. With what feelings must these troops have surveyed the miserable, half-starved and half-clad remains of that "grand army," their own detachment from whose banners had, some few short months before, filled every bosom among them with regret.

Having melted the poor relics of his Moscow army into these battalions, Napoleon now continued his march on Studzianska; employing, however, all his wit to confirm Tchichagoff in the notion that he meant to pass the Beresina at a different place, and this with so much success, that Tchaplitz, with the Russian rear-guard, abandoned a strong position, commanding the river, during the very night which preceded his appearance there. Two bridges were erected, and Oudinot had passed over, ere Tchaplitz perceived his mistake, and returned again towards Studzianska.

Discovering that the passage had already begun, and that in consequence of the narrowness of the only two bridges, it must needs proceed slowly, Tchichagoff and Witgenstein now arranged a joint plan of attack. The latter once more passed to the eastern bank of the river, and, having wholly cut off one division of 7000, under Partonneaux, not far from Borizoff, proceeded towards Studzianska. Platoff and his indefatigable Cossacks joined Witgenstein on this march, and they arrived long ere the rear-guard of Napoleon could pass the river. But the operations on the other side of the Beresina were far less zealously or skilfully conducted. Tchichagoff was in vain urged to support effectually Tchaplitz; who attacked the French that had passed, and being repelled by Victor, left them in unmolested possession, not only of the bridges on the Beresina, but of long wooden causeways, extending for miles beyond the river, over deep and dangerous morasses, and which, being composed of old dry timber, would have required, says Segur, "to destroy them utterly, but a few sparks from the Cossacks' tobacco-pipes."

In spite of this neglect, and of the altogether extraordinary conduct of Kutusoff, who still persisted in marching in a line parallel with Napoleon, and refusing to hazard any more assaults, the passage of the Beresina was one of the most fearful scenes recorded in the annals of war. Victor, with the rear division, consisting of 8000 men, was still on the eastern side when Witgenstein and Platoff appeared on the heights above them. The still numerous retainers of the camp, crowds of sick, wounded and women, and the greater part of the artillery were in the same situation. When the Russian cannon began to open upon this multitude, crammed together near the bank, and each anxiously expecting the turn to pass, a shriek of utter terror ran through them, and men, women, horses and waggons rushed at once, pell-mell, upon the bridges. The larger of these, intended solely for waggons and cannon, ere long broke down, precipitating all that were upon it into the dark half-frozen stream. The scream that rose at this moment, says one that heard it, "did not leave my ears for weeks; it was heard clear and loud over the hurrahs of the Cossacks, and all the roar of artillery." The remaining bridge was now the only resource, and all indiscriminately endeavored to gain a footing on it. Squeezed, trampled, forced over the ledges, cut down by each other, and torn by the incessant shower of the Russian cannonade, they fell and died in thousands. Victor stood his ground bravely until late in the evening, and then conducted his division over the bridge.

There still remained behind a great number of the irregular attendants, besides those soldiers who had been wounded during the battle, and guns and baggage-carts enough to cover a whole meadow. The French now fired the bridge, and all these were abandoned to their fate. The Russian account states, that when the Beresina thawed after that winter's frost, 36,000 bodies were found in its bed.

Tchaplitz was joined in his pursuit of the survivors by Witgenstein and Platoff, and nothing could have saved Napoleon but the unexpected arrival of a fresh division under Maison, sent forward from Poland by Maret, Duke of Bassano.

But the severity of the winter began now to be intense, and the sufferings of the army thus recruited were such, that discipline ere long disappeared, except among a few thousands of hardy veterans, over whose spirits the Emperor and Ney preserved some influence. The assaults of the Cossacks continued as before; the troops often performed their march by night, by the light of torches, in the hope of escaping their merciless pursuers. When they halted, they fell asleep in hundreds to wake no more. Their enemies found them frozen to death around the ashes of their watch-fires. It is said, among other horrors, that more than once they found poor famished wretches endeavoring to broil the flesh of their dead comrades.

On the 3d of December Napoleon reached Malodeczno, and announced to his marshals that the news he had received from Paris, and the uncertain nature of the relations with some of his allies, rendered it indispensable for him to quit his army without further delay. They were now, he said, almost within sight of Poland; they would find plenty of every thing at Wilna. It was his business to prepare at home the means of opening the next campaign in a manner worthy of the great nation. At Smorgoni, on the 5th, the garrison of Wilna met him; and then, having intrusted to these fresh troops the protection of the rear, and given the chief command to Murat, he finally bade adieu to the relics of his host. He set off at midnight in a traineau, accompanied by Caulaincourt, whose name he assumed: two other vehicles of the same kind followed, containing two officers of rank, Rustan, the Emperor's favorite Mameluke, and one domestic besides.

Having narrowly escaped being taken by a party of irregular Russians at Youpranoui, Napoleon reached Warsaw at nightfall, on the 10th of December. His ambassador there, the Abbe De Pradt, who had as yet heard no distinct accounts of the progress of events, was unexpectedly visited by Caulaincourt, who abruptly informed him that the grand army was no more. The Abbe accompained Caulaincourt to an obscure inn, where the Emperor, wrapped in a fur cloak, was walking up and down rapidly, beside a newly-lit fire. He was received with an air of gayety, which for a moment disconcerted him; and proceeded to mention that the inhabitants of the grand-dutchy were beginning to show symptoms of disaffection, and even of a desire to reconcile themselves with the Prussians, under whose yoke they feared they were destined to return. The Abbe expressed his own satisfaction that the Emperor had escaped from so many dangers.—"Dangers," cried Napoleon, "there were none—I have beat the Russians in every battle—I live but in dangers—it is for kings of Cockaigne to sit at home at ease. My army is in a superb condition still—it will be recruited at leisure at Wilna, and I go to bring up 300,000 men more from France. I quit my army with regret, but I must watch Austria and Prussia, and I have more weight on my throne than at head-quarters. The Russians will be rendered fool-hardy by their successes—I shall beat them in a battle or two on the Oder, and be on the Niemen again within a month."

Resuming his incognito and his journey, Napoleon reached Dresden on the evening of the 14th of December, where the king of Saxony visited him secretly at his inn and renewed his assurances of fidelity. He arrived at the Tuilleries on the 18th, late at night, after the Empress had retired to rest. He entered the ante-chamber, to the confusion of her attendants, who at length recognised him with a cry that roused Maria Louisa from her slumbers; and Napoleon was welcomed with all the warmth of undiminished affection.

We return to the grand army, or rather to the assemblage of those who had once belonged to it, for of an army it had scarce the semblance left. The soldiers of the Imperial Guard, who had hitherto made it their pride to preserve some degree of discipline, would, after the departure of Napoleon, give obedience to the orders of no one else. Murat, to whom the chief command had been delegated, seemed scarcely to use it, nor when he did was he obeyed. If Ney, and some of the marshals, still retained authority, they were only attended to from habit, or because the instinct of discipline revived when the actual battle drew near.

Still, some degree of order is so essential to human society, that, even in that disorganized mass, the stragglers, which now comprehended almost the whole army, divided into little bands, who assisted each other, and had sometimes the aid of a miserable horse, which, when it fell down under the burden of what they had piled on it, was torn to pieces and eaten, while life was yet palpitating in its veins. These bands had chiefs selected from among themselves. But this species of union, though advantageous on the whole, led to particular evils. Those associated into such a fraternity, would communicate to none save those of their own party, a mouthful of rye-dongh, which, seasoned with gunpowder for want of salt, and eaten with a bouille of horse-flesh, formed the best part of their food. Neither would they permit a stranger to warm himself at their fires, and when spoil was found, two of these companies often, especially if of different countries, fought for the possession of it; and a handful of meal was a sufficient temptation for putting to death the wretch who could not defend his booty.

To enhance misfortunes so dreadful, the cold, which had been for some time endurable, increased on the 6th of December, to the most bitter degree of frost, being 27 or 28 degrees below zero. Many dropped down and expired in silence, the blood of others was determined to the head by the want of circulation; it gushed at length from the eyes and mouth, and the wretches sank down on the gory snow and were relieved by death. At the night bivouacs, the soldiers approached their frozen limbs to the fire so closely, that, falling asleep in that posture, their feet were scorched to the bone, while their hair was frozen to the ground. In this condition they were often found by the Cossacks, and happy were those on whom the pursuers bestowed a thrust with the lance to finish their misery. Other horrors there were, which are better left in silence. Enough has been said to show, that such a calamity, in such an extent, never before darkened the pages of history. In this horrible retreat, twenty thousand recruits had joined the army since crossing the Beresina, where, including the corps of Oudinot and Victor, they amounted to 80,000 men. But of this sum of 80,000 men, one half perished between the Beresina and the walls of Wilna.

In such a plight did the army arrive at Wilna, where great provision had been made for their reception. The magazines were groaning with plenty, but, as at Smolensko, the administrators and commissioners, terrified for their own responsibility, dared not issue provisions to a disorderly mob, who could neither produce authority for drawing rations, nor give a regular receipt. The famished wretches fell down in the streets before the magazines and died there, cursing with their latest breath the ill-timed punctiliousness of office, which refused to starving men the morsel that might have saved their lives. In other places of the town, stores of provision and liquors were broken open by the desperate soldiery, plundered and wasted. Numbers became intoxicated, and to those, as they sank down in the streets, death came before sobriety. The sick who went to the hospitals, found them crowded not only with the dying, but with dead, whose corpses were left to freeze or to putrify on the stairs and in the corridors, and sometimes in the apartments of those who yet survived. Such were the comforts of Wilna, from which so much had been hoped.

Still, however, some of the citizens, moved by pity or terror, or from desire of gain, (for many soldiers had still about their persons some remnants of the spoils of Moscow,) were willing to give lodging and food to these exhausted phantoms, who begged such relief sometimes with furious threats and imprecations, sometimes in the plaintive tone of men ready to perish. Distributions began to be made at the public stores; and men who for long had not eat a morsel of bread, or reposed themselves upon any better lair than the frozen earth, or under any other canopy save that of the snow-fraught sky, deemed it Paradise to enjoy the most common household comforts, of which we think so little while we enjoy them, yet are miserable when they are abridged or withdrawn.—Some wept for joy at receiving an ordinary loaf of bread, and finding themselves at liberty to eat it, seated, and under a roof.

On a sudden the repast, which seemed earnest of a return to safety and to social life, was disturbed by a distant cannonade, which came nigher and nigher—then by the fire of musketry—at length by their own drums beating to arms in the streets. Every alarm was in vain; even the Imperial Guard no longer attended to the summons. The soldiers were weary of their lives, and it seems as if they would have been contented to perish like the Jews in the wilderness, with their food betwixt their teeth. At length the distant hourra, and the nearer cry of Cossacks! Cossacks! which for some time had been their most available signal for marching, compelled them to tear themselves from their refreshment, and rush into the street.

They fled once more, with such of their baggage as could be most easily got into motion; but many fell beneath the spears of the Cossacks, and not a few, it is said, were butchered deliberately in the moment of their perplexity, by their Lithuanian hosts, the same Polish Jews who had already inflicted such irreparable injury on the whole army, by the non-observance of their contracts. Shortly after, a waggon laden with coin was overturned on the road, and the soldiers, laying aside all attention to their officers, began to plunder the rich spoil. The Cossacks came up—but there was enough for all, and friend and foe pillaged the imperial treasure in company, for once without strife. It deserves to be recorded, that some soldiers of the Imperial Guard restored the money which fell to their share on this occasion, when the weary march at length reached its end.

They passed the Niemen at Kowno; and the Russians did not pursue them into the Prussian territory. At the time when they escaped finally from Poland, there were about 1000 in arms, and perhaps 20,000 more, utterly broken, dispersed, and demoralized. To the honor of the Prussian people, the wearied relics of Napoleon's grand army were received in their country, if not with friendship, at least with compassion. They took up their quarters, and remained for a time unmolested, in and near Konigsberg.

Thus ended the invasion of Russia. There had been slain in battle, on the side of Napoleon, 125,000 men. Fatigue, hunger and cold had caused the death of 132,000; and the Russians had taken of prisoners 193,000—including 48 generals, and 3000 regimental officers. The total loss was, therefore, 450,000 men. The eagles and standards left in the enemy's hands were seventy-five in number, and the pieces of cannon nearly one thousand. Exclusive of the Austrian and Prussian auxiliaries, there remained of all the enormous host which Napoleon set in motion in August, about 40,000 men; and of these not 10,000 were of the French nation.

CHAP. XXI.

Napoleon's reception at Paris. His military preparations. Prussia declares war. Bernadotte lands in Germany. The Russians advance into Silesia. Napoleon heads his army in Saxony. Battle of Lutzen.—Battle of Bautzen. Congress of Prague. Austria declares war. Napoleon contends single-handed against Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, England, Spain and Portugal. Battle of Dresden. Death of Moreau. Singular conflict at Culm.

THE wonderful energies of Napoleon's mind and the influence which he could exert over the minds of others, were never so striking as at this period of his reign. He had returned to his seat of empire, at a dreadful crisis, and in a most calamitous condition. The 29th bulletin had lifted the veil from the events of the campaign, and declared the dreadful catastrophe, the loss of nearly half a million of men, with all their arms, ammunition and artillery; the death of so many children of France as threw the whole country into mourning. Yet such was the influence that still clung to his name, that his safe arrival restored, for the moment, appearances of composure. No sovereign ever presented himself before his people in a situation more precarious, or overclouded by such calamities. He had left behind him cold and involuntary allies changing fast into foes; and foes, encouraged by his losses, threatening to combine all Europe in one great crusade, having for its object the demolition of his power. Yet Napoleon came, and seemed but to stamp on the earth, and armed legions arose at his call. The doubts and discontents of the people disappeared like mists before the rising sun, and the same confidence which had attended his prosperous fortunes, revived in its full extent, notwithstanding his late reverses. Every department of the public service appeared to be animated with a spirit of tenfold activity. New conscriptions were called for and yielded. Regiments arrived from Spain and from Italy. Every arsenal resounded with the preparation of new artillery—thousands of horses were procured in every province. Ere many weeks had elapsed, Napoleon found himself once more in condition to take the field with not less than 350,000 soldiers. Such was the effect of his new appeal to the national feelings of this great and gallant people.

On the 1st of March, 1813, Prussia signed a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive with Russia, and on the 16th declared war against France. Napoleon received the declaration with calmness, and declared "it was better to have an open enemy than a doubtful ally." Six years had elapsed since the fatal day of Jena; and, in spite of the watchfulness of Napoleon, the Prussian nation had recovered in a great measure its energies. The people answered the call of their prince, as with the heart and voice of one man. Young men of all ranks, the highest and the lowest, flocked indiscriminately to the standard: the students of the universities formed themselves into battalions, at the head of which, in many instances, their teachers marched. The women flung their trinkets into the king's treasure—the gentlemen melted their plate—England poured in her gold with a lavish hand. The Emperor of Russia, having masked several French garrisons in Prussian Poland, and taken others, pushed on with his main army to support Frederick William. There was some risk in leaving a number of hostile fortresses between him and his own frontier; but this he encountered rather than permit the Prussians to stand alone the first onset of Napoleon, of whose extensive preparations all Europe was well aware. The aged Kutusoff having died, the command of the Russian army was given to Witgenstein, while that of the Prussians was entrusted to the celebrated Blucher. Addicted to drinking, smoking and gambling, and little conversant with the higher branches of war as an art, he was at first despised by Napoleon. But he possessed such influence over the minds of his men in the day of action, and was sure to rally them so rapidly, and urge them on so keenly, that the Emperor was forced to confess that no one gave him so much trouble as that "debauched old dragoon."

The crown prince of Sweden landed with 35,000 at Stralsund, and advanced through Mecklenburg, while the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia were concentrating their armies in Silesia. It was announced and expected that German troops would join Bernadotte, so as to enable him to open the campaign on the lower Elbe with a separate army of 100,000. Lord Wellington was about to advance once more into Spain with his victorious veterans. Three great armies, two of which might easily communicate with each other, were thus taking the field against Napoleon at once; and yet, he would make no sacrifice whatever to secure the assistance of Austria. He still adhered to his resolution of entering into no general peace which should not recognize Joseph as king of

Spain; and refused absolutely to listen to any proposals which included the cession either of Illyria or the Tyrol.—Ere he once more left Paris, he named Maria Louisa regent in his absence; but this was a circumstance not likely to have much weight with the wavering councils of the Austrian.

Napoleon quitted Paris in the middle of April, and on the 18th reached the banks of the Saale; where the troops he had been mustering and organizing in France had now been joined by Eugene Beauharnois and the garrison of Magdeburg. The Czar and his Prussian ally were known to be at Dresden; and it soon appeared that, while they meditated a march westward on Leipsic, the French intended to move eastward with the view of securing the possession of that great city. Of the armies thus about to meet each other's shock in the heart of Saxony, there is no doubt that Buonaparte's was considerably the more numerous. His activity had been worthy of his ruputation; and a host nearly 200,000 strong was already concentrated for action, while reserves to nearly a similar extent were gradually forming behind him on the Rhine. The Russians had not as yet pushed forward more than half their disposable troops beyond the Vistula—wherever the blame lay, such was the fact; the Prussians, unanimous as their patriotism was, had only had three months to re-organize their establishments. Under such circumstances, the advance of the allies beyond the Elbe could only have proceeded from their ardent wish to stimulate the spirit of insurrection in the kingdom of Saxony, and the neighboring states. It was obviously Napoleon's interest to bring them to action while their numbers were thus unequal, and ere the sole object of their hazardous advance could be realized.

The French army continued to advance on Leipsic on the south; the allies approached from the north to defend the place. The centre of the French army was stationed at a village called Kaya. It was under the command of Ney. He was sustained by the Imperial Guard, with its fine artillery drawn up before the well known town of Lutzen, which, having seen the last conflict of Gustavus Adolphus, was now to witness a more bloody tragedy. Marmont, who commanded the right, extended as far as the defile of Poserna, and rested with his left upon the centre. The left wing of the French reached from Kaya to the Elster. As they did not expect to be brought to action in that place, or upon that day, (May 2d,) Napoleon was pressing forward from his right, Lauriston being at the head of the column, with the purpose of possessing himself of Leipsic, behind which he expected to see the army of the allies. But these, encouraged by the presence of the Emperor Alexander and King of Prussia, had formed the resolution of marching southward along the left bank of the Elster during the night, transporting themselves to the right bank in the morning, and assaulting with the choicest of their troops, under Blucher, the centre of the French, led by Ney. The fury of the attack was irresistible, and in spite of a most obstinate defence, the allies obtained possession of Kaya, the point on which the centre of the French army rested. This was a crisis worthy of Napoleon's genius, and he was not wanting to himself. Assailed on the flank when in the act of advancing in column, he yet contrived, by a masterly movement, to wheel up his two wings, so as in turn to outflank those of the enemy. He hurried in person to bring up his guard to support the centre, which was in fact nearly broken through. The combat was the more desperate and deplorable, that, on the one side, fought the flower of the Prussian youth, which had left their universities to support the cause of national freedom; and, on the other, the young men of Paris, many of them of the best rank, who bravely endeavored to sustain their country's long pre-eminent claim to victory. Both combatted under the eyes of their respective sovereigns, maintained the honor of their country, and paid an ample tribute to the carnage of the day.

The battle lasted for several hours, before it could be judged whether the allies could carry their point by breaking through the French centre, or whether the French, before sustaining that calamity, would be able to wheel their wings upon the flanks of the allies. At length the last event began to be anticipated as the most probable. The distant discharge of musketry was seen on right and left closing inwards on the central tumult, and recognized for the fire of Macdonald and Bertrand, who commanded the French wings. At the same time the Emperor made a successful struggle to recover the village of Kaya, and the allies, extricating themselves from the combat, led back their exhausted forces from between the forceps, as we may term it, formed by the closing wings of Napoleon, without further loss than the carnage sustained in the field of battle. But that was immense. The allies lost 20,000 men in killed and wounded. Blucher was wounded, but refusing to retire, had his wounds dressed upon the field of battle. Seven or eight French general were also slain or wounded, and the loss of the French army was very severe.

The allies fell back on Leipsic, thence on Dresden, and finally across the Elbe to Bautzen, where they selected a strong position, and awaited the advance of the victorious French. Napoleon entered Dresden on the 6th, and on the 12th was joined there by the king of Saxony, who certainly had been individually a gainer by his alliance, and who still adhered to it, in opposition to the wishes both of his people and his army. The Saxon troops, who had been wavering, once more submitted to act in concert with the French; and Hamburg, which city had partaken in the movement of Prussia, and all the country to the left of the Elbe, fell back for the moment, into their hands.

Having replaced by wood-work some arches of the magnificent bridge over the Elbe, at Dresden, which the allies had blown up on their retreat, Napoleon now moved towards Bautzen, and came in sight of the position on the morning of the 21st of May. Its strength was obviously great. In their front was the river Spree: wooded hills supported their right, and eminences well fortified their left. As it was vain to think of storming such a position in front, Napoleon had recourse to the manœuvre of modern war, which no general better understood,—that of turning it, and thereby rendering it unserviceable. Ney was, therefore, directed to make a considerable circuit around the Russian extreme right, while their left was attacked more closely by Oudinot, who was to engage their attention by attempting to occupy the valleys, and debouching from the hills on which they rested. For this last attempt the Russians were prepared. Milarodowitch and the Prince of Wirtemberg made good the defence on this point with extreme gallantry, and the fortune of the day, notwithstanding the great exertions of Buonaparte, seemed to be with the allies. The next attempt was made on the fortified heights on the right of the allies defended by the Prussians. Here also Napoleon encountered great difficulties, and sustained much loss. It was not till he brought up all his reserves, and combined them for one of those desperate exertions, which had so often turned the fate of battle, that he was able to succeed in his purpose. The attack was conducted by Soult, and it was maintained at the point of the bayonet. At the price of nearly four hours' struggle, in the course of which the heights were often gained, lost, and again retaken, the French remained masters of them.

At the very time when their right point of support was carried by the French, the corps of Ney, with that of Lauriston and that of Regnier, amounting to 60,000 men had established themselves in the enemy's rear. It was then that Blucher was compelled to evacuate those heights which he had defended so long and so valiantly. But although the allies were thus turned upon both flanks, and their wings in consequence forced in upon their centre, their retreat was as orderly as it had been after the battle of Lutzen.

The night closed, and the advantage which Napoleon derived from this day of carnage was the cutting off the allies from their retreat by the great roads on Silesia, and its capital Breslau, and driving them on the more impracticable roads near the Bohemian frontier. The whole of the 22d was spent in attacks upon the rear of the allies, which were repelled by their coolness and military conduct. Napoleon placed himself in the very front of the pursuing column, and exposed his person to the heavy and well-aimed fire by which Milarodowitch covered his retreat. At the heights of Reichembach, the Russian rear-guard made a halt, and while the cuirassiers of the guards disputed the pass with the Russian lancers, the French General Bruyeres was struck down by a bullet. He was a veteran of the army of Italy, and favored by Buonaparte, as having been a companion of his early honors. But fortune had reserved for that day a still more severe trial of Napoleon's feelings. As he surveyed the last point on which the Russians continued to make a stand, a ball killed a trooper of his escort close by his side. "Duroc," he said, to his ancient and faithful follower and confident, now the Grand Master of his palace, "fortune has a spite at us to day." It was not yet exhausted. Some time afterwards as Napoleon with his suite rode along a hollow way, three cannon were fired. One ball shivered a tree close to Napoleon, and rebounding, killed General Kirchenner, and mortally wounded Duroc, whom the Emperor had just spoken to. A halt was ordered, and for the rest of the day Napoleon remained in front of his tent, surrounded by his guard, who pitied the Emperor, as if he had lost one of his children.—He visited the dying man, whose entrails were torn by the shot, and expressed his affection and regret. From this time he would listen to no reports or suggestions. "Every thing to-morrow," was his invariable answer. He stood by Duroc while he died; drew up with his own hand an epitaph to be placed over his remains by the pastor of the place, who received 200 Napoleons to defray the expense of a fitting monument; and issued also a decree in favor of his departed friend's children. Thus closed the 22d. The allies, being strongly posted during most of the day, had suffered less than the French; the latter had lost 15,000, the former 10,000 men.

They continued their retreat into upper Silesia; and Napoleon advanced to Breslau, and released the garrison of Glogau. Meanwhile, the Austrian, having watched these indecisive though bloodly fields, once more renewed his offers of mediation. The sovereigns of Russia and Prussia expressed great willingness to accept it; and Napoleon also appears to have been sincerely desirous of bringing his disputes to a peaceful termination. He agreed to an armistice, and in arranging its conditions, agreed to fall back out of Silesia; thus enabling the allied princes to re-open communications with Berlin. The lines of country to be occupied by the armies, respectively, during the truce, were at length settled, and it was signed on the 1st of June. Napoleon then returned to Dresden, and a general congress of diplomatists prepared to meet at Prague.

It may be doubted whether any of the allied powers who took part in the congress did so with much hope that the disputes with Napoleon could find a peaceful end. His recent successes were to the general view dazzling, however in reality unproductive, and must have been supposed to quicken the flame of his pride. But it was of the utmost importance to gain time for the advance of Bernadotte; for the arrival of new reinforcements from Russia; for the completion of the Prussian organization; and, above all, for determining the policy of Vienna.

Metternich, the Austrian minister, repaired in person to Dresden; and, while inferior diplomatists wasted time in endless discussions at Prague, one interview between him and Napoleon brought the whole question to a definite issue. Napoleon assumed at once that Austria had no wish but to drive a good bargain for herself, and asked broadly, " what is your price? Will Illyria satisfy you? I only wish you to be neutral—I can deal with these Russians and Prussians single-handed."—Metternich stated plainly that the time in which Austria could be neutral was past; that the situation of Europe at large must be considered. Napoleon insinuated that he would be happy to dismember Prussia, and give half her territories to Austria. Metternich replied, that his government was resolved to be gained by no share in the spoils of others; that events had proved the impossibility of a steadfast peace, unless the sovereigns of the continent were restored to the rank of independence; in a word that the Rhenish confederacy must be broken up; that France must be contented with the boundary of the Rhine, and pretend no longer to maintain her influence in Germany. Napoleon replied, "Come Metternich, tell me honestly how much the English have given you to take their part against me."

The Austrian court at length sent a formal document, containing its ultimatum: the tenor of which Metternich had sufficiently indicated in this conversation. Talleyrand and Fouche, who had now arrived from Paris, urged Napoleon to accede to the terms proposed. They represented to him the madness of rousing all Europe to conspire for his destruction, and insinuated that the progress of discontent was rapid in France itself. Their arguments were backed by intelligence of the most disastrous character from Spain. Wellington, on perceiving that Napoleon had some what weakened his armies in that country, when preparing for his Saxon campaign, had once more advanced from the Portuguese frontier. He was now in possession of the supreme authority over the Spanish armies, as well as the Portuguese and English, and appeared in greater force than ever. The French line of defences on the Douro had been turned and abandoned; their armies had been concentrated to withstand him at Vittoria, and there on the 21st of June, Joseph Buonaparte and Marshal Jourdan had sustained a total defeat. Napoleon was urged by his military, as well as political advisers, to appreciate duly the crisis which his affairs had reached. Berthier, and almost all the generals on whose opinions he had been accustomed to place reliance, concurred in pressing him, either to make peace on the terms proposed, or to draw in his garrisons on the Oder and Elbe, whereby he would strengthen his army with 50,000 veterans, and retire to the Rhine. There, they said, with such a force assembled on such a river, and with all the resources of France behind him, he might bid defiance to the united armies of Europe. "Ten lost battles," replied he "would not sink me lower than you would have me to place myself by my own voluntary act; but one battle gained enables me to seize Berlin and Breslau, and make peace on terms compatible with my glory."

On the 11th of August, Austria signed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Russia and Prussia. On the night between the 10th and 11th, rockets answering rockets from height to height along the frontiers of Bohemia and Silesia, had announced to all the armies of the allies this accession of strength, and the immediate recommencement of hostilities.

On neither side had the pending negotiation been permitted for a moment to interrupt or slacken military preparation.—Napoleon had sent Beauharnois into Italy, to be ready in case of any Austrian demonstration in that quarter; and General Wrede, with the Bavarian army, guarded his rear. An Austrian army, 60,000 strong, was now ready to pass the Alps; and, to watch Wrede, another corps of 40,000, under the prince of Reuss, had taken their station. These were minor arrangements. The forces now assembled around Napoleon were full 250,000 in number, and disposed as follows: Macdonald lay with 100,000 at Buntzlau, on the border of Silesia; another corps of 50,000 had their head-quarters at Zittau, in Lusatia; St. Cyr, with 20,000, was at Pirna, on the great pass from Bohemia; Oudinot at Leipsic, with 60,000; while with the Emperor himself at Dresden remained 25,000 of the imperial guard, the flower of France. The reader, on referring to the map, will perceive that these corps were so distributed as to present a formidable front on every point where it was likely the allies should hazard an attack, and, moreover, so that Napoleon could speedily reinforce any threatened position with his reserve from Dresden.

The armies to be opposed were thus situated: behind the Erzgebirge or Metalic mountains, and having their head-quarters at Prague, lay the grand army of the allies, consisting of 120,000 Austrians and 80,000 Russians and Prussians, commanded in chief by the Austrian General Schwartzenberg. The French corps at Zittau and Pirna were prepared to encounter these, should they attempt to force their way into Saxony, either on the right or the left of the Elbe.—The second army of the allies, consisting of 80,000 Russians and Prussians, called the army of Silesia, and commanded by Blucher, lay in advance of Breslau. The French corps at Zittau and Buntzlau were in communication, and could confront Blucher wherever he might attempt to approach the Elbe. Lastly, the crown prince of Sweden was at Berlin, with 30,000 of his own troops, and 60,000 Russians and Prussians. Oudinot and Macdonald were so stationed that he could not approach the upper valley of the Elbe without confronting one or the other of them, and they also had the means of mutual communication and support. The French had garrisons at Wittemberg, Magdeberg and elsewhere on the Elbe; and between the main armies of the allies were various flying corps of Russian and Prussian light troops.

On the whole, Dresden formed the centre of a comparatively small circle, completely occupied by the French; while the allies might be considered as lying on part of a much wider circle beyond them. Napoleon had evidently arranged his troops with the view of provoking his enemies to make isolated assaults, and so beating them in detail.—But he was now opposed by generals well acquainted with his system of tactics, and who had accordingly prepared a counter-scheme expressly calculated to baffle the plan of arrangements on which he had reckoned. The commanders of the three allied armies agreed, that whosoever of them should be first assailed or pressed by the French, should on no account accept battle, but retreat; thus tempting Napoleon in person to follow, leaving Dresden open to the assault of some other great branch of their confederacy, and so enabling them at once to seize all his magazines, to break the communications between the remaining divisions of his army, and interpose a hostile force in the rear of them all—between the Elbe and the Rhine. The plan of the allies is supposed have been drawn up by two generals who had often served under Napoleon—Bernadotte, the crown prince of Sweden, and Moreau, who had some time ere this accepted the invitation of the Emperor Alexander, and returned from his American exile, to take part in the war. The conduct of Moreau, in placing himself in the ranks of the allies, will be praised or condemned, according as men judge him to have been swayed by patriotic motives, or by those of personal resentment and ambition. There can be no question that his arrival brought a great accession of military skill to their councils.

Blucher made the first movement; and no sooner did Napoleon understand that he was threatening the position of Macdonald than he quitted Dresden (15th of August) with his guard and a powerful force of cavalry, and proceeded to the support of his lieutenant. Blucher adhered faithfully to the general plan, and retired across the Katsbach, in the face of his enemies. Napoleon was still pursuing him in the direction of the Neiss and Breslau, when he was informed that Schwartzenberg had rushed down from the Bohemian hills. He instantly abandoned Blucher to the care of Macdonald, and sent his guards back to Dresden, whither he himself also began his journey early on the 23d. Having driven St. Cyr, and his 20,000 men, before him, Schwartzenberg (with whom were the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia in person) made his appearance on the heights to the south of the Saxon capital, on the 25th. The army of St. Cyr had thrown themselves into the city, and it was now surrounded with fortifications of considerable strength. Yet had this vast host attacked it at once, there is every reason to believe it must have fallen ere Napoleon could have returned from Silesia.

On the 26th at break of day, the allies advanced in six columns under a tremendous fire. They carried a great redoubt near the city-gate of Dippoldswalde, and soon after another; they closed on the French on every point; the bombs and balls began to fall thick on the streets and houses of the terrified city; and, in engaging all his reserves, St. Cyr, whose conduct was heroical, felt he had yet too few men to defend works of such extent. It was at this crisis, while although a surrender was inevitable, that columns rushing forward with the rapidity of a torrent, were seen advancing on Dresden from the right side of the Elbe, sweeping over its magnificent bridges and pressing through the streets, to engage in the defence of the almost overpowered city. The Child of Destiny himself was beheld amidst his soldiers, who, far from exhibiting fatigue, notwithstanding a severe forced march from the frontiers of Silesia, demanded with loud cries to be led into immediate battle. Napoleon halted to reassure the king of Saxony, who was apprehensive of the destruction of his capital, while his troops marching through the city halted on the western side, at those avenues, from which it was designed they should debouch upon the enemy. Two sallies were then made under Napoleon's eye, by Ney and Mortier. The one column, pouring from the gate of Plauen, attacked the allies on the left flank; the others, issuing from that of Pirna, assailed their right. The Prussians were dislodged from an open space, called the Great Garden, which covered their advance upon the ramparts; and the war began already to change its face, the allies drawing off from the points they had attacked fiercely, when they found them secured by these unexpected defenders. They remained, however, in front of each other, the sentinels on each side being in close vicinity, until next morning.

Then amid a fierce storm of wind and rain, Napoleon renewed the battle. 200,000 men (such had been the rapid decision of his orders to his various generals) were now gathered round him, and he poured them out with such skill, on either flank of the enemy's line, that ere the close of the day, they were forced to withdraw altogether from their attempt. Ney and Murat on the left flank, and Vandamme on the right (at Pirna,) had taken possession of the two chief roads into Bohemia, and in consequence they were compelled to retreat by the comparatively difficult country paths between. On either side 8,000 men had been slain or wounded ; but with the French there remained from 15 to 20,000 prisoners, and twenty-six cannon; and the ablest of all the enemy's generals had fallen. Early in the day, Buonaparte himself ordered some half-dozen cannon to be fired at once upon a group, apparently of reconnoitring officers, and this was followed by a movement which was thought to indicate that some personage of importance had been wounded. A peasant came in the evening, and brought with him a bloody boot and a greyhound, both the property, he said, of the great man who was no more: the name on the collar was Moreau. Both his legs had been shot off. He continued to smoke a segar while they were amputated and dressed, in the presence of Alexander, and died shortly after; thus, if he had erred, paying the early forfeit of his errors.

Having seen this brilliant day to a close, Napoleon returned to Dresden on horseback, his gray capote and slouched hat streaming with water, while the indifferent appearance of his horse and furniture, his awkward seat and carriage, made a singular contrast with those of Murat, whose bearing as a horseman was inimitable, and whose battle dress was always distinguished by its theatrical finery

The venerable king of Saxony received his deliverer with rapture, for to him, personally, Buonaparte certainly was such, though considered by many of his subjects in a very different light. Napoleon behaved generously after the action, distributing money amongst the citizens of Dresden, who had suffered from the cannonade, and causing the greatest care to be taken of the wounded and prisoners belonging to the allies.

The next morning this ever vigilant spirit was again on horseback, directing his victorious troops in pursuit of the enemy. They were despatched in different columns, to pursue the allies on the broken roads by which they were compelled to retreat, and to allow them no rest nor refuge. No frame, even of iron, could have supported the fatigues of both mind and body to which Napoleon had subjected himself within the last three or four days. He was perpetually exposed to the storm, and had rarely taken rest or refreshment. He also suffered from having eaten some food of a coarse and indigestible quality. Through one or other, or the whole of these causes combined, Napoleon became very much indisposed, and was prevailed upon to return in his carriage to Dresden, instead of remaining at Pirna, more close in the rear of his pursuing battalions, to direct their motions.

Vandamme continued the pursuit on the Pirna road. Seduced by the enormous prize which lay before him at Toplitz, where the chief magazines of the allies had been established, and on which all their broken columns were now endeavoring to re-assemble, this brave and persevering soldier incautiously advanced beyond the wooden heights of Peterswald into the valley of Culm. A Russian corps suddenly turned on him, and formed in line of battle. Their general, Count D'Osterman, assured them that the life of "their father" depended on their steadfastness; and no effort could shake them. The battle continued till night, when Vandamme ought undoubtedly to have retired to Peterswald. He lingered till the morning of the 30th;—when behind him on those very heights, appeared the Prussian corps of Kleist, who had been wandering and lost their way amid the forests. The French rushed up the hill in despair, thinking they were intercepted by design.—The Prussians on their part, doubted not that some other division of Napoleon's force was hard behind them, and rushed down with the same fear, and the same impetuosity. The two armies were thus hurled on each other like two conflicting mobs, enclosed in a deep and narrow road, forming the descent along the side of a mountain. The onset of the French horse, under Corbineau, was so desperate, that many or most of them broke through, although the acclivity against which they advanced would not in other circumstances have permitted them to ascend at a trot; and the guns of the Prussians were for a moment in the hands of the French, who slew many of the artillerymen. The Prussians, however, soon rallied, and the two struggling bodies again mixing together, fought less for the purpose of victory or slaughter, than to force their way through each other's ranks, and escape in opposite directions. All became for a time a mass of confusion, the Prussian generals finding themselves in the middle of the French—the French officers in the centre of the Prussians. But the army of the Russians, who were in pursuit of Vandamme, appearing in his rear, put an end to this singular conflict. Generals Vandamme, Haxo and Guyot, were made prisoners, with two eagles and 7000 men, besides a great loss in killed and wounded, and the total dispersion of the army, many of whom, however, afterwards rejoined their eagles.

Napoleon received the news of this calamity, however unexpected, with the imperturbable calmness which was one of his distinguished qualities. General Corbineau, who commanded in the singular charge of the cavalry up the hill of Peterswald, presented himself before the Emperor in the condition in which he escaped from the field, covered with his own blood and that of the enemy, and holding in his hand a Prussian sabre, which in the thick of the melee, he had exchanged for his own. Napoleon listened composedly to the details he had to give. "One should make a bridge of gold for a flying enemy," he said, "where it is impossible, as in Vandamme's case, to oppose to him a bulwark of steel." He then anxiously examined the instructions to Vandamme, to discover if any thing had inadvertently slipped into them, to encourage the false step which that general had taken. But nothing was found which could justify or authorize his advancing beyond Peterswald, although the chance of possessing himself of Toplitz must have been acknowledged as a strong temptation. "This is the fate of war," said Buonaparte, turning to Murat. "Exalted in the morning, low enough before night. There is but one step between triumph and ruin."

CHAP. XXII.

Battle of Wahlstadt. Grossbeeren and Dennewitz. Napoleon retires from the Elbe. Great BATTLE OF LEIPSIC, fought on the 16th and 18th October, 1813. French retreat. Battle of Hanau. Allies on the Rhine. Napoleon arrives in Paris.

THE advices which arrived at Dresden from the north of Germany, were no balm to the bad tidings from Bohemia.—We must necessarily treat with brevity the high deeds of arms performed at a considerable distance from Napoleon's person, great as was their influence upon his fortunes. No sooner did Blucher perceive that Napoleon had retired from Silesia than he resumed the offensive, and descended from the position he had taken up at Jauer. He encountered Macdonald, who was by no means prepared for this boldness, on the plains between Wahlstadt and the river Katsbach, on the 26th of August, and after a hard fought day, gained the victory. Oudinot, meanwhile, had advanced from Leipsic towards Berlin, with the view of preventing Bernadotte from effecting a junction with Blucher, or overwhelming the French garrisons lower down the Elbe. The Crown Prince, however, met and defeated him at Grossbeeren, on the 23d of August; took Luckau, where 1000 men were in garrison, on the 28th; and continued to advance towards Wittemberg, under the walls of which city Oudinot at length concentrated all his forces. Napoleon, perceiving the importance of this point, sent Ney with new troops, and gave him the chief command, with strict orders to force his way to Berlin; so placing Bernadotte between the Leipsic army and himself at Dresden. Ney endeavored to pass the Swedes without a battle, but failed in this attempt. A general action was forced on him on the 7th of September, at Dennewitz. He also was defeated: 10,000 prisoners and 46 guns remained in the hands of Bernadotte; and Ney retreated upon Torgau.

Napoleon had now recovered his health and activity; and the exertions which he made at this period were never surpassed, even by himself. On the 3d of September he was in quest of Blucher, who had now advanced near to the Elbe; but the Prussian retired as before. Returning to Dresden he received the news of Dennewitz, and immediately afterward heard that Witgenstein had a second time descended towards Pirna. He flew thither on the instant; the Russian also gave way, (afraid probably, of one of those sudden strokes of inspiration, when Napoleon seemed almost to dictate terms to fate) and the Emperor once more returned to Dresden on the 12th. Again he was told that Blucher, on the one side, and Witgenstein on the other, were availing themselves of his absence, and advancing. He once more returned to Pirna; a third time the Russian retired. Napoleon followed him as far as Peterswald, and, having contemplated with his own eyes the scene of Vandamme's catastrophe, once more returned to his centre point.

Towards Leipsic, however, as on a common centre, the forces of France, and all her enemies were now at length converging. The allies received the reinforcement of no less than 60,000 Russians, under the command of Bennigsen.—The most of them came from the provinces eastward of Moscow; and there were to be seen attending them tribes of the wandering Baskirs and Tartars, figures unknown in European war, wearing sheep-skins, and armed with bows and arrows. But the main body consisted of regular troops, though some bore rather an Asiatic appearance. This was the last reinforcement which the allies were to expect; being the Arriere-ban of the almost boundless empire of Russia. Some of the men had travelled from the wall of China to this universal military rendezvous. Napoleon himself, reached Liepsic on the 15th of October, and almost immediately the heads of Schwartzenberg's columns began to appear towards the south. It was necessary to prepare on the northern side also, in case Bernadotte and Blucher should appear ere the grand army was disposed of; and, lastly, it was necessary to secure effectually the ground to the west of Leipsic;—a series of marshy meadows interfused with the numerous branches of the Pleisse and the Elster, through which lies the only road to France. Napoleon, having made all his preparations, reconnoitred every out-post in person, and distributed eagles, in great form, to some new regiments which had just joined him. The ceremonial was splendid; the soldiers knelt before the Emperor, and in presence of the whole line, military mass was performed, and the young warriors swore to die rather than to witness the dishonor of France.

At midnight, three death-rockets, emitting a brilliant white light, sprung into the heavens to the south of the city; these marked the position on which Schwartzenberg (having now with him the Emperor of Austria, as well as Alexander and Frederick William) had fixed his head-quarters. They were answered by four rockets of a deep red color, ascending on the instant from the northern horizon; and Napoleon doubted not that he was to sustain on the morrow the assault of Blucher and Bernadotte, as well as of the grand army of the allies. Blucher was indeed ready to co-operate with Schwartzenberg: and though the crown prince had not yet reached his ground, the numerical superiority of the enemy was very great. Buonaparte had with him, to defend the line of villages to the south and north of Leipsic, 136,000 men; while even in the absence of Bernadotte, who might be hourly looked for, the allies mustered not less than two hundred and thirty thousand.

The battle commenced on the southern side at day-break of the 16th. The allies charged the French line there six times in succession, and were as often repelled. They were now something in the condition of wrestlers who have exhausted themselves in vain and premature efforts; and Napoleon in turn, assuming the offensive, began to show his skill and power. It was about noon when a general advance took place along the centre of the French. It was for some time fearfully successful. The village of Gossa, hitherto occupied by the allies, and in the very centre of their line, was carried by the bayonet. The eminence called the Sheepwalk was also in danger of being lost, and the exertions of Macdonald put him in possession of the redoubt called the Swedish Camp. The desperate impetuosity of the French fairly broke through the centre of the allies. The king of Naples with Latour Maubourg and Kellerman, poured through the gap and at the head of the whole body of cavalry thundered forward as far as Magdeberg, a village in the rear of the allies, bearing down General Rayefskoi, with the grenadiers of the reserve, who threw themselves forward to oppose their passage.

But at this imminent moment of peril, while the French cavalry were disordered by their own success, Alexander ordered the Cossacks of his Guard, who were in attendance on his person, to charge. They did so with the utmost fury, as fighting under the eye of their sovereign, disconcerted Buonaparte's manœuvre, and bore back with their long lances the dense mass of cavalry who had so nearly carried the day.

In the meantime, when the carnage was continuing on the southern side of Leipsic, a similar thunder of artillery commenced on the right, where Blucher had arrived before the city, and suddenly come into action with Marmont, with at least three men for one. Breathless aides-de-camp came galloping to reclaim the troops of Souham, which, for the purpose of supporting Poniatowski, had been withdrawn from their original destination of assisting Marmont. They could not, however, be replaced, and Blucher obtained, in consequence, great and decided results. He took the village of Mœckern, with twenty pieces of artillery, and two thousand prisoners; and when night separated the combatants, had the advantage of having greatly narrowed the position of the enemy.

But the issue on the south side of Leipsic continued entirely indecisive, though furiously contested. Gossa was still disputed, taken and retaken repeatedly, but at length remained in possession of the allies. On the verge of the Pleisse, the combat was no less dreadful. The Austrians of Bianchi's division poured on Markleberg, close to the side of the river, with the most dreadful yells. Poniatowski, with Augereau's assistance, had the utmost difficulty in keeping his ground.—From the left side of the Pleisse, Schwartzenberg manœuvred to push a body of horse across the swampy river, to take the French in the rear of the postion. But such of the cavalry as got through a very bad ford, were instantly charged and driven back, and their leader, General Mehrfeldt, fell into the hands of the French. An Austrian division, that of Guilay, manœuvred on the left bank of the Pleisse, as far down as Lindenau, and the succession of bridges, which forms on the western side the sole exit from Leipsic towards the Rhine. This was the only pass which remained for retreat to the French, should they fail in the dreadful action which was now fighting. Guilay might have destroyed these bridges; but it is believed he had orders to leave open that pass for retreat, lest the French should be rendered utterly desperate, when there was no anticipating what exertions they might be goaded to.

The battle, thus fiercely contested, continued to rage till nightfall, when the bloody work ceased as if by mutual consent. Three cannon-shot, fired as a signal to the more distant points, intimated that the conflict was ended for the time, and the armies on the southern line retired to rest, in each other's presence, in the very positions which they had occupied the night before. The French had lost the ground which at one period they had gained, but they had not relinquished one foot of their original position, though so fiercely attacked during the whole day by greatly superior numbers.—On the north their defence had been less successful. Marmont had been forced back by Blucher, and the whole line of defence on that side was crowded more near to the walls of Leipsic.

Napoleon, in the meantime, had the melancholy task of arranging his soldiers for a defence, sure to be honorable, and yet at length to be unavailing. Retreat became inevitable; yet, how to accomplish it through the narrow streets of a crowded city; how to pass more than 100,000 men over a single bridge, while double that number were pressing on their rear, was a problem which even Buonaparte could not solve. In this perplexity, he thought of appealing to the sentiments of affection which the Emperor of Austria must necessarily be supposed to entertain for his daughter and grandchild.

General Mehrfeldt, the same Austrian officer who had come to his head-quarters after the battle of Austerlitz, to pray for an armistice on the part of the emperor Francis, had been made prisoner in the course of the day, and Napoleon resolved to employ him as his messenger. Mehrfeldt informed him that the king of Bavaria had at length acceded to the alliance.—This intelligence added to his perplexities, already sufficiently great, the prospect of finding a new enemy stationed on the line of his march to France. He entreated the Austrian to request for him the personal intercession of Francis. "I will renounce Poland and Illyria," said he, "Holland, the Hanse Towns, and Spain. I will consent to lose the sovereignty of the kingdom of Italy, provided that state remain as an independent one, and I will evacuate all Germany. Adieu count Mehrfeldt, when on my part you name the word armistice to the two Emperors, I doubt not the sound will awaken many recollections." Words affecting by their simplicity, and which coming from so proud a heart, and one who was reduced to ask the generosity which he had formerly extended, cannot be recorded without strong sympathy.

It was now too late: the allied princes had sworn to each other to entertain no treaty while one French soldier remained on the eastern side of the Rhine. Napoleon received no answer to his message; and prepared for the difficult task of retreating with 100,000 men, through a crowded town, in presence of an enemy already twice as numerous, and in hourly expectation of being joined by a third great and victorious army. The 17th was spent in preparations on both sides, without any actual hostilities, excepting when a distant cannonade, like the growling of some huge monster, showed that war was only slumbering, and that but lightly. At eight o'clock on the 18th of October, the battle was renewed with tenfold fury. Napoleon had considerably contracted his circuit of defence; on the external range of heights and villages, which had been so desperately defended on the 16th, the allies now found no opposition but that of outposts. The French were posted in an interior line nearer to Leipsic, of which Probtsheyda was the central point. Napoleon himself, stationed on an eminence called Thonberg, commanded a prospect of the whole field. Masses were drawn up behind the villages, which relieved the defenders from time to time with fresh troops; cannon were placed in their front and on their flanks, and every patch of wooded ground which afforded the least shelter, was filled with tirailleurs. The battle then joined on all sides. The Poles with their gallant General Poniatowski, to whom this was to prove the last of his fields, defended the banks of the Pleisse, and the villages connected with it. In the centre, Barclay, Witgenstein and Kleist, advanced on Probtsheyda, where they were opposed by the king of Naples, Victor, Augereau and Lauriston, under the eye of Napoleon himself. On the left, Macdonald had drawn back his division to a village called Stoetteritz, which was the post assigned to him on the new and restricted line of defence. Along all this extended southern line, the fire continued furious on both sides, nor could the terrified spectators, from the walls and steeples of Leipsic, perceive that it either advanced or recoiled. The French had the advantage of situation and cover, the allies that of greatly superior numbers; both were commanded by the first generals of their country and age.

About two o'clock, afternoon, the allies, under General Pirch and Prince Augustus of Prussia, forced their way headlong into Probtsheyda; the camp-followers began to fly; the noise of the tumult overcame almost the fire of the artillery.—Napoleon, in the rear, but yet on the verge of this tumult, preserved his entire tranquillity. He placed the reserve of the Old Guard in order, led them in person to recover the village, and saw them force their entrance, ere he retreated to the eminence from which he observed the action. During the whole of this eventful day, in which he might be said to fight less for victory than for safety, this wonderful man continued calm, decided, collected and supported his diminished and broken squadrons in their valiant defence, with a presence of mind and courage, as determined as he had so often exhibited in directing the tide of onward victory. Perhaps his military talents were more to be admired, when thus contending at once against Fortune and the superiority of numbers, than in the most distinguished of his victories, when the fickle goddess fought upon his side.

The allies, notwithstanding their numbers, felt themselves obliged to desist from the murderous attacks upon the villages which cost them such immense loss; and drawing back their troops as they brought forward their guns and howitzers, contented themselves with maintaining a dreadful fire on the French masses as they showed themselves, and throwing shells into the villages. The French replied with great spirit; but they had fewer guns in position, and besides their ammunition was falling short. It is said by Baron Fain, that the enormous number of 250,000 cannon-balls had been expended by the French, during the last four days, and, at the close of the 18th there remained only 16,000 cartridges, which could scarce support a hot fire for two hours. Still, however, Napoleon completely maintained the day on the south of Leipsic, where he was present in person.

On the north side of Leipsic, the superiority of numbers, still greater than that which existed on the south, placed Ney in a precarious situation. He was pressed at once by the army of Blucher, and by that of the Crown Prince, which was now come up in force. The latter general forced his way across the Partha, with three columns, and at three different points; and Ney saw himself obliged to retreat, in order to concentrate his forces nearer Leipsic, and communicate by his right with the army of Napoleon.

The Russians had orders to advance to force this new position, and particularly to drive back the advanced guard of Regnier, stationed on an eminence called Heiterblick, betwixt the villages of Taucha and Paunsdorf. On a sudden, the troops who occupied the French line on that point, came forward to meet the allies, with their swords sheathed, and colors of truce displayed. This was a Saxon brigade, who in the midst of the action, samefully embraced the time and opportunity to desert Napoleon. The Russians, afraid of stratagem, sent the Saxon troops, about 10,000 in number, to the rear of the position. But their artillery were immediately brought into action; and having expended during that morning one half of their ammunition on the allies, they now bestowed the other half upon the French army. By this unexpected disaster, Ney was obliged to contract his line of defence once more. Even the valor and exertions of that distinguished general could not defend Schoenfeld. That fair village forms almost one of the northern suburbs of Leipsic. It was in vain that Buonaparte despatched his reserves of cavalry to check the advance of the Crown Prince. He defeated all opposition that presented itself, and pressed Ney in to a position close under the walls of Leipsic. The battle once more ceased on all points; and after the solemn signal of three cannon-shot had been heard, the field was left to the slain and the wounded.

The loss on either side had been great. Napoleon's army consisted chiefly of very young men—many were merely boys—the produce of his forestalled conscriptions; yet they fought as bravely as the guard. The behaviour of the Ger mans, on the other hand, at length considering their independence as hanging on the fortune of a single field, had been answerable to the deep enthusiasm of that thoughtful people. The burghers of Leipsic surveyed from their towers and steeples one of the longest, sternest and bloodiest of battles; and the situation of the king of Saxony, who remained all the while in the heart of his ancient city, may be imagined.

Napoleon gave orders at midnight for the commencement of the inevitable retreat; and while the darkness lasted, the troops continued to file through the town, and across the bridges, over the Pleisse, beyond its walls. One of these bridges was a temporary fabric, and it broke down ere daylight came to show to the enemy the movement of the French.—The confusion necessarily accompanying the march of a whole army, through narrow streets and upon a single bridge, was fearful. The allies stormed at the gates on either side, and but for the heroism of Macdonald and Poniatowski, to whom Napoleon intrusted the defence of the suburbs, it is doubted whether he himself could have escaped in safety.—At nine in the morning of the 19th, he bade farewell forever to the king of Saxony, who remained to make what terms he could with the allied sovereigns. The battle was ere then raging all round the walls.

At eleven o'clock the allies had gathered close to the bridge from either wing; and the walls over against it had been intrusted to Saxons, who now, like their brethren of the day before, turned their fire on the French. The officer to whom Napoleon had committed the task of blowing up the bridges, when the advance of the enemy should render this necessary, conceived that the time was come, and set fire to his train. The crowd of men, urging each other on the point of safety, could not at once be stopped. Soldiers and horses, cannon and wains, rolled headlong into the deep, though narrow river; which renewed, though on a smaller scale, the horrors of the Beresina. Marshal Macdonald swam the stream in safety: the gallant Poniatowski, the hope and pride of Poland, had been twice wounded ere he plunged his horse into the current, and he sunk to rise no more. 25,000 Frenchmen, the means of escape entirely cut off, laid down their arms within the city. Four sovereigns, entering each at the head of his own victorious army, met at noon in the great market-place of Leipsic: and all the exultation of that solemn hour would have been partaken by the inhabitants, but for the fate of their own sovereign, personally esteemed and beloved, who now vainly entreated to be admitted to the presence of the conquerors, and was sent forthwith as a prisoner of war to Berlin.

Napoleon, in killed, wounded and prisoners, lost at Leipsic at least 50,000 men. The retreat of the French through Saxony was accompanied with every disaster which a hostile peasantry, narrowness of supplies, and the persevering pursuits of the Cossacks and other light troops could inflict on a disordered and disheartened mass of men. The soldiers moved on, while under the eye of Napoleon, in gloomy silence; wherever he was not present, they set every rule of discipline at naught, and were guilty of the most frightful excesses. The Emperor conducted himself as became a great mind amid great misfortunes. He appeared at all times calm and self possessed; receiving, every day that he advanced, new tidings of evil.

He halted two days at Erfurt, where extensive magazines had been established, employing all his energies in the restoration of discipline; and would have remained longer, had he not learned that the victors of Leipsic were making progress on either flank of his march, while the Bavarians (so recently his allies) reinforced by some Austrian divisions, were moving rapidly to take post between him and the Rhine. He resumed his march, therefore, on the 25th. It was here that Murat quitted the army. Notwithstanding the unpleasant circumstances under which he had retired to Naples in January, Joachim had reappeared when the Emperor fixed his head-quarters at Dresden in the summer, and served with his usual gallantry throughout the rest of the campaign. The state of Italy now demanded his presence; and the two brothers-in-law, after all their differences, embraced each other warmly and repeatedly at parting—as if under a mutual presentiment that they were parting to meet no more.

The Austro-Bavarians had taken up a position amid the woods near Hanau ere the Emperor approached the Mayne He came up with them on the morning of the 30th, and his troops charged on the instant with the fury of desperation.—Buonaparte cut his way through ere nightfall, and Marmont, with the rear had equal success on the 31st. In these actions there fell 6000 of the French; but the enemy had 10,000 killed or wounded, and lost 4000 prisoners.

The pursuit on the road which Napoleon adopted had been intrusted to the Austrians, who urged it with far less vigor than the Prussians under the fiery guidance of Blucher would probably have exerted. No considerable annoyance, therefore, succeeded to the battle of Hanau. The relics of the French host at length passed the Rhine; and the Emperor, having quitted them at Mentz, arrived in Paris on the 9th of November.

The armies of Austria and Prussia at length halted on the Rhine. To the Germans of every age this great river has been the object of an affection and reverence scarcely inferior to that with which an Egyptian contemplates the Nile, or the Indian his Ganges. When these brave bands, having achieved the rescue of their native soil, came in sight of this its ancient landmark, the burthen of a hundred songs, they knelt and shouted, the Rhine! the Rhine! as with the heart and voice of one man. They that were behind, rushed on, hearing the cry, in expectation of another battle.

CHAP. XXIII.

Manifesto of the Allied Sovereigns. Liberation of the Pope and Ferdinand VII. Military preparations. Allies invade France with 300,000 men. Napoleon heads his army. Battles of Brienne and La Rothiere. Defeats Blucher on the Marne. Battles of Nangis and Montereau.—Austrians retreat. Napoleon again marches against Blucher. Battles of Craonne and Laon. Napoleon at Rheims.

Of the events which crowded upon each other in the space of a few weeks after the overthrow of Leipsic, any one would, in times less extraordinary, have been sufficient to form an epoch in history. The fabric of Napoleon's German empire, crumbled into nothing. Hanover returned to the dominion of its sovereign. Brunswick, Hesse, and other states which had formed Jerome's kingdom of Westphalia, followed the same example. The confederation of the Rhine was dissolved, and the princes of that league obliged to bring a year's revenue and a double conscription to the banner of the allies. A revolution broke out in Holland; the coasts of Trieste and Dalmatia were obliged to be abandoned to the Austrians; numerous garrisons in Germany surrendered, and finally Denmark declared against France, recruiting Bernadotte's army with 10,000 Danish troops. There no longer remained a single French soldier in Spain, except a detached and now useless force under Suchet in Catalonia, and Wellington's army had crossed the Pyrenees. To crown the whole, disaffection was spreading rapidly in France itself.

The allied sovereigns assembled at Frankfort, where they issued a manifesto, the language of which was calculated to make a strong impression in France, as well as elsewhere.—The sovereigns announced their belief that it was for the interest of Europe that France should continue to be a powerful state, and their willingness to concede to her, even now, greater extent of territory than the Bourbon kings had ever claimed—the boundaries, namely, of the Rhine, the Alps and the Pyrenees. Their sole object in invading France was to put an end to the authority which Napoleon had attained over other nations. They disclaimed any wish to interfere with the internal government—it was the right of the nation to arrange that as they pleased; the hostility of Europe was against, not France, but Napoleon—and even as to Napoleon, against, not his person, but his system. The same terms were tendered to Napoleon himself, and his answer was such that diplomatists from all the belligerent powers forthwith assembled at Manheim. Napoleon authorized Caulaincourt to commence the negotiation in his behalf, and he probably did so for the purpose of gaining time. It did not suit his high-soaring ambition to be content with such a degree of power as was to be obtained by negotiation. His favorite phrase was that he "could not occupy a throne, the glory of which was tarnished." Yet let us do justice to the memory of a man so distinguished. If a merited confidence in the zeal and bravery of his troops, or in his own transcendent abilities as a general, could justify him in committing a great political error, in neglecting the opportunity of securing peace on honorable terms, the events of the strangely varied campaign of 1814, show sufficiently the ample ground there was for his entertaining such an assurance.

His military preparations were now urged with unremiting energy. New conscriptions were called for, and granted; every arsenal resounded with the fabrication of arms; and all the taxes were at once doubled by an imperial decree.—But the enthusiasm of the revolutionary period was long since gone by. In vain did Napoleon send special agents through the departments, calling on Frenchmen of all classes to rise in arms for the protection of the soil. Coldness, languor and distrust met them almost every where. The numerical results even of the conscription-levy were far under what they should have been; multitudes daily deserted, and not a few took part with those royalist bands who were mustering and training zealously in almost every district that was either strong by nature, or remote from the great military establishments of Buonaparte. The legislative senate, now testified some sympathy with the feelings of the people, whom in theory at least, they were supposed to represent. This was a novelty for which Napoleon had not been prepared, and he received it in a manner little likely to conciliate the attachment of wavering men. They ventured to hint that ancient France would remain to him, even if he accepted the proposals of the allies, and that Louis XIV, when he desired to rouse the French people in his behalf in a moment of somewhat similar disaster, had not disdained to detail openly the sincere efforts which he had made to obtain an honorable peace. "Shame on you!" cried the Emperor. "Wellington has entered the south, the Russians menace the northern frontier, the Prussians, Austrians and Bavarians the eastern. Shame! Wellington is in France, and we have not risen en masse to drive him back! All my allies have deserted—the Bavarian has betrayed me. No peace till we have burned Munich! I demand a levy of 300,000 men—with this and what I already have, I shall see a million in arms. I will form a camp of 100,000 at Bourdeaux; another at Mentz; and a third at Lyons. But I must have grown men—these boys serve only to encumber the hospitals and the road sides. Abandon Holland! sooner yield it back to the sea! Senators, an impulse must be given—all must march—you are fathers of families, the heads of the nation—you must set the example. Peace! I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry of war." The senate, nevertheless drew up and presented a report which renewed his wrath. He reproached them openly with desiring to purchase inglorious ease at the expense of his honor. "I am the state," said he, repeating a favorite expression: "What is the throne?—a bit of wood gilded, and covered with velvet—I am the state—I alone am here the representative of the people. Even if I had done wrong, you should not have reproached me in public—people wash their dirty linen at home. France has more need of me, than I of France." Having uttered these words, Napoleon repaired to his council of state and there denounced the legislative senate, as composed of one part of traitors and eleven of dupes. "In place of assisting," said he, "they impede me. Our attitude alone could have repelled the enemy—they invite him. We should have presented a front of brass—they lay open wounds to his view. I will not suffer their report to be printed. They have not done their duty, but I will do mine—I dissolve the legislative senate."

The greatest confusion already began to pervade almost every department of the public service. The orders of the government were more peremptory than ever, and they were hourly more neglected. Whole bands of conscripts, guilty of endeavoring to escape, were tried by military commissions and decimated. Even close to the barriers of Paris such executions were constantly going on; and all in vain. The general feeling was that of indifference. During this uneasy pause, Napoleon at last dismissed his venerable prisoner of Fontainebleau. It is not unlikely that, in the altered state of Italy, he thought the arrival of the Pope might tend to produce some dissention among his enemies in that quarter; and, in effect, when Pius reached Rome, he found the capital of the Catholic world in the hands of Murat, who had ere then concluded his treaty with Francis, and was advancing into the north of Italy, in the view of co-operating in the campaign against Beauharnois, with the Austrians on the one side, and on the other with an English force recently landed at Leghorn. Napoleon next unlocked the gates of Valencay on Ferdinand of Spain, who, after five years of captivity, returned to Madrid amidst the all but universal acclamations of a nation who had bled at every pore in his cause, and whom his government was destined ere long to satisfy that they had bled in vain. Napoleon, no doubt, understood well what sort of a present he was conferring on the Spaniards, when he restored Ferdinand, and probably calculated that his arrival would fill the country with civil tumults, sufficient to paralyze its arm for foreign war.

Schwartzenbeg with the grand army, at length crossed the Rhine, between Basle and Schaff-hausen, on the 20th of December, and disregarding the claim of the Swiss to preserve neutrality, advanced through that territory unopposed, and began to show themselves in Franche-Comte, in Burgundy and even to the gates of Dijon. On the 1st of January, 1814, the Silesian army, under Blucher, crossed the river at various points between Rastadt and Coblentz; and shortly after, the army of the north, commanded by Witzengerode and Bulow (for Bernadotte declined having any part in the actual invasion of France,) began to penetrate the frontier of the Netherlands. The wealthier inhabitants of the invaded provinces escaped to Paris bearing with them these tidings. It was now known to every one that the Pyrenees had been crossed by Wellington, and the Rhine by three mighty hosts, amounting together to 300,000 men, and including representatives of every tongue and tribe from the Germans of Westphalia to the wildest barbarians of Tartary. Persons of condition despatched their plate and valuables to places at a distance from the capital; many whole families removed daily; and the citizens of Paris were openly engaged in laying up stores of flour and salted provisions, in contemplation of a siege.

Nearer and nearer every day the torrent of invasion rolled on—sweeping before it, from post to post, the various corps which had been left to watch the Rhine. Marmont, Mortier, Victor and Ney, commanding in all about 50,000 men, retired of necessity before the enemy. It had been considered as certain that much time must be occupied with the besieging of the great fortresses on the Rhenish frontier. But it was apparent that the allies had resolved to carry the war into the interior, without waiting for the reduction of these formidable outworks. Their numbers were such that they could afford to mask them, and still pass on with hosts overwhelmingly superior to all those of Napoleon's lieutenants. These withdrew, and with them, and behind them, came crowds of the rustic population possessing any means of transport.—Carts and waggons, crammed with terrified women and children, thronged every avenue to the capital.

On the 22d of January, the first official news of the invasion appeared; the Moniteur announced that Schwartzenberg had entered Switzerland on the 20th of December, and that Blucher also had crossed the Rhine on the first day of the year. The next morning, being Sunday, the officers of the national guard were summoned to the Tuilleries. They lined the saloon of the marshals, to the number of 900, altogether ignorant of the purpose for which they had been convoked. The Emperor took his station in the centre of the hall; and immediately afterward the Empress, with the King of Rome (carried in the arms of Countess Montesquiou,) appeared at his side. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon, "France is invaded; I go to put myself at the head of my troops, and, with God's help and their valor, I hope soon to drive the enemy beyond the frontier." Here he took Maria Louisa in one hand and her son in the other, and continued—"But if they should approach the capital, I confide to the national guard the Empress and the King of Rome"—then correcting himself, he said in a tone of strong emotion—"my wife and my child." Several officers stepped from their places and approached him; and tears were visible on the cheeks of all.

Napoleon spent part of the 24th of January in reviewing troops in the court-yard of the Tuilleries, in the midst of a fall of snow, which must have called up ominous recollections and at three in the morning of the 25th once more left his capital. He had again appointed Maria Louisa regent, placed his brother Joseph at the head of her council, and gave orders for raising military defences around Paris, and for converting many public buildings into hospitals. He set off in visible dejection; but recovered all his energy on reaching once more the congenial atmosphere of arms.

He arrived at Chalons ere midnight; and found that Schwartzenberg and Blucher, having severally passed through Franch-Comte and Lorraine, were now occupying—the former with 97,000 men, the latter with 40,000—an almost complete line between the Marne and the Seine. Blucher was in his own neighborhood, and he immediately resolved to attack the right of the Silesian army, which was pushing down the valley of the Marne, while its centre kept the parallel course of the Aube, ere the Prussian marshal could concentrate all his own strength, far less be adequately supported from the side of Schwartzenberg, who was advancing down the Seine towards Bar. A sharp skirmish took place accordingly on the 27th, at St. Dizier; and Blucher, warned of Napoleon's arrival, lost no time in calling in his detachments, and taking a post of defence at Brienne-le-Chateau on the Aube—the same town where Buonaparte had received his military education. Could Napoleon force him from the Aube, it was evident that the French would be enabled to interpose themselves effectually between the two armies of the allies; and it was most necessary to divide the enemy's strength, for after all his exertions, Napoleon had been able to add only 20,000 good troops to the 50,000 who had been retiring before the allied columns from the course of the Rhine.

Napoleon, therefore, marched through a thick forest upon the scene of his youthful studies, and appeared there on the 29th;—having moved so rapidly that Blucher was at dinner in the chateau, when the French thundered at its gates, and with difficulty escaped to the rear through a postern—actually leading his horse down a stair. The Russians, however, under Alsusieff, maintained their place in the town courageously; and, some Cossacks throwing themselves upon the rear of the French, the Emperor was himself involved in the melee, drew his sword and fought like a private dragoon.—General Gourgaud shot a Cossack when in the act of thrusting a spear at Napoleon's back. The town of Brienne was burnt to the ground; Alsusieff was made prisoner; Lefebre Desnouettes died; and there was considerable slaughter on both sides; but the affair had no result of importance.—Blucher retired but a little further up the Aube, and posted himself at La Rothiere, where Schwartzenberg, warned by the cannonade, hastened to co-operate with him.

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that during the charge of the Cossacks at Brienne, he recognized a particular tree, under which, when a boy, he used to sit and read the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso. The field had been in those days, part of the exercise ground of the students, and the chateau, whence Blucher escaped so narrowly, their lodging. How strange must have been the feelings of the man who, having but yesterday planted his eagles on the Kremlin, now opened his fifteenth campaign amid the scenes of his own earliest recollections—of the days in which he had never dreamed of empire. On the 1st of February, Blucher in his turn, assumed the offensive, assaulting the French position in his front at once on three several points, the battle lasted all day, and ended in the defeat of the French. While the division of Marmont retired down the Aube before Blucher, Napoleon himself struck across the country to Troyes, which there was every reason to fear must be immediately occupied by Schwartzenberg; and was there joined by a considerable body of his own guard, in high order and spirits, whose appearance restored, in a great measure, the confidence of the troops beaten at La Rothiere.

While at Troyes Napoleon learned that Blucher had separated from Schwartzenberg, and transferred his whole army to the Marne, and was now advancing towards Paris. This was a blunder and Napoleon's eagle eye detected it. Leaving Victor and Oudinot with a small force to keep the Austrians in check, he now directed his own march against Blucher.

He had to traverse a country intersected with thickets, marshes, drains, ditches and impediments of every kind; the weather was execrable, and but for the extraordinary exertions of the Mayor of Barbonne, who collected five hundred horses to extricate the guns, they must have been abandoned on the road. But by dint of perseverance, Buonaparte accomplished this forced march, on the 10th of February, and the flank of the Silesian army was in consequence placed at his mercy. They were moving on without the least suspicion of such an attack. Sacken led the advance, the Russian general Alsusieff followed, and Blucher himself brought up the rear with the main body. All intent upon the advance to Paris, they were marching with careless haste, and had suffered such large intervals to take place betwixt their divisions as to expose them to be attacked in detail.

Buonaparte fell upon the central division of Alsusieff, at Champeaubert, surrounded, defeated and totally dispersed them, taking their artillery and 2000 prisoners, while the remainder of the division fled into the woods, and attempted to escape individually. The whole force of the Emperor was now interposed between the advanced guard under Sacken, and the main body under Blucher. It was first directed towards the former, whom Napoleon encountered sooner than he expected, for Sacken on hearing of the action of Champeaubert, instantly countermarched his division to assist Alsusieff, or at least to rejoin Blucher; but he was overwhelmed by the superior force of the French, and having lost one fourth of his division, about 5000 men, was forced to leave the high road, upon which Blucher was advancing, and retreat by that on Chateau Thierry. At this village Sacken was joined by General Yorck and Prince William of Prussia; but, still unable to make a stand, they could only secure a retreat by destroying the bridge over the Marne.—War began now to show itself in its most hideous forms.—The stragglers and fugitives who could not cross the bridge before its destruction, were murdered by its peasantry, while the allied soldiers, in revenge, plundered the village of Chateau Thierry, and practised every excess of violence. The defeat of Sacken took place on the 12th of February. The Prussian marshal, advancing rapidly, in consequence of the firing of these battles, found himself all at once in presence of an army flushed with victory, vastly superior in numbers, and well provided with cavalry, of which he had almost none. He retired in alternate squares, sustaining all day the charges of the French, with much loss of life; and at length cut his way, at Etoges, through a column of heavy horse, sent round to intercept him, and drawn up on the causeway. Blucher himself was, in the course of this day, obliged to fight hand to hand like a private soldier. His retreat was masterly, and he finally crossed the Marne at Chalons.

Such was Napoleon's celebrated "expedition of the Marne." In five days his arms had been three times successful. He had shattered and dispersed the Silesian army, and above all, recovered the spirits of his own soldiery. A column of 7000 Prussian prisoners, with a considerable number of guns and standards, at length satisfied the Parisians that Victory had not entirely foresworn her old favorite.

Scarcely had the Parisians seen the prisoners from Montmirail marched along their Boulevards, ere they heard that the Cossacks were in possession of Fontainebleau. Napoleon had left small divisions of his army to guard the bridges over the Seine at Nogent and Bray. The enemy, however, soon discovered that the Emperor and his chief force were no longer in that quarter; and—while he was beating Alsusieff, Sacken and Blucher—had made good the passage of the Seine, at three different points, at Nogent, a Bray, and still farther down, at Montereau. Schwartzenberg had already his head-quarters at Nangis, and was obviously resolved to reach Paris, if possible, while Napoleon was on the Marne. The light troops of the grand allied army were scattering confusion on both sides of the Seine—and one party of them was so near the capital as Fontainebleau.

Buonaparte instantly committed to Marmont and Mortier the care of watching the Chalons road and the remains of Blucher's army, and marched with his main body on Meaux, where he received (15th February) the welcome reinforcements of 20,000 veterans from Spain, commanded by Grouchy. On the 16th, Victor and Oudinot were engaged with the van of Schwartzenberg, on the plains of Guignes, when the Emperor arrived to their assistance. The enemy immediately drew back, and concentrated his strength at Nangis.—Napoleon attacked that position on the morning of the 17th, and with such effect, that the allies retreated after considerable loss, on the bridges in their rear.

They halted, however, at Montereau, and Victor, who commanded the pursuers on that route, failed in dislodging them. Napoleon resented this as a heinous error, and coming up on the morning of the 18th, rebuked him in terms of violent wrath, and formally dismissed him from the service.—The marshal, tears streaming down his face, declared that though he had ceased to be an officer, he must still be a soldier, and would serve once more in the ranks, from which he had originally risen. The old man's son-in-law, General Chateau, had been slain the same morning. Napoleon extended his hand to him, and said he could not give him back the command of his corps d'armee, which had been already assigned to another, but that he was welcome to place himself at the head of a brigade of the guard. It was upon such occasions, when he subdued his excited feelings to a state of kindness and generosity, that Buonaparte's personal conduct seems to have been most amiable. The attack then commenced with fury, and the bridge and town of Montereau were carried. The defence was, however, long and stern, and Napoleon was seen pointing cannon with his own hand, under the heaviest of the fire. The artillerymen, delighted with witnessing this resumption of his ancient trade, were, nevertheless, alarmed at the exposure of his person, and entreated him to withdraw. He persisted in his work, answering gayly, "My children! the bullet that shall kill me is not yet cast." Pursuing his advantage, Napoleon saw the grand army continue their retreat in the direction of Troyes, and on the morning of the 22d arrived before Mery. The astonishment of the Emperor was great, when he found this town occupied, not by a feeble rear-guard of Schwartzenberg, but by a powerful division of Russians, commanded by Sacken, and therefore, belonging to the army of Blucher. These unexpected enemies were charged in the streets, and at length retired out of the town (which was burnt to the ground in the struggle,) and thence beyond the Aube—which, in that quarter, runs nearly parallel with, and at no great distance from, the Seine. The Emperor then halted, and spent the night in a wheelwright's cottage at Chatres.

Napoleon now thought of the means of at once holding Schwartzenberg in check on the Seine, and returning once more to confront Blucher on the Marne. He desired Oudinot and Macdonald, with their divisions, to manœuvre in the direction of Schwartzenberg; and these generals commanded their troops to shout "Vive l'Empereur," whenever they were in hearing of the enemy, which for a time kept up the notion that Napoleon himself was still advancing on the road to Bar. Meanwhile, he was once more marching rapidly across the country to Sezanne; at which point he received intelligence that Mortier and Marmont had been driven from Ferte-Sous-Jouarre by Blucher, and were in full retreat to

Meaux. Meaux he considered as almost a suburb of Paris, and quickened his speed accordingly. Hurrying on, at Ferte-Goucher, he was at once met and overtaken by evil tidings. Schwartzenberg, having discovered the Emperor's absence, had immediately resumed the offensive, defeated Oudinot and Macdonald at Bar, and driven them before him as far as Troyes; and Augereau, who commanded in the neighborhood of Lyons, announced the arrival of a new and great army of the allies in that quarter. Napoleon resumed, however, his march, and having been detained some time at Ferte, in consequence of the destruction of the bridge, took the direction of Chateau-Thierry and Soissons, while Mortier and Marmont received his orders to resume the offensive in front of Meaux. He hoped, in this manner, to throw himself on the flank of Blucher's march, as he had done before at Champaubert. But the Prussian received intelligence this time of his approach; and, drawing his troops together, retired to Soissons in perfect order.

Napoleon proceeded with alacrity in the direction of Soissons, not doubting that the French garrisons intrusted with the care of that town, and its bridge over the Marne, were still in possession of it, and eager, therefore, to force Blucher into action with this formidable obstacle in the rear. But Soissons had been taken by a Russian corps, retaken by a French one, and fallen once more into the hands of the enemy, ere the Emperor came in sight of it. The Muscovite black eagle, floating on the towers, gave him the first intimation of this misfortune. He assaulted the place impetuously; the Russians repelled the attack; and Napoleon, learning that Blucher had filed his main body through the town, and posted himself behind the Marne, marched up the left bank of that river, and crossed it also at Bery.

A few leagues in front of this place, on the heights of Craonne, two Russian corps, those of Sacken and Witzengerode, were already in position; and the Emperor lost no time in charging them there, in the hope of destroying them ere they could unite with Blucher. The battle of Craonne began at eleven A. M. on the 7th of March, and lasted till four in the afternoon. The Russians had down to this hour withstood the utmost exertions of Ney on their right, of Victor on their left, and of Napoleon himself on their centre.—The loss in slain and wounded had been about equal on both sides: no cannon and hardly a prisoner had been taken. The Emperor enraged with this obstinate resistance, was preparing for a final effort, when suddenly the Russians began to retreat. He followed them; but they withdrew with deliberation. They had been ordered to fall back on the plateau of Laon, in order to form there on the same line with Blucher, who was once more in presence, and eager to concentrate all his force for a decisive conflict.

It took place on the 9th. Napoleon found his enemy strongly posted along an elevated ridge, covered with wood, and further protected in front by a succession of terrace-walls, the enclosures of vineyards. There was a heavy mist on the lower ground, and the French were advancing up the hill ere their movement was discovered. They were met by a storm of cannonade which utterly broke their centre. On either flank of the enemy's position they then charged in succession, and with like results. On all points they were repelled, except only at the village of Athies, where Marmont had obtained some advantage. Night interrupted the contest, and the armies bivouacked in full view of each other. The allies, in consequence of their well-covered position, had suffered comparatively little; of the French some thousands had died—and all in vain. Napoleon, was, however, resolved to renew the attack, and mounted his horse accordingly at four on the morning of the 10th. At that moment news came that Marmont's corps had just been assaulted at Athies, and so thoroughly discomfitted that they were now flying in confusion towards Corbery. Notwithstanding this ominous opening, the battle in front of Laon was continued all the day. But the tide of fortune had turned, and could not be resisted. On the 11th, Napoleon commenced his retreat, having lost 30 cannon and 10,000 men.

Soissons had been evacuated by the allies, when concentrating themselves for the battle of Laon. Napoleon threw himself, therefore, into that town, and was making his best efforts to strengthen it, in expectation of the Prussian's advance, when once more a messenger of evil tidings reached him. A detached Russian corps, commanded by St. Piest, a French emigrant, had seized Rheims by a coup-de-main.—The possession of this city (as a glance at any good map will show) could hardly fail to re-establish Blucher's communications with Schwartzenberg—and Napoleon instantly marched thither in person, leaving Marmont to hold out as well as he could at Soissons, in case that should be the direction of Blucher's march. Buonaparte, moving with his usual rapidity, came unexpected on Rheims, and took the place by assault, at midnight. St. Priest had fallen; and the bulletin announced that he met his fate by a ball from the same cannon which killed Moreau. From Rheims, where Napoleon remained for three days to refresh his followers, he despatched full powers to Caulaincourt to conclude any treaty, which should secure the immediate evacuation of the old French territory, and a mutual restoration of prisoners. The allies, however, had determined to negotiate no more ere the despatch of Rheims reached him.

CHAP. XXIV.

Energies of Napoleon. Operations of the allies. Sufferings of the Peasantry. Napoleon marches to St. Dizier. The allies approach Paris. Proclamation of Joseph. The Empress retires to Blois. Heroic but unavailing defence of the Capital. Marmont capitulates.—The allies enter Paris. Napoleon at Fontainbleau. His abdication. His parting interview with the Imperial Guard. Death of Josephine. Napoleon commences his journey to Elba.

THROUGHOUT this crisis of his history it is impossible to survey the rapid energy of Napoleon—his alert transition from enemy to enemy, his fearless assaults on vastly superior numbers, his unwearied resolution and exhaustless invention—without the highest admiration. He had all through this, the most extraordinary of his campaigns, continued to conduct, from his perpetually changing head-quarters, the civil business of his empire. He occupied himself largely with such matters during his stay at Rheims; but it was there that the last despatches from the home-department at Paris were destined to reach him; and, ere he could return his answer, there came couriers upon couriers with tidings which would have unmanned any other mind, and which filled his with perplexity. On the one side, Blucher had profited by his departure, crushed down the feeble opposition of the corps left at Soissons, and repassed the Marne. On the other hand, Schwartzenberg had detected, almost as soon as it took place, his march on Sezanne, and instantly resumed the offensive. Oudinot and Girard had been forced to give way before the immeasurably superior numbers of the grand army. They had been defeated with great slaughter at Bar on the Aube; and the Austrian was once more at Troyes:—The allies were therefore, to all appearance, in full march upon Paris, both by the valley of the Marne, and by that of the Seine, at the moment when Napoleon had thought to paralyze all their movements by taking up a position between them at Rheims.

He still counted largely on the magic of his name; and even now he had hardly overreckoned. When Schwartzenberg understood that Napoleon was at Rheims, the old terror returned, and the Austrian instantly proposed to fall back from Troyes. Lord Castlereagh, who was at this time in the camp of the allies, took upon himself the responsibility of signifying that the grand army might retire if the sovereigns pleased, but that if such a movement took place, the subsidies of England must be considered at an end. This bold word determined the debate. Schwartzenberg's columns instantly resumed their march down the Seine.

Napoleon, meanwhile, had been struggling with himself: whatever line of action he might adopt was at the best hazardous in the extreme. Should he hasten after Blucher on the Marne, what was to prevent Schwartzenberg from reaching Paris ere the Silesian army, already victorious at Laon, could be once more brought to action by an inferior force? Should he throw himself on the march of Schwartzenberg, would not the fiery Prussian be at the Tuilleries long before the Austrian could be checked on the Seine? There remained a third course—namely, to push at once into the country in the rear of the grand army; and to this there were sundry inducements. By doing so, he might possibly—such were still the Emperor's conceptions as to the influence of his name—strike the advancing allies, both the Austrian and the Prussian, with terror, and paralyze their movements.—Were they likely to persist in their Hurrah on Paris (at this period the Cossack vocabulary was in vogue,) when they knew Napoleon to be posting himself between them and their own resources, and at the same time relieving and rallying around him all the garrisons of the great fortresses of the Rhine? Would not such conduct be considered as entirely out of the question by superstitious adherents to the ancient technicalities of war? Would not Schwartzenberg at least abandon the advance and turn to follow him, who still fancied that no one could dream of conquering France without having ruined Napoleon? But—even supposing that the allied powers should resist all these suggestions and proceed upon the capital—would not that great city, with Marmont and Mortier, and the national guard, be able to hold the enemy at bay for some considerable space; and during that space, could the Emperor fail to release his garrisons on the Rhine, and so place himself once more at the head of an army capable, under his unrivalled guidance, of relieving France and ruining her invaders, by a great battle under the walls of Paris?

It must be added, in reference to Napoleon's choice amon these difficulties, that ere now the continuance of the warfa had much exacerbated the feelings of the peasantry, who, f the most part, regarded its commencement with indifferenc The perpetual marches and counter-marches of the armie the assaults and burning of towns and villages, the fierc demeanour of the Prussians, and the native barbarism of the Russians, had spread devastation and horror through some of the fairest provinces of France. The desolation was such that wolves and other beasts of prey appeared, in numbers, which recalled the ages of the unbroken forest, amid the vineyards and gardens of Champaigne. All who could command the means of flight had escaped; of those that remained there were few who had not, during three months, suffered painful privations, seen their cottages occupied by savage strangers, and their streams running red with the blood of their countrymen. The consequence was that the peasantry on the theatre of the war, and behind it, were ere now in a state of high excitement. Might not the Emperor, by throwing himself and his diminished, but still formidable, band of veterans among them, give the finishing impulse, and realize at length his fond hope of a national insurrection? While Napoleon was thus tossed in anxiety by what means to avert, if it were yet possible, from Paris the visitation of those mighty armies, against whom, energies, such as he alone possessed, had been exerted in vain—the capital showed small symptoms of sympathizing with him. The streets were daily traversed by new crowds of provincialists, driven or terrified from their dwellings. Every hospital, and many public buildings besides, were crammed with wounded soldiers; and the number of dead bodies continually floating down the Seine, was so great that the meanest of the populace durst no longer make use of the water. As one conclusive token of the universal distrust, it may be mentioned that, whereas in usual times the amount of taxes paid daily into the exchequer at Paris is about £3,000, the average, after the first of March, did not exceed £15. It was Savary's business to despatch a full account of the state of the city every night to head-quarters;—and he did not hesitate to inform the Emperor that the machinery of government was clogged in every wheel, and that the necessity of purchasing peace, by abandoning him, was the common burden of conversation.

Meantime, to swell the cup of his anxieties, there reached him new intelligence of the most alarming character from the south-western provinces, invaded by Lord Wellington. That general had driven Soult before him through the Pays de Gaves, (the tract of strong country broken by the torrents descending from the Pyrenees;) defeated him in another great battle at Orthes, and was now pursuing him in the direction of Toulouse. Nor was even this the worst, Bordeaux had risen openly in the cause of Louis. The white flag was floating on every tower of the third city in France, and the Duke D'Angouleme was administering all the offices of government in the midst of a population who had welcomed him with enthusiasm. It was amid such circumstances that Napoleon at length decided on throwing himself upon the rear of the allies. They were for some time quite uncertain of his movements after he quitted Rheims, until an intercepted letter to Maria Louisa informed them that he was at St. Dizier.

He continued for several days to manœuvre on the country beyond St. Dizier. Having thus seized the roads by which the grand army had advanced, he took prisoners many persons of distinction on their way to its head-quarters—and at one time the Emperor of Austria himself escaped most narrowly a party of French hussars. Meanwhile, petty skirmishes were ever and anon occurring between Napoleon's rear-guard and Austrians, whom he took for the vanguard of Schwartzenberg. They were, however, detached troops, chiefly horse, left to hang on his march. The grand army was proceeding rapidly down the Seine; while Blucher, having beaten Marmont and Mortier, was already within sight of Meaux.

It has been mentioned that Napoleon, ere he commenced his campaign, directed some fortifications to be thrown up on the side of Paris nearest to the invading armies. His brother Joseph, however, was, as Spain had witnessed, neither an active nor a skilful soldier; and the civil government of this tempestuous capital appears to have been more than enough to employ what energies he possessed. The outworks executed during the campaign were few and inconsiderable; and to occupy them, there were but 8,000 fresh regulars, the discomfited divisions of Marmont and Mortier, and the national guard of the metropolis. Meanwhile, the royalists within the city had been watching the progress of events with eagerness and exultation. Talleyrand was ere now in close communication with them, and employing all the resources of his talents to prevail on them to couple their demand for the heir of the Bourbons. Various deputations from the royalists had found their way to the head-quarters, both of Blucher and of Schwartzenberg, ere the middle of March, and expressed sentiments of this nature. As yet, however, none of the allies had ventured to encourage directly the hopes of the Bourbon party. They persisted in asserting their resolution to let the French nation judge for themselves under what government they should live; and to take no part in their civil feuds. Talleyrand himself was in correspondence with the Czar; but, in his letters, he, as far as is known, confined himself to urging the advance of the armies. A billet from him was delivered to Alexander just ere the final rush on Paris began: it was in these words—"You venture nothing, when you may safely venture every thing—venture once more."

On the 26th of March, the distant roaring of artillery was heard at intervals on the boulevards of Paris; and the alarm began to be violent. On the 27th (Sunday) Joseph Buonaparte held a review in the Place Carousel; and the day being fine, and the uniforms mostly new, the confidence of the spectators rose, and the newspapers expressed their wishes that the enemy could but behold what forces were ready to meet and destroy them. That same evening the allies passed the Marne at various points; at three in the morning of the 28th, they took Meaux; and at daybreak, "the terrified population of the country between Meaux and Paris, came pouring into the capital," says an eye-witness, "with their aged, infirm, children and household goods of every description. The boulevards were crowded with waggons, carts and carriages thus laden, to which cattle were tied, and the whole surrounded with women." The regular troops now marched out of the town, leaving all the barriers in charge of the national guard. The confusion that prevailed everywhere was indiscribable.

On the 29th, the Empress, her son and most of the members of the council of state, set off, attended by 700 soldiers, for Rambouillet—from which they continued their journey to Blois—and in their train went fifteen waggons laden with plate and coin from the vaults of the Tuilleries. The spectators looked on their departure in gloomy silence; and king Joseph published the following proclamation; "Citizens of Paris! A hostile column has descended on Meaux. It advances; but the Emperor follows close behind, at the head of a victorious army. The council of regency has provided for the safety of the Empress and the King of Rome. I remain with you. Let us arm ourselves to defend this city, its monuments, its riches, our wives and our children—all that is dear to us. Let this vast capital become a camp for some moments; and let the enemy find his shame under the walls which he hopes to overleap in triumph. The Emperor marches to our succour. Second him by a short and vigorous resistance, and preserve the honor of France." No feeling favorable to Napoleon was stirred by this appeal.—The boulevards continued to be thronged with multitudes of people; but the most part received the proclamation with indifference—not a few with murmers. Some officers urged Savary to have the streets unpaved, and persuade the people to arm themselves with the stones, and prepare for a defence such as that of Zaragossa. He answered, shaking his head, "the thing cannot be done."

All day waggons of biscuit and ammunition were rolling through the town; wounded soldiers came limping to the barriers; and the Seine heaved thicker and thicker with the carcasses of men and horses. That night, for once, the theatres were deserted.

On the 30th, the allies fought and won the final battle. The French occupied the whole range of heights from the Marne at Charenton, to the Seine beyond St. Denis. It was about eight o'clock when the Parisians, who had assembled in anxious crowds at the barriers of St. Denis and of Vincennes, the outlets from Paris, corresponding with the two extremities of the line, became sensible, from the dropping succession of musket-shots, which sounded like the detached pattering of large drops of rain before a thunder-storm, that the work of destruction was already commenced. Presently platoons of musketry, with a close and heavy fire of cannon from the direction of Belleville, announced that the engagement had become general on that part of the line

General Rayefski had began the attack by pushing forward a column, with the purpose of turning the heights of Romainville on the right; but its progress having been arrested by a heavy fire of artillery, the French suddenly became the assailants, and, under the command of Marmont, rushed forward and possessed themselves of the village of Pantin, in advance of their line, an important post, which they had abandoned on the preceding evening, at the approach of the allied army. It was instantly recovered by the Russian grenadiers, at the point of the bayonet; and the French, although they several times attempted to resume the offensive, were driven back by the Russians on the villages of Belleville and Mesnilmontant, while the allies pushed forward through the wood of Romainville, under the acclivity of the heights. The most determined and sustained fire was directed upon them from the French batteries along the whole line Several of these were served by youths of the Polytechnic school, boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, who showed the greatest activity and the most devoted courage. The French infantry rushed repeatedly in columns from the heights, where opportunities occurred to check the progress of the allies. They were as often repulsed by the Russians, each new attempt giving rise to fresh conflicts and more general slaughter, while a continued and dispersed combat of sharp-shooters took place among the groves, vineyards, and gardens of the villas, with which the heights are covered.—At length, by order of General de Tolli, the Russian commander-in chief, the front attack on the heights was suspended until the operations of the allies on the other points should permit it to be resumed at a cheaper risk of loss. The Russian regiments which had been dispersed as sharp-shooters, were withdrawn and again formed in rank, and it would seem that the French seized this opportunity to repossess themselves of the village of Pantin, and to assume a momentary superiority in the contest.

Blucher had received his orders late in the morning, and could not commence the attack so early as that upon the left. About eleven o'clock, having contented himself with observing and blockading a body of French troops, who occupied the village of St. Denis, he directed the columns of General Langeron against the village of Aubervilliers, and having surmounted the obstinate opposition which was there made, moved them right against the extremity of the heights of Montmartre, whilst the division of Klieist and Yorck marched to attack in flank the villages of La Villette and Pantin, and thus sustain the attack on the centre and right of the French. The defenders, strongly entrenched and protected by powerful batteries, opened the most formidable resistance, and, as the ground was broken and impracticable for cavalry, many of the acting columns suffered severely. When the divisions of the Silesian army, commanded by Prince William of Prussia, first came to the assistance of the original assailants upon the centre, the French concentrated themselves on the strong post of La Villette, and the farm Rouvroy, and continued to offer the most desperate resistance in defence of these points. Upon the allied left wing the Prussian Guards, and those of Baden, threw themselves with rival impetuosity into the village of Pantin, and carried it at the point of the bayonet. During these advantages, the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg, on the extreme left of the allies, had forced his way to Vincennes, and threatened the right of the French battalions posted at Belleville, as had been projected in the plan of the attack. General Rayefski renewed the suspended assault upon these heights in front, when he learned that they were thus in some measure turned in flank, and succeeded in carrying those of Romainville, with the village. Marmont and Oudinot in vain attempted a charge upon the allied troops, who had thus established themselves on the French line of defence. They were repulsed and pursued by the victors, who, following up their advantage, possessed themselves successively of the villages of Belleville and Mesnilmontant, the Butte de St. Chaumont, and the fine artillery which defended this line. About the same time the village of Charonne, on the right extremity of the heights, was also carried, and the whole line of defence occupied by the right wing of the French fell into the possession of the allies. Their light horse began to penetrate from Vincennes as far as the barriers of Paris, and their guns and mortars upon the heights were turned upon the city. The centre of the French army had hitherto stood firm, protected by the redoubt at Rouvroy, with eighteen heavy pieces of cannon, and by the village of La Villette, which formed the key of the position. But the right flank of their line being turned by those troops who had become possessed of Romainville, the allies overwhelmed this part of the line also, and carried by assault the farm of Rouvroy, with its strong redoubt, and the village of La Villette, drove the centre of the French back upon the city. A body of French cavalary attempted to check the advance of the allied columns, but were repulsed and destroyed by a charge of the black hussars of Brandenburg.

The French defence, in spite of all the previous disasters, and of the enormous superiority of the enemy's numbers, was most brave; but ere two o'clock the allies had beaten them at all points, except at Montmartre, where they were rapidly making progress. Marmont sent several aides-de-camp to request an armistice, and offer a capitulation. One only of his messengers appears to have reached the head-quarters of the sovereigns—and both the Czar and King of Prussia immediately professed their willingness to spare the city, provided the regular troops would evacuate it. Blucher, meanwhile, continued pressing on at Montmartre, and shortly after four, the victory being completed in that direction, the French cannon were turned on the city, and shot and shells began to spread destruction within its walls. The capitulation was drawn up at five o'clock, close to the barrier St. Denis.

We must now turn to Napoleon. It was not until the 27th that he distinctly ascertained the fact of both the allied armies having marched directly on Paris. He instantly resolved to hasten after them, in hopes to arrive on their rear, ere yet they had mastered the heights of Montmartre, nor did his troops refuse to rush forward once more at his bidding. He had to go round by Doulevent and Troyes, because the direct route was ere now utterly wasted, and could not furnish food for his men. At Doulevent he received a billet from La Villette, his postmaster-general, in these terms; "The partisans of the stranger are making head, seconded by secret intrigues. The presence of the Emperor is indispensable—if he desires to prevent his capital from being delivered to the enemy. There is not a moment to be lost." Urging his advance accordingly with renewed eagerness, Buonaparte reached Troyes on the night of the 29th—his men having marched fifteen leagues since the daybreak. On the 30th he continued to advance. Finding the road beyond Troyes quite clear, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and travelled on before his army at full speed, with hardly any attendance. At Villeneuve L'Archeveque he mounted on horseback, and galloping without a pause, reached Fontainebleau late in the night. He there ordered a carriage, and taking Caulaincourt and Berthier into it, drove on towards Paris. Nothing could shake his belief that he was yet in time—until, while he was changing horses at La Cour de France, but a few miles from Paris, General Belliard came up at the head of a column of cavalry—weary and dejected men, marching towards Fontainbleau, in consequence of the provisions of Marmont's capitulation, from the fatal field of Montmartre.—Even then Napoleon refused to halt. Leaping from his carriage he began: "What means this? Why here with your cavalry, Belliard? And where are the enemy? Where are my wife and boy? Where Marmont? Where Mortier?"—Belliard, walking by his side, told him the events of the day. He called out for his carriage, and insisted on continuing his journey. The general in vain informe dhim there was no longer an army in Paris; that the regulars were all coming behind, and that neither they nor he himself, having left the city in consequence of a convention, could possibly return to it. The Emperor still demanded his carriage, and bade Belliard turn with the cavalry and follow him. "Come," said he, "we must to Paris—nothing goes aright when I am away, they do nothing but blunder." He strode on, crying, "You should have held out longer—you should have raised Paris—they cannot like the Cossacks—they would surely have defended their walls—Go! go! I see every one has lost his senses. This comes of employing people who have neither common sense nor energy." With such exclamations Buonaparte hurried onwards, dragging Belliard with him, until they were met, a mile from La Cour de France, by the first of the retreating infantry. Their commander, General Curial, gave the same answers as Belliard. "In proceeding to Paris," said he, "you rush on death or captivity." Perceiving at length that the hand of necessity was on him, the Emperor then abandoned his design. He sunk at once into perfect composure; gave orders that the troops, as they arrived, should draw up behind the little river Essone; despatched Caulaincourt to Paris, with authority to accept whatever terms the allied sovereigns might be pleased to offer; and turned again towards Fontainbleau. It was still dark when Napoleon reached once more that venerable castle. He retired to rest immediately; not, however, in any of the state rooms which he had been accustomed to occupy, but in a smaller apartment, in a different and more sequestered part of the building.

The Duke of Vicenza reached the Czar's quarters at Pantin early on the morning of the 31st, while he was yet asleep; and recognized amid the crowd in the antechamber, a deputation from the municipality of Paris, who were waiting to present the keys of the city, and invoke the protection of the conqueror. As soon as the Emperor awoke, these functionaries were admitted to his presence, and experienced a most courteous reception. The Czar repeated his favorite expression, that he had but one enemy in France; and promised that the capital, and all within it, should be treated with perfect consideration. Caulaincourt then found his way to Alexander—but he was dismissed immediately. The countenance of the envoy announced, as he came out, that he considered the fate of his master as decided; nor, if he had preserved any hope, could it have failed to expire when he learned that Alexander had already sent to Talleyrand, requesting him on no account to quit the capital.

The Royalists welcomed with exultation the dawn of the 31st. Together with a proclamation of Schwartzenberg, they circulated one of Monsieur, and another of Louis XVIII, himself; and some of the leading gentlemen of the party, the Montmorencys, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Rochefoucalds, the Polignacs, the Chateaubriands, were early on horseback in the streets; which they paraded without interruption from any, either of the civil authorities, or of the national guard, decorated with the symbols of their cause, and appealing with eloquence to the feelings of the lookers-on. As yet, however, they were only listened to. The mass of the people were altogether uncertain what the end was to be; and in the language of the chief orator himself, Rochefoucald, "the silence was most dismal." At noon, the first of the allied troops began to pass the barrier and enter the city. The royalist cavaliers met them; but though many officers, observing the white cockade, exclaimed "la belle decoration!" the generals refused to say any thing which might commit their sovereigns. Some ladies of rank, however, now appeared to take their part in the scene; and when these fair hands were seen tearing their dresses to make white cockades, the flame of their enthusiasm began to spread. Various pickets of the national guard had plucked the tricolor badge from their caps, and assumed the white, ere many of the allies passed the gates.

An immense crowd filled the Boulevards, (a large wide open promenade, which, under a variety of destinctive names, forms a circuit round the city,) in order to witness the entrance of the allied sovereigns and their army, whom, in the succession of four and twenty hours, this mutable people were disposed to regard as friends rather than enemies; a disposition which increased until it amounted to enthusiasm for the persons of these princes, against whom a bloody battle had been fought yesterday under the walls of Paris, in evidence of which mortal strife, there still remained blackening in the sun the unburied thousands who had fallen on both sides. The procession lasted several hours, during which, 50,000 chosen troops of the Silesian and Grand Army filed along the Boulevards in broad and deep columns, exhibiting a whole forest of bayonets, mingled with long trains of artillery, and preceded by numerous regiments of cavalry of every description. Nothing surprised those who witnessed this magnificent spectacle, more than the high state of good order and regular equipment in which the men and horses appeared. The monarchs at last halted, dismissed their soldiers to quarters in the city, saw Platoff and his Cossacks establish their bivouac in the Champs Elysees, and retired to the residence prepared for them; that of Alexander being in the hotel of Talleyrand.

While the Czar was discussing with this wily veteran, and a few other French statesmen, summoned at his request, the state of public opinion, and the strength of the contending parties, the population of Paris continued lost in surprise at the sudden march of events, the altogether unexpected amount of the troops of the allies—(for they that had figured in the triumphal procession were, it now appeared, from the occupation of all the environs, but a fragment of the whole)—and above all, perhaps, such is the theatric taste of this people, the countless varieties of lineament and costume observable among the warlike bands lounging and parading about their streets and gardens. The capital wore the semblance of some enormous masquerade. Circassian noblemen in complete mail, and wild Bashkirs with bows and arrows, were there. All ages as well as countries, seemed to have sent their representatives, to stalk as victors amid the nation which but yesterday claimed glory above the dreams of antiquity, and the undisputed mastery of the European world.

The council at the hotel of Talleyrand did not protract its sitting. Alexander and Frederick William, urged by all their assessors to re-establish the house of Bourbon, still hesitated. "It is but a few days ago," said the Czar, "since a column of 5 or 6000 new troops suffered themselves to be cut to pieces before my eyes, when a single cry of 'vive le roi' would have saved them." De Pradt answered—"Such things will go as long as you continue to treat with Buonaparte—even although he has at this moment a halter round his neck." The Czar did not understand this last allusion; it was explained to him that the Parisians were busy in pulling down Napoleon's statue from the top of the great pillar in the Place Vendome. Talleyrand now suggested that the conservative senate should be convoked, and required to nominate a provisional government, the members of which should have power to arrange a constitution. And to this the sovereigns assented. Alexander signed forthwith a proclamation, asserting the resolution of the allies to "treat no more with Napoleon Buonaparte, or any of his family." Talleyrand had a printer in waiting, and the document was immediately published, with this significant affix, "Michaud, printer to the king." If any doubt could have remained after this, it must be supposed to have ceased at nine the same evening, when the royalist gentry once more assembled, sent a second deputation to Alexander, and were (the Czar himself having retired to rest) received and answered in these words, by his minister Nesselrode:—"I have just left the Emperor, and it is in his name that I speak. Return to your assembly, and announce to all the French, that Louis XVIII, will immediately ascend his throne."

The events of the two succeeding days were decisive.—The municipal council met, and proclaimed that the throne was empty. This bold act is supposed to have determined the conservative senate. On the 1st of April that body also assembled, and named a provisional government, with Talleyrand for its head. The deposition of Napoleon was forthwith put to the vote, and carried without even one dissenting voice. On the 2d, the legislative senate, were in like manner convoked; and they too ratified the decrees proposed by the conservative. On the 3d, the senatus consultum was published; and myriads of hands were busy in every corner of the city, pulling down the statues and pictures, and effacing the arms and initials of Napoleon. Meantime, the allied princes, appointed military governors of Paris, were visible daily at processions and festivals, and received, night after night, in the theatres, the tumultuous applause of the most inconstant of people.

It was in the night between the 2d and 3d that Caulaincourt returned from his mission to Fontainbleau, and informed Napoleon of the events which he had witnessed; he added, that the allies had not yet, in his opinion, made up their minds to resist the scheme of a regency, but he was commissioned to say nothing could be arranged, as to ulterior questions, until he, the Emperor, had formally abdicated the throne. The marshals assembled at Fontainbleau seem, on hearing this intelligence, to have resolved unanimously that they would take no further part in the war; but Napoleon himself was not yet prepared to give up all without a struggle. The next day, the 4th of April, he reviewed some of his troops and announced his intention of instantly marching to the capital, and was answered by enthusiastic shouts of "Paris! Paris!" He, on this, conceiving himself to be secure of the attachment of his soldiery, gave orders for advancing head-quarters to Essonne. With the troops which had filed through Paris, under Marmont's convention, and those which had followed himself from Troyes, nearly 50,000 men were once more assembled round Fontainbleau; and with such support Napoleon was not yet so humbled as to fear hazarding a blow, despite all the numerical superiority of the allies. When, however, he retired to the chateau, after the review, he was followed by his marshals, and respectfully, but firmly, informed, that if he refused to negotiate on the basis of his personal abdication, and persisted in risking an attack on Paris, they would not accompany him. He paused for a moment in silence, and a long debate ensued. The statements and arguments which he heard finally prevailed; and Napoleon drew up, and signed, in language worthy of the solemn occasion, this act:

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France and even to relinquish life, for the good of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency in the person of the Empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the empire. Done at our palace of Fontainbleau, April the 4th, 1814. "NAPOLEON."

Buonaparte appointed Caulaincourt to bear this document to Paris on his behalf; and the marshals proposed that Ney should accompany him as their representative. It was suggested that Marmont also should form part of the deputation; but he was in command of the advanced division at Essonne, and Macdonald was named in his stead. These officers now desired to know on what stipulations, as concerned the Emperor personally, they were to insist. "On none," he answered, "obtain the best terms you can for France—for myself I ask nothing."

Hitherto nothing could be more composed or dignified than his demeanour. He now threw himself on a sofa, hid his countenance for some minutes, and then starting up with that smile which had so often kindled every heart around him into the flame of onset, exclaimed—"Let us march my comrades; let us take the field once more."

The answer was silence, and some tears; and he, also in silence, dismissed the messengers and the assemblage. Caulaincourt, Ney and Macdonald immediately commenced their journey; and on reaching Essonne, received intelligence which quickened their speed. Victor, and many other officers of the first rank, not admitted to the council at Fontainebleau, and considering the events of the two preceding days in the capital as decisive, had already sent in their adhesion to the provisional government; and Marmont, the commander of Napoleon's division in advance, had not only taken the same step for himself personally, but entered into a separate convention the night before, under which it had been settled that he should forthwith march his troops within the lines of the allied armies. The marshals of the mission entreated Marmont to suspend his purpose, and repair with themselves to Paris. He complied; and on arriving in the capital, they found themselves surrounded on all sides with the shouts of vive le roi! Such sounds accompanied them to the hotel of Talleyrand, where they were forthwith admitted to the presence of the Emperor of Russia. The act of abdication was produced; and Alexander expressed his surprise that it should contain no stipulations for Napoleon personally; "but I have been his friend," said he, "I will willingly be his advocate. I propose that he should retain his imperial title, with the sovereignty of Elba, or some other island."

When the marshals retired from Alexander's presence, it still remained doubtful whether the abdication would be accepted in its present form, or the allies would insist on an unconditional surrender. There came tidings almost on the instant which determined the question. Napoleon had, shortly after the mission left him, sent orders to General Souham, who commanded at Essonne in the absence of Marmont, to repair to his presence at Fontainebleau. Souham, who, like all the other upper officers of Marmont's corps (with but two exceptions,) approved of the convention of the 3d, was alarmed on receiving this message. His brethren, being summoned to council, participated in his fears; and the resolution was taken to put the convention at once in execution. The troops were wholly ignorant of what was intended, when they commenced their march at five in the morning of the 5th; and for the first time suspected the secret views of their chiefs, when they found themselves in the midst of the allied lines, and watched on all sides by overwhelming numbers, in the neighborhood of Versailles. A violent commotion ensued; some blood was shed; but the necessity of submission was so obvious, that ere long they resumed the appearance of order, and were cantoned in quiet in the midst of the allies.

This piece of intelligence was followed by more of the like complexion. Officers of all ranks began to abandon the camp at Fontainebleau, and present themselves to swear allegiance to the new government. At length the allied princes signified their resolution to accept of nothing but an unconditional abdication; making the marshals, however, the bearers of their unanimous accession to the proposals of Alexander in favor of Napoleon and his house; which as finally shaped, were these:—

1st, The imperial title to be preserved by Napoleon, with the free sovereignty of Elba, guards and a navy suitable to the extent of that island, and a pension, from France, of six millions of francs annually; 2d, The Dutchies of Parma, Placentia and Guastalla to be granted in sovereignty to Maria Louisa and her heirs; and 3d, Two millions and a half of francs annually to be paid by the French government, in pensions to Josephine and the other members of the Buonaparte family.

Napoleon, on hearing the consequences of Marmont's defection, exclaimed, "Ungrateful man! but I pity him more than myself." Every hour thenceforth he was destined to meet similar mortifications. Berthier, his chosen and trusted friend, asked leave to go on private business to Paris, adding that he would return in a few hours. The Emperor consented; and, as he left the apartment, whispered with a smile, "he will return no more." What Napoleon felt even more painfully, was, the unceremonious departure of his favorite Mameluke, Rustan.

Ere the marshals returned from Paris, he reviewed his guard again; and it was obvious to those about him that he still hankered after the chances of another field. We may imagine that his thoughts were like those of Macbeth:—

"I have lived long enough; my May of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf.
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff,
The Thanes fly from me."

He sometimes meditated a march southward, collecting on his way the armies of Augereau and Soult, and re-opening the campaign as circumstances might recommend, behind either the Loire or the Alps. At other times the chance of yet rousing the population of Paris recurred to his imagination. Amid these dreams, of which every minute more clearly showed the vanity, Napoleon received the ultimatum of the allies. He hesitated, and pondered long ere he would sign his acceptance of it. The group of his personal followers had been sorely thinned; and the armies of the allies, gradually pushing forward from Paris, had nearly surrounded Fontainebleau, ere he at length (on the 11th of April) abandoned all hope, and executed an instrument, formally "renouncing for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy."

Napoleon remained long enough at Fontainebleau to hear of the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, and the entrance of the Count d'Artois, (afterwards Charles X,) into Paris, as lieutenant for his brother, Louis XVIII. On the 20th of April, Napoleon called his officers about him, and signified that they were summoned to receive his last adieus. Several of the marshals, who had some time before sworn fealty to the king, were present. "Louis," said he, "has talents and means: he is old and infirm; and will not, I think, choose to give a bad name to his reign. If he is wise, he will occupy my bed, and only change the sheets. But he must treat the army well, and take care not to look back on the past, or his time will be brief. For you, gentlemen, I am no longer to be with you;—you have another government; and it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, and serve it as faithfully as you have served me."

He now desired that the relics of his imperial guard might be drawn up in the court-yard of the castle. He advanced to them on horseback; and tears dropped from his eyes as he dismounted in the midst. "All Europe," said Napoleon, "has armed against me. France herself has deserted me, and chosen another dynasty. I might with my soldiers have maintained a civil war for years—but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful to the new sovereign whom your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate: I shall be happy while I know that you are so. I could have died—

nothing was easier—but I will always follow the path of honor. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all," (he continued, taking the commanding officer in his arms)—"but I embrace your general. Bring hither the eagle. Beloved eagle! may the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave! Farewell, my children—farewell, my brave companions—surround me once more—farewell!"

Amid the silent but profound grief of these brave men, submitting, like himself to the irresistible force of events, Napoleon placed himself in his carriage, and drove rapidly from Fontainebleau.

Of all that lamented the fall of this extraordinary man, there was perhaps no one who shed bitterer tears than the wife of his youth. Josephine had fled from Paris on the approach of the allies; but being assured of the friendly protection of the Czar, returned to Malmaison ere Napoleon quitted Fontainebleau. The Czar visited her frequently, and endeavored to sooth her affliction. But the ruin of "her Achilles," "her Cid," (as she now once more, in the day of misery, called Napoleon,) had entered deep into her heart.—She sickened and died ere the allies left France.

Maria Louisa, and her son, meanwhile, were taken under the personal protection of the Emperor of Austria, and had began their journey to Vienna some time ere Buonaparte reached Elba.

The long agony was at length over, and the sun of Napoleon's glory set—not to rise no more—it was destined once again to ascend the horizon, and after a short but effulgent day, to set in darkness and blood.

CHAP. XXV.

Napoleon arrives at Elba. His conduct and occupations there. Discontents in France. French prisoners of war return home. Napoleon escapes from Elba and lands in France. His progress towards the capital. Enthusiasm of the soldiery. King Louis escapes to Ghent.—Napoleon enters Paris. Declaration of the Allied Powers. Napoleon prepares for war. Murat advances from Naples. He is defeated, and subsequently condemned and shot.

FOUR commissioners, one from each of the great allied powers, Austria, Russia, Prussia and England, accompanied Buonaparte on his journey. He was attended by Bertrand, grand master of the palace, and some other attached friends and servants; and while fourteen carriages were conveying him and his immediate suite towards Elba, 700 infantry and about 150 cavalry of the imperial guard (all picked men, and all volunteers,) marched in the same direction, to take on them the military duties of the exiled court.

A French vessel had been sent round from Toulon to Cannes, for the purpose of conveying him to Elba; but there happened to be an English frigate also in the roads, and he preferred sailing under any flag rather than the Bourbon.—He came within view of his new dominions on the afternoon of the 4th of May, and went ashore in disguise the same evening. Finding that the people considered his residence as likely to increase in every way the consequence and prosperity of their island, he returned on board the ship, and at noon, the day after, made his public entrance into the town of Porto Ferraio, amid all possible demonstration of welcome and respect.

The island—mountainous and rocky, for the most part barren, and of a circumference not beyond sixty miles—was his; and the Emperor forthwith devoted to Elba the same anxious care and industry which had sufficed for the whole affairs of France, and the superintendence and control of half of Europe besides. He, in less than three weeks, had explored every corner of the island, and projected more improvements of all sorts than would have occupied a long lifetime to complete. He even extended his empire by sending some dozen or two of his soldiers to take possession of a small adjacent islet, hitherto left unoccupied for fear of Corsairs. He established four different residences at different corners of Elba, and was continually in motion from one to another of them. Wherever he was, all the etiquettes of the Tuilleries were, as far as possible, adhered to; and Napoleon's eight or nine hundred veterans were reviewed as frequently and as formally as if they had been the army of Austerlitz or of Moscow. His presence gave a new stimulus to the trade and industry of the islanders; the small port of Ferraio was crowded with vessels from the opposite coasts of Italy; and, such was still the power of his name, that the new flag of Elba (covered with Napoleon's bees) traversed with impunity the seas most infested with the Moorish pirates.

Buonaparte's eagerness as to architectural and other improvements was, ere long, however, checked in a manner sufficiently new to him—namely, by the want of money. The taxes of the island were summarily increased; but this gave rise to discontent among the Elbese, without replenishing at all adequately the Emperor's exchequer. Had the French government paid his pension in advance, or at least quarterly, as it fell due, even that would have borne a slender proportion to the demands of his magnificent imagination. But Napoleon received no money whatever from the Bourbon court; and his complaints on this head were unjustly, and unwisely neglected. These new troubles imbittered the spirit of Buonaparte; and, the first excitement of novelty being over, he sunk into a state of comparative indolence, and apparently of listless dejection; from which, however, he was, ere long, to be roused effectually.

Louis XVIII, advanced in years, gross and infirm in person, and devoted to the luxuries of the table, was but ill adapted for occupying, in such trying times, the throne which, even amid all the blaze of genius and victory, Napoleon had at best found uneasy and insecure. He had been called to the throne by the French senate, in a decree which at the same time declared the legislative constitution as composed of an hereditary sovereign and two houses of assembly, to be fixed and unchangeable; which confirmed the rights of all who had obtained property in consequence of the events of the revolution, and the titles and orders conferred by Buonaparte: in a word, which summoned the Bourbon to ascend the throne of Napoleon—on condition that he should preserve that political system which Napoleon had violated. Louis, however, though he proceeded to France on this invitation, did not hesitate to date his first act in the twentieth year of his reign; and though he issued a charter, conferring, as from his own free will, every privilege which the senate claimed for themselves and the nation, this mode of commencement could not fail to give deep offence to those, not orignally of his party, who had consented to his recall.—These men saw, in such assumptions, the traces of those old doctrines of divine right, which they had through life abhorred and combated; and asked why, if all their privileges were but the gifts of the king, they might not, on any tempting opportunity, be withdrawn by the same authority? They, whose possessions and titles had all been won since the death of Louis XVI, were startled when they found, that according to the royal doctrine, there had been no legitimate government all that while in France. The exiled nobles, meanwhile, were naturally the personal friends and companions of the restored princes. Among themselves it was no wonder that expectations were cherished, and even avowed, of recovering gradually, if not rapidly, the estates of which the revolution had deprived them. The churchmen, who had never gone heartily into Napoleon's ecclesiastical arrangements, sided of course with these impoverished and haughty lords; and, in a word, the first tumult of the restoration being over, the troops of the allies withdrawn, and the memory of recent sufferings and disasters beginning to wax dim, there were abundant elements of discontent afloat among all those classes who had originally approved, or profited by, the revolution of 1792.

Of these the most powerful remains to be noticed; and indeed, had the Bourbons adopted judicious measures concerning the army, it is very probable that the alarms of the other classes now alluded to might have ere long subsided. The allies, in the moment of universal delight and conciliation, restored at once, and without stipulation, the whole of the prisoners who had fallen into their hands during the war.—At least 150,000 veteran soldiers of Buonaparte were thus poured into France ere Louis was well seated on the throne; men, the greater part of whom had witnessed nothing of the last disastrous campaigns; who had sustained themselves in their exile by brooding over the earlier victories in which themselves had had a part; and who now, returning fresh and vigorous to their native soil, had but one answer to every tale of misfortune which met them: "These things could never have happened had we been here."

The restored king, on his part, was anxious about nothing so much as to conciliate the affections of the army. With this view he kept together bands which, long accustomed to all the license of warfare, would hardly have submitted to peace even under Napoleon himself. The imperial guard, those chosen and devoted children of the Emperor, were maintained entire on their old establishment; the legion of honor was continued as before; the war ministry was given to Soult, the ablest, in common estimation, of Buonaparte's surviving marshals; and the other officers of that high rank were loaded with every mark of royal consideration. When, without dissolving or weakening the imperial (now royal) guard, he formed a body of household troops, composed of gentlemen, and trusted them with the immediate attendance on his person and court, this was considered as a heinous insult; and when the king bestowed the cross of the legion of honor on persons who would have much preferred that of St. Louis, the only comment that obtained among the warriors of Austerlitz and Friedland was, that which ascribed to the Bourbons a settled design of degrading the decoration which they had purchased with their blood.

In a word, the French soldiery remained cantoned in the country in a temper stern, gloomy, and sullen; jealous of the prince whose bread they were eating; eager to wipe out the memory of recent disasters in new victories; and cherishing more and more deeply the notion (not perhaps unfounded) that had Napoleon not been betrayed at home, no foreigners could ever have hurled him from his throne. Nor could such sentiments fail to be partaken, more or less, by the officers of every rank who had served under Buonaparte. They felt, almost universally, that it must be the policy of the Bourbons to promote, as far as possible, others rather than themselves. And even as to those of the very highest class—could any peaceful honors compensate, to such spirits as Ney and Soult, for a revolution, that for ever shrouded in darkness the glittering prizes on which Napoleon had encouraged them to speculate? If we take into account the numerous personal adherents whom the imperial government, must have possessed—and the political humiliation of France in the eyes of all Europe, as well as of the French people themselves, immediately connected with the disappearance of Napoleon—we shall have some faint conception of that mass of multifarious griefs and resentments, in the midst of which the unwieldly and inactive Louis occupied, ere long, a most unenviable throne—and on which the eagle-eyed exile of Elba gazed with reviving hope, even before the summer of 1814 had reached its close.

Ere then, as we have seen, the demeanour and conduct of Napoleon were very different from what they had been when he first took possession of his mimic empire. Ere then his mother, his sister Pauline (a woman, whose talents for intrigue equalled her personal charms,) and not a few ancient and attached servants, both of his civil government and of his army, had found their way to Elba, and figured in "his little senate." Pauline made repeated voyages to Italy, and returned again. New and busy faces appeared in the circle of Porto Ferraio—and disappeared forthwith—no one knew whence they had come or whither they went; an air of bustle and of mystery pervaded the atmosphere of the place.

What persons in France were actually in communication on political subjects with the court of Elba, during that autumn and the following winter, is likely to remain a secret: that they were neither few, nor inactive, nor unskilful, the event will sufficiently prove. The chiefs of the police and of the post-office had been removed by Louis; but the whole inferior machinery of these establishments remained untouched; and it is generally believed, that both were early and sedulously employed in the service of the new conspiracy.—We have seen that Soult was commander-in-chief of the army; and it is very difficult, on considering the subsequent course of events, to doubt that he also made a systematic use of his authority with the same views, distributing and arranging the troops according to far other rules than the interests of his royal master.

Ere the autumn closed, Buonaparte granted furloughs on various pretexts to about 200 of his guardsmen; and these were forthwith scattered over France, actively disseminating the praises of their chief, and though probably not aware how soon such an attempt was meditated, preparing the minds of their ancient comrades for considering it as by no means unlikely that he would yet once more appear in the midst of them. It is certain that a notion soon prevailed, that Napoleon would revisit the soil of France in the spring of the coming year. He was toasted among the soldiery, and elsewhere also, under the soubriquet of corporal Violet. That early flower, or a riband of its color, was the symbol of rebellion, and worn openly, in the sight of the unsuspecting Bourbons.

Their security was as profound as hollow; nor was it confined to them. The representatives of all the European princes had met in Vienna, to settle finally a number of questions left undecided at the termination of the war. Talleyrand was there for France, and Wellington for England; and yet it is on all hands admitted, that no surprise was ever more sudden, complete and universal than theirs, when on the 11th of March, 1815, a courier arrived among them with the intelligence that Napoleon Buonaparte had reared his standard in Provence.

The evening before Napoleon sailed (February the 26th,) his sister Pauline gave a ball, to which all the officers of the Elbese army were invited. A brig (the Inconstant) and six small craft had meanwhile been prepared for the voyage, and at dead of night, without apparently any previous intimation, the soldiers were mustered by tuck of drum, and found themselves on board ere they could ask for what purpose. When the day broke they perceived that all the officers and the Emperor himself were with them, and that they were steering for the coast of France; and it could no longer be doubtful that the scheme which had for months formed the darling object of all their hopes and dreams was about to be realized.

On the 1st of March he was once more off Cannes—the same spot which had received him from Egypt, and at which he had embarked ten months before for Elba. There was no force whatever to oppose his landing; and his handful of men—500 grenadiers of the guard, 200 dragoons, and 100 Polish lancers, these last without horses, and carrying their saddles on their backs—were immediately put in motion on the road to Paris. Twenty-five grenadiers, whom he detached to summon Antibes, were arrested on the instant by the governor of that place; but he despised this omen, and proceeded without a pause. He bivouacked that night in a plantation of olives, with all his men about him. As soon as the moon rose, the reveillee sounded. A laborer going thus early afield, recognised the Emperor's person, and, with a cry of joy, said he had served in the army of Italy, and would join the march. "Here is already a reinforcement," said Napoleon; and the march recommenced. Early in the morning they passed through the town of Grasse, and halted on the height beyond it—where the whole population of the place forthwith surrounded them, some cheering, the great majority looking on in perfect silence, but none offering any show of opposition. The roads were so bad in this neighborhood, that the pieces of cannon which they had with them were obliged to be abandoned in the course of the day, but they had marched full twenty leagues ere they halted for the night at Cerenon. On the 5th, Napoleon reached Gap. He was now in Dauphiny, called "the cradle of the revolution," and the sullen silence of the Provencals was succeeded by popular acclamations; but still no soldiers had joined him—and his anxiety was great.

It was at Gap that he published his first proclamation; one "to the army," another "to the French people," both no doubt prepared at Elba, though dated "March 1st, Gulf of Juan." The former, and more important of the two, ran in these words—"Soldiers we have not been beaten. Two men, raised from our ranks, betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their benefactor. In my exile I have heard your voice. I have arrived once more among you, despite all obstacles and all perils. We ought to forget that we have been the masters of the world; but we ought never to suffer foreign interference in our affairs. Who dares pretend to be master over us? Take again the eagles which you followed at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena and at Montmirail. Come and range yourselves under the banners of your old chief. Victory shall march at the charging step. The eagle, with the national colors, shall fly from steeple to steeple—on to the towers of Notre Dame! In your old age, surrounded and honored by your fellow citizens, you shall be heard with respect when you recount your high deeds. You then shall say with pride: I also was one of that great army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, which took Rome and Berlin, and Madrid and Moscow, and which delivered Paris from the stain printed on it by domestic treason, and the occupation of strangers."

It was between Mure and Vizele that Cambronne, who commanded his advanced guard of forty grenadiers, met suddenly a battalion sent forwards from Grenoble to arrest the march. The colonel refused to parley with Cambronne; either party halted until Napoleon himself came up. He did not hesitate for a moment. He dismounted, and advanced alone; some paces behind him came a hundred of his guard, with their arms reversed. There was perfect silence on all sides until he was within a few yards of the men. He then halted, threw open his surtout so as to show the star of the legion of honor, and exclaimed, "If there be among you a soldier who desires to kill his general—his Emperor—let him do it now. Here I am."—The old cry of Vive l'Empereur burst instantaneously from every lip. Napoleon threw himself among them, and taking a veteran private, covered with cheverons and medals, by the whisker, said, "Speak honestly, old Moustache, couldst thou have had the heart to kill thy Emperor?" The man dropped his ramrod into his piece to show that it was uncharged, and answered, "Judge if I could have done thee much harm—all the rest are the same."—Napoleon gave the word, and the old adherents and the new marched together on Grenoble.

Some space ere they reached that town, Colonel Labedoyere, an officer of noble family, and who had been promoted by Louis XVIII, appeared on the road before them, at the head of his regiment, the seventh of the line. These men, and the Emperor's little column, on coming within view of each other, rushed simultaneously from the ranks and embraced with mutual shouts of LIVE NAPOLEON! LIVE THE GUARD! LIVE THE SEVENTH! Labedoyere produced an eagle, which he had kept concealed about his person, and broke open a drum which was found to be filled with tricolor cockades; these ancient ensigns were received with redoubled enthusiasm.—This was the first instance of an officer of superior rank voluntarily espousing the side of Napoleon. The impulse thus afforded was decisive: in spite of all the efforts of General Marchand, commandant of Grenoble, the whole of that garrison, when he approached the walls, exclaimed, Vive l'Empereur! Their conduct, however, exhibited a singular spectacle. Though thus welcoming Napoleon with their voices, they would not so far disobey the governor as to throw open the gates. On the other hand, no argument could prevail on them to fire on the advancing party. In the teeth of all the batteries, Buonaparte calmly planted a howitzer or two and blew the gates open; and then, as if the spell of discipline was at once dissolved, the garrison broke from their lines, and Napoleon in an instant found himself dragged from his horse, and borne aloft on these men's shoulders towards the principal inn of the place, amid the clamours of enthusiastic and delirious joy. Marchand remained faithful to his oath; and was dismissed without injury. Next morning the authorities of Grenoble waited on Napoleon, and tendered their homage. He reviewed his troops, now about 7000 in number; and on the 9th of March, recommenced his march on Lyons. On the 10th Buonaparte came within sight of Lyons, and was informed that Monsieur and Marshal Macdonald had arrived to take the command, barricaded the bridge of Guillotierre, and posted themselves at the head of a large force to dispute the entrance of the town. Nothing daunted with this intelligence, the column moved on, and at the bridge of Lyons, as at the gates of Grenoble, all opposition vanished when his person was recognised by the soldiery. The prince and Macdonald were forced to retire, and Napoleon entered the second city of France in triumph.

It was at Lyons, where Napoleon remained from the 10th to the 13th, that he formally resumed the functions of civil government. He published various decrees at this place; one, commanding justice to be administered every where in his name after the 15th; another abolishing the chamber of the peers and the deputies, and summoning all the electoral colleges to meet in Paris at a Champ-de-Mai, there to witness the coronation of Maria Louisa and of her son, and settle definitively the constitution of the state; a third, ordering into banishment all whose names had not been erased from the list of emigrants prior to the abdication of Fontainebleau; a fourth, depriving all strangers and emigrants of their commissions in the army; a fifth, abolishing the order of St. Louis, and bestowing all its revenues on the legion of honor; and a sixth, restoring in their authority all magistrates who had been deprived by the Bourbon government. These proclamations could not be prevented from reaching Paris; and the court, abandoning their system of denying or extenuating the extent of the impending danger, began to adopt more energetic means for its suppression.

It was now that Marshal Ney volunteered his services to take the command of a large body of troops, whose fidelity was considered sure, and who were about to be sent to Lons-le-Saunier, there to intercept and arrest Napoleon. Well aware of this great officer's influence in the army, Louis did not hesitate to accept his proffered assistance; and Ney, on kissing his hand at parting, swore that in the course of a week he would bring Buonaparte to his majesty's feet in a cage, like a wild beast. On reaching Lons-le-Saunier, Ney received a letter from Napoleon, summoning him to join his standard as "the bravest of the brave." In how far he guided or followed the sentiments of his soldiery we know not, but the fact is certain, that he and they put themselves in motion forthwith, and joined the march of Buonaparte on the 17th at Auxerre.

In and about the capital there still remained troops far more than sufficient in numbers to overwhelm the advancing column, and drag its chief to the feet of Louis. He intrusted the command of these battalions to one whose personal honor was as clear as his military reputation was splendid—Marshal Macdonald; and this gentleman proceeded to take post at Melun, in good hope, notwithstanding all that had happened, of being duly supported in the discharge of his commission.

On the 19th, Napoleon slept once more in the chateau of Fontainebleau; on the morning of the 20th, he advanced through the forest in full knowledge of Macdonald's arrangements—and he advanced alone. It was about noon that the marshal's troops, who had for some time been under arms on an eminence beyond the wood, listening, apparently with delight, to the loyal strains of Vive Henri Quatre and La Belle Gabrielle, perceived suddenly a single open carriage coming at full speed towards them from among the trees. A handful of Polish horsemen, with their lances reversed, followed the equipage. The little flat cocked hat—the grey surtout—the person of Napoleon was recognised. In an instant the men burst from their ranks, surrounded him with the cries of Vive l'Empereur, and trampled their white cockades in the dust.

Macdonald escaped to Paris; but his master had not awaited the issue of the last stand at Melun. Amid the tears and lamentations of the loyal burghers of the capital, and the respectful silence of those who really wished for the success of his rival, Louis had set off from the Tuilleries in the middle of the preceding night. Macdonald overtook him, and accompanied him to the frontier of the Netherlands, which he reached in safety. There had been a plan organized by Generals Lallemand and Lefebre for seizing the roads between Paris and Belgium, and intercepting the flight of the king; but Marshal Mortier had been successful in detecting and suppressing this movement. On the evening of the 20th of March, Napoleon once more entered Paris. He came preceded and followed by the soldiery, on whom alone he had relied, and who, by whatever sacrifices, had justified his confidence. The streets were silent as the travel-worn cavalcade passed along; but all that loved the name or the cause of Napoleon were ready to receive him in the Tuilleries; and he was almost stifled by the pressure of those enthusiastic adherents, who, the moment he stopped, mounted him on their shoulders, and carried him in triumph up the great staircase of the palace.

The instant that the news of Napoleon's daring movement reached Vienna, the congress published a proclamation in these words: "By breaking the convention which established him in Elba, Buonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended. By appearing again in France, with projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and manifested to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The powers consequently declare, that Napoleon Buonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that, as an enemy and disturber of the tranquility of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance." These sentiments underwent no change in consequence of the apparently triumphant course of Napoleon's adventure. All Europe prepared once more for war. It was evident Napoleon owed every thing to the French soldiery—that body to which the treaty of Paris had at once restored 150,000 veterans, idle and indisposed for ordinary labor—and that until this ferocious military were effectually humbled, there could be no peace for the world.—A formal treaty was forthwith entered into, by which the four great powers bound themselves to maintain each of them at least 150,000 troops in arms, until Buonaparte should either be dethroned, or reduced so low as no longer to endanger the peace of Europe. The other states of the continent were to be invited to join the alliance, furnishing contingents adequate to their respective resources. The king of France was to be requested to sign the treaty also; but with reference to this article an explanatory note was affixed, by the representatives of the prince regent of England, denying, on the part of his royal highness, any wish to force a particular government on the people of France; and it was also stipulated, that in case Britain should not furnish all the men agreed, she should compensate by paying at the rate of £30 per annum for every cavalry soldier, and £20 per annum for every foot soldier under the full number. Such was the treaty of Vienna; but the zeal of the contracting parties ere long went far beyond the preparations indicated in its terms; and, in effect, Napoleon was hardly reseated on his throne ere he learned that he must in all likelihood maintain it against 300,000 Austrians, 225,000 Russians, 236,000 Prussians, an army of 150,000 men furnished by the minor states of Germany, 50,000 contributed by the government of the Netherlands, and 50,000 English, commanded by the Duke of Wellington; in all 1,011,000 soldiers.

His preparations to meet this gigantic confederacy began from the moment when he re-established himself in the Tuilleries. Carnot became once more minister of war; and what Napoleon and he, when laboring together in the re-organization of an army, could effect, had been abundantly manifested at the commencement of the consulate. The army cantoned in France, when Buonaparte landed at Cannes, numbered 175,000; the cavalry had been greatly reduced; and the disasters of 1812, 1813 and 1814 were visible in the miserable deficiency of military stores and arms, especially of artillery. By incredible exertions, notwithstanding the pressure of innumerable cares and anxieties of all kinds, and although the temper of the nation prevented him from having recourse to the old method of conscription—the Emperor, ere May was over, had 375,000 men in arms, including an imperial guard of 40,000 chosen veterans, in the most splendid state of equipment and discipline, a large and brilliant force of cavalry, and a train of artillery of proportional extent and excellence.

Napoleon, however, made sundry attempts to open a negotiation with the allies—nor wanted there statesmen, in England, to lend their best support to his reclamations. He urged three arguments in defence of his breach of the convention by which he had become sovereign of Elba: 1st, the detention of his wife and son by the court of Austria—an affair with which the king whose dominions he had invaded could have had nothing to do: 2d, the nonpayment of his pension—a grievance which might have furnished a legitimate ground of complaining to the powers that guaranteed its punctual discharge, and which, if so complained of at the congress of Vienna, there is no reason to doubt would have been redressed: and 3dly, the voice of the French nation, which he, according to his own statement, had but heard and obeyed.

Having discovered that there was no chance—if indeed he had ever contemplated one—of persuading the Emperor of Austria to restore his wife and son to him, Napoleon, ere he had been many days at the Tuilleries, set on foot a scheme for carrying them off from Vienna, by a mixture of stratagem and force. There were French people in the suite of Maria Louisa who easily embarked in this plot, and forged passports, relays of horses, and all other appliances had been so well provided, that but for a single individual, who betrayed the design, there seems to have been a considerable probability of its success. On discovering this affair, the Emperor of Austria dismissed the French attendants of his daughter, and caused her to discontinue the use of the arms and liveries of Napoleon, which she had hitherto retained—nay, even the imperial title itself, resuming those of her own family, and original rank as archduchess. This procedure could not be concealed at Paris, and completed the conviction of all men, that there was no hope of avoiding another European war; and almost at the same time a rash expedition of Murat, which, if successful, might have materially influenced the conduct of Austria, reached its end.

Among the subjects which, prior to Buonaparte's re-appearance, occupied the congress of Vienna, one of the chief was the conduct of Murat during the campaign of 1814.—Talleyrand charged him with having, throughout, been a traitor to the cause of the allies; and exhibited a series of intercepted letters, from him to Napoleon, in proof of this allegaticn. The Duke of Wellington on the other hand, considered these documents as proving no more than that Murat had reluctantly lifted his banner against the author of his fortunes. The affair was still under discussion, to the mortal annoyance of the person whose interests were at stake, when Napoleon landed at Cannes. Murat resolved to rival his brother's daring; and, without further pause, marched, at the head of 50,000 men, to Rome, from which the Pope and cardinals fled precipitately at his approach. The Neapolitans then advanced into the north of Italy, scattering proclamations by which Joachim invited all true Italians to rally round him, and assist in the erection of their country into one free and independent state, with him at its head. The Austrian commander in Lombardy forthwith put his troops in motion to meet Murat. The rencontre took place in Occhio-bello. The Neapolitans fled in confusion almost at the sight of the enemy; and Murat, unable to rally them, sought personal safety in a fishing vessel, which landed him near Toulon, about the end of May. Napoleon was in vain entreated to receive him at Paris. He refused, asking, with bitter scorn, if the war between France and Naples, which subsisted in 1814, had ever been terminated by treaty? Murat lingered for some time in obscurity near Toulon; and, relanding on the coast of Naples after the king of the two Sicilies had been re-established on that throne, in the vain hope of exciting an insurrection and recovering what he had lost, was seized, tried and executed.—This high spirited man, met his fate with heroic fortitude; and Napoleon, at St. Helena, often said that the fortune of the world might have been changed, had there been a Murat to head the French cavalry at Waterloo.

The result of this rash expedition enabled Austria to concentrate all her Italian forces also for the meditated reinvasion of France. The Spanish army began to muster towards the passes of the Pyrenees; the Russians, Swedes and Danes were already advancing from the north: the main armies of Austria, Bavaria and the Rhenish princes were rapidly consolidating themselves along the upper Rhine. Blucher was once more in command of the Prussians, in the Netherlands; and Wellington, commanding in chief the British, Hanoverians and Belgians, had also established his head-quarters at Brussels by the end of May. Every hour the clouds were thickening apace, and it became evident, that, if Napoleon remained much longer in Paris, the war would burst simultaneously on every frontier of his empire. He had no intention to abide at home the onset of his enemies; but the situation of civil affairs was such as to embarass him, in the prospect of departure, with difficulties which, in former days, were not used to perplex the opening of his campaigns. Hard indeed was his task from the beginning—to conciliate to himself heartily the political faction who detested, and had assisted in overthrowing, the government of the Bourbons, and this without chilling the attachment of the military, who despised these coadjutors, both as theorists and as civilians. With the views of these spirits, eager for blood and plunder, and scornful of all liberty but the license of the camp, Napoleon was engaged in the endeavor to reconcile the principles and prejudices of men who had assisted in rebuilding his throne, only because they put faith in the assertions of himself and his friends, that he had thoroughly repented of the despotic system on which he had formerly rulled France—that ten months of exile and reflection had convinced him how much better it was to be the first citizen of a free state, than the undisputed tyrant of half the world—in a word, that his only remaining ambition was to atone for the violence of his first reign by the mildness of his second.

CHAP. XXVI.

Napoleon heads his army on the Belgian frontiers. Passes the Sambre at Charleroi. Defeats Blucher at Ligny. Battle of Quatrebras.—The English retreat on Waterloo. Positions of the two armies. Detailed account of the Great BATTLE OF WATERLOO, fought on the 18th of June, 1815.

NAPOLEON had now, among other preparations, strongly fortified Paris and all the positions in advance of it on the Seine, the Marne and the Aube, and among the passes of the Vosgesian hills. Lyons had been guarded by very formidable outworks. Massena, at Metz, and Suchet, on the Swiss frontier, commanded divisions which the Emperor judged sufficient to restrain Schwartzenberg for some time on the upper Rhine; should he drive them in, the fortresses behind could hardly fail to detain him much longer. Meantime, the Emperor himself had resolved to attack the most alert of his enemies, the Prussians and the English, beyond the Sambre—while the Austrians were thus held in check on the upper Rhine, and ere the armies of the north could debouche upon Manheim, to co-operate by their right with Wellington and Blucher, and by their left with Schwartzenberg. Of the Belgian army, and even of the Belgian people, he believed himself to possess the secret good will, and that one victory would place the allies in a hostile country. By some daring battle, and some such splendid success, he yet hoped to shatter the confidence of the European confederacy; nor—even had he entertained little hope of this kind—was the situation of affairs in Paris such as to recommend another protracted defensive warfare within France. The fatal example of 1814 was too near: it behoved Napoleon to recommence operations in the style which had characterized his happier campaigns.

He left Paris on the evening of the 11th of June, exclaiming, as he entered his carriage, "I go to measure myself against Wellington." He arrived at Vervins on the 12th, and assembled and reviewed at Beaumont, on the 14th, the whole of the army which had been prepared to act immediately under his own orders. They had been carefully selected, and formed, perhaps, the most perfect force, though far from the most numerous, with which he had ever taken the field. Buonaparte saw before him 25,000 of his imperial guard, 25,000 cavalry in the highest condition, 300 pieces of artillery admirably served, and infantry of the line, almost all veterans, sufficient to swell his muster to at least 135,000 men. He reminded them that this was the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, and asked, "Are they and we no longer the same men? The madmen!" he continued, "a moment of prosperity has blinded them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people is beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches, battles and dangers before us. For every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or to perish!" Such was his oration: and never was an army more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of its chief.

Blucher's army numbered at this time about 100,000 men, and, extending along the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, occupied Charleroi, Namur, Givet and Liege. They communicated on their right with the left of the Anglo-Belgian army, under Wellington, whose head-quarters were at Brussels. This army was not composed of troops of the same nation. Wellington had 35,000 English, and of these but few were veterans, (the flower of his peninsular army having been despatched to America, where they were defeated at New Orleans.) The King's German legion, 8000 strong, was, however, equal to the best British force of like amount; and there were 5000 Brunswickers, headed by their gallant duke, and worthy of his guidance. The Hanoverians, exclusive of the legion, numbered 15,000; of Nassau troops, Dutch and Belgian, commanded by the prince of Orange, son to the sovereign of the Netherlands, there might be 17,000; but the spirit of the Belgian part of this army was, not without reason, suspected on all sides. The duke of Wellington's host amounted, then, in all, to 76,000 men.—His first division occupied Enghien, Brain-le-Comte, and Nivelles, communicating with the Prussian right at Charleroi. The second division (Lord Hill's) was cantoned in Halle, Oudenard and Gramont—where was most of the cavalry.—The reserve (Sir Thomas Picton's) were at Brussels and Ghent. The English and Prussian commanders had thus arranged their troops, with the view of being able to support each other, wherever the French might hazard their assault. It could not be doubted that Napoleon's mark was Brussels; but by which of the three great routes, of Namur, of Charleroi or of Mons, he designed to force his passage, could not be ascertained beforehand. Fouche, indeed, doubly and trebly dyed in treason, had, when accepting office under Napoleon, continued to maintain his correspondence with Louis at Ghent, and promised to furnish the allies with the outlines of the Emperor's plan of the campaign ere it began. But the minister of police took care that this document should not arrive until the campaign was decided.

On the morning of the 15th, the French drove in all the outposts on the west bank of the Sambre, and at length assaulted Charleroi; thus revealing the purpose of the Emperor; namely, to crush Blucher ere he could concentrate all his own strength, far less be supported by the advance of Wellington. Ziethen, however, held out, though with severe loss, at Charleroi so long, that the alarm spread along the whole Prussian line; and then fell back in good order on a position between Ligny and Amand; where Blucher now awaited Napoleon's attack, at the head of the whole of his army except the division of Bulow, which had not yet come up from Liege. The scheme of beating the Prussian divisions in detail, had therefore failed; but the second part of the plan, namely, that of separating them wholly from Wellington, might still succeed. And with this view, while Blucher was concentrating his force about Ligny, the French held on the main road to Brussels from Charleroi, and beating in some Nassau troops at Frasnes, followed them as far as Quatrebras; and finally took possession of that farm-house, so called because it is there that the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, cross each other.

The English general at Brussels remained wholly ignorant of Buonaparte's advance until six in the evening of the 15th; and even then the intelligence was so indistinct and uncertain that the duke of Brunswick, and many of the upper officers of the army, attended a ball given by the dutchess of Richmond. Amid these festivities the roar of distant cannonade at length reached the ear of Wellington, and at midnight the bugle sounded and the drum beat in Brussels. In less than an hour the troops of Picton (who himself arrived that same night from England) were on their march to Quatrebras.—At dawn on the 16th, the prince of Orange recovered that post and the Nivelles road, thus re-establishing Blucher's communication with Brussels. The other divisions of the Anglo-Belgian army were all moving on Quatrebras. The duke of Wellington himself was there very early in the morning, and immediately rode across the country to Bry, where, in a conference with Blucher, the subsequent movements of the allies, whatever might be the events of this day, were finally determined.

Napoleon, on coming up from Charleroi, about noon on the 16th, hesitated for a time whether Blucher at Ligny, or Wellington at Quatrebras, ought to form the main object of his attack. The Anglo-Belgian army was not yet concentrated; the Prussian, with the exception of one division, was; and he at length resolved to give his own personal attention to the latter. With the main strength of his army, therefore he assaulted Blucher at three in the afternoon; and about the same time Ney, with 45,000 men, commenced seriously (for there had been skirmishes ever since daybreak) the subordinate attack on the position of Wellington. The English general accepted the battle. The French were posted among growing corn, as high as the tallest man's shoulders, which, with an inequality of ground, enabled them to draw up a strong body of cuirassiers close to the English, and yet entirely out of their view. The 79th and 42d regiments were thus taken by surprise, and the former would have been destroyed but for the coming up of the latter. The 42d formed into a square, was repeatedly broken, and as often recovered, though with terrible loss of life: for out of 800 that went into the action, only ninety-six privates and four officers returned unhurt. The divisions of Alten, Halket, Cooke, Maitland and Byng successively arrived; and night found the English general, after a severe and bloody day, in possession of Quatrebras. The gallant duke of Brunswick, fighting in the front of the line, fell almost in the beginning of the battle. The killed and wounded on the side of the allies were 5000, and the French loss could not have been less.

Blucher fought as stern a battle, but with worse fortune.—With 80,000 men he had to sustain the assault of 90,000, headed by Napoleon; and the villages of Amand and Ligny were many times taken and retaken in the course of the day. It is said, that two of the French corps hoisted the black flag: it is certain that little quarter was either asked or given.—The hatred of the French and Prussians was inflamed to the same mortal vehemence. It is said that the loss on Blucher's side was 20,000 men, and on the other 15,000—numbers, when we consider the amount of the troops engaged, all but unparalleled. However, the non-arrival of Bulow, and the successive charges of fresh divisions of the enemy, at length forced Blucher to retire. In the course of the day the brave old man had his horse shot under him, in heading a charge of cavalry, and was ridden over, undetected, by both his own men and the French. He now retreated on the river Dyle, in the direction of Wavre; but contrived to mask his movements so skilfully, that Napoleon knew not until noon on the 17th what way he had taken.

Napoleon, having ascertained the retreat of the Prussian, now committed the pursuit of him to Marshal Grouchy, and a corps of 32,000 men—and turned in person to Quatrebras, in the hope of pouring his main force, as well as Ney's, on Wellington, in a situation where it was altogether improbable he should receive any assistance from Blucher. But no sooner was the duke aware of Blucher's march on Wavre, than he gave orders for falling back from Quatrebras. He had ere now been heard to say, that if ever it were his business to defend Brussels, he would choose to give battle on the field of Waterloo, in advance of the forest of Soignies; and he now retired thither—in the confidence of being joined there in the morning, ere the decisive contest should begin, by Blucher. The day was rainy, the roads were covered deep with mud, and the English soldiery were discouraged by the command to retreat. Their spirits, however, rose gallantly, when, on reaching the destined field, they became aware of their leader's purpose; and having taken up their allotted stations, they bivouacked under the storm in the sure hope of battle.

All his arrangements having been effected early in the evening of the 17th, the duke of Wellington sent to Blucher, informing him that he had thus far effected the plan agreed on at Bry, and would expect two divisions of Prussians to support him on the morrow. The veteran replied that he would leave a single corps to hold Grouchy at bay as well as they could, and march himself with the rest of his army up on Waterloo. The cross roads between Wavre and Mont St. Jean were in a horrid condition; the rain fell in torrents, and Grouchy had 32,000 men to attack Thielman's single division, left at Wavre. Blucher's march, however, began; and if it occupied longer time than had been anticipated, the fault was none of his.

The position of the duke of Wellington was before the village of Mont St. Jean, about a mile and a half in advance of the small town of Waterloo, on a rising ground, having a gentle and regular declivity before it—beyond this a plain of about a mile in breadth—and then the opposite heights of La

Belle Alliance, on which the enemy would of course form their line The duke had now with him about 75,000 men in all; of whom about 30,000 were English. He formed his first line of the troops on which he could most surely rely—the greater part of the British foot—the men of Brunswick and Nassau, and three corps of Hanoverians and Belgians. Behind this, the ground sinks, and then rises again. The second line, formed in rear of the first, was composed of the troops whose spirit and discipline were more doubtful—or who had suffered most in the action of Quatrebras; and behind them all, lay the horse. The position crosses the two highways from Nivelles and Charleroi to Brussels, nearly where they unite: these roads gave every facility for movements from front to rear during the action; and two country roads, running behind and parallel with the first and second lines, favored equally, movements from wing to wing. The line was formed convex, dropping back towards the forest at either extremity; the right to Marke Braine, near Braine-la-Leude; the left to Ter-la-Haye. The chateau and gardens of Hougomont, and the farm-house and enclosures of La Haye Sainte, about 1500 yards apart on the slope of the declivity, were strongly occupied, and formed the important outworks of defence. The opening of the country road leading directly from Wavre to Mont St. Jean through the wood of Ohain, was guarded by the British left; while those running through Souhain and Frichemont, further in advance, might be expected to bring the first of the Prussians on the right flank of the French during their expected attack.

The field was open and fair: and in case the enemy should force the duke from his position, the village of Mont. St. Jean behind, still farther back the town of Waterloo, and lastly the great forest of Soignies, offered successively the means of renewing his defence, and protecting his retreat.—The British front extended in all, over about a mile. It was Wellington's business to hold the enemy at bay, until the Prussian advance should enable him to charge them with superior numbers: it was Napoleon's to beat the English ere Blucher could disengage himself from Grouchy, and come out of the woods of Ohain; which being accomplished, he doubted not to have easy work with the Prussians amid that difficult country. He had in the field 75,000 men; all French veterans—each of whom was, in his own estimation, worth one Englishman and two Prussians, Dutch or Belgians. But on the other hand, Wellington's men, all in position over night, had had, notwithstanding the severe weather, some hours to repose and refresh themselves; whereas the army of Napoleon had been on the march all through the hours of tempestuous darkness, and the greater part of them reached not the heights of La Belle Alliance until the morning of the 18th was considerably advanced. Napoleon himself, however, had feared nothing so much as that Wellington would continue his retreat on Brussels and Antwerp—thus deferring the great battle until the Russians should approach the valley of the Rhine; and when, on reaching the eminence of La Belle Alliance, he beheld the army drawn up on the opposite side, his joy was great. "At last then," he exclaimed, "at last then, I have these English in my grasp."

Napoleon had rushed on with all his accumulated force. No new levies were at hand to repair his losses in case of disaster: victory alone could procure him reinforcements, and absolute defeat would be decisive of his fate. If success should attend him, the enthusiasm of the French would again be roused, thousands and ten thousands of additional troops would flock to his standard, and he would be enabled to protract the war through a lingering campaign.

The generals and the soldiers felt how much depended on the event of the day, and fought with unexampled impetuosity. As the troops of the respective armies advanced to their positions, Napoleon ascended an observatory a little in the rear, and on the highest ground adjacent to the scene of battle. From this spot he commanded the whole of both lines. He expressed his admiration at the fine appearance of some of the British troops. "How steadily," said he to his aid-de-camp, "do these troops take their ground! How beautifully do those cavalry form! Observe (pointing to the Scotch Greys) those grey horse. Are they not noble troops? Yet in half an hour I shull cut them to pieces."

After some skirmishing between the piquets, and about ten o'clock, the French commenced the engagement, with a furious attack on the post at the wood and garden of the chateau of Hougomont, which was occupied by General Byng's brigade of guards. It was a point of particular importance to the French to gain this post, as from its situation, it commanded a considerable part of the British position. It was furiously and incessantly assailed by large and reinforced bodies of the French, and gallantly and successfully defended by the British. Napoleon himself directed the charge of the imperial guards against it, but, though fighting under the immediate eye of their leader, they were repulsed by the British guards. Thirty pieces of English artillery played continually over this wood, to assist its defence, while the enemy directed against it their hottest fire.

Every tree in the wood of Hougomont was pierced with balls, but it appears, from the reports of travellers, that the strokes which were fatal to human life have scarcely injured them; though their trunks are filled with holes, and their branches broken and destroyed, their verdure is still the same. Wild flowers are still blooming, and raspberries ripening beneath their shade; while huge black piles of human ashes, dreadfully offensive in smell, are all that remain of the heroes who fell upon that fatal spot. Beside some graves at the out-skirts of the wood, the little wild flower "Forget-me-not" continues to bloom, and the gaudy red poppy springs up around, as if in mockery of the dead. The chateau itself was set on fire by shells, during the cannonade. In the garden behind the house, the roses, orange-trees and geraniums still flower in beauty, and the pear-tree and fig-tree bear their fruit: presenting a melancholy contrast to the ruined house, the mouldering piles and the surrounding scene of death and desolation. Even when the heaps of dead were reduced to ashes, the broken swords, shattered helmets, torn epaulets and sabre scabbards bathed in blood, told too plainly the dreadful strife that had taken place, and the mournful reflection could not be suppressed, that the glory which Britain gained upon this sanguinary field, was purchased by the blood of her noblest sons.

In the mean time, to cover his real design, and to prevent the duke from sending reinforcements to Hougomont, the action was briskly commenced throughout the whole of the line. But when Buonaparte was convinced that he had failed in accomplishing his first object, the fire of musketry and cannon became more terrible and murderous. Columns of French infantry and cavalry, preceded by a formidable artillery, advanced from every point, ascended the eminence on which the British were posted, and precipitated themselves on their squares. In vain the French artillery mowed down whole ranks of their opponents. The chasms were instantly filled, and not one foot of ground was lost. "What brave troops!" said Napoleon to his staff. "It is a pity to destroy them; but I shall beat them at last." The British reserved their fire until the enemy had approached within a few paces, and then, with one well directed volley, levelled whole squadrons of the foe. Other troops succeeded, and the French pressed on to closer and more destructive combat. The light troops who were in advance of the British line were driven in by the fury of this general charge, and the foreign cavalry, who ought to have supported them, gave way and fled on all sides. The first forces who offered a steady resistance were the black Brunswick infantry. They were drawn up in squares, as most of the British forces were during this memorable action; each regiment forming a square by itself, not quite solid, but nearly so, the men being drawn up several files deep. The distance between these masses afforded sufficient space to draw up the battalions in line when they should be ordered to extend themselves, and the regiments were posted with reference to each other, much like the alternate squares upon a chess board. It was therefore impossible for a squadron of cavalry to push between two of these squares without being at once assailed by a fire in front from that which was in the rear, and another fire on both flanks from those squares between which it had moved forward. Often and often during the day was this murderous experiment resorted to by the cavalry of Napoleon, and sometimes with success.

Yet although this order of battle possesses every efficient power of combination against cavalry, its exterior is far from imposing. The men thus drawn up occupy the least possible space of ground, and the Brunswick officers, when they saw the furious onset of the French cavalry, with a noise and clamour that seemed to agitate the firm earth over which they galloped, and beheld the small and detached black masses which, separated from each other, stood individually exposed to be overwhelmed by the torrent, they almost trembled for the result. But when the Brunswick troops opened their fire, with coolness, readiness and rapidity, the event seemed no longer doubtful. The artillery, also, which was never in higher order, or more distinguished for excellent practice, made dreadful gaps in the squadrons of cavalry, and strewed the ground with men and horses who were advancing to the charge. These circumstances, however, were far from depressing the courage of the French, who pressed on in defiance of every obstacle, and of the continued and immense slaughter which was made among their ranks. If the attack of the cavalry was for a moment suspended, it was but to give room for the operation of their artillery, which, within one hundred and fifty yards, played upon the solid squares of the British with most destructive effect. Yet, in such a fire, and in full view of these clouds of cavalry, did these brave troops close their files over the bodies of their dead and dying comrades, and resume with stern composure that close array of battle which their discipline and experience had taught them to regard as the surest means of defence. After the most desperate efforts on the part of the French to push back the British right wing, and to establish themselves on the Nivelles road, and after a defence, on the other side, which rendered these efforts totally unavailing, the battle on this part of the field in some degree subsided, to rage, if possible, with greater fury towards the left and centre of the British line.

The principal masses of the French were now directed on the left of the British, at which were posted the divisions of generals Picton and Kempt. The object of Napoleon in this attack was to turn the left of the allies, and, by separating them from the Prussians, to cut off the retreat of the duke in that direction.

A strong body of French infantry advanced amidst the destructive fire of the British artillery, without discharging a shot. They gained the heights, and pressed on, determined to carry the position. Sir T. Picton did not await their attack, but forming his division into a solid square advanced to the charge. They were repulsed after firing a volley, which proved fatal to one of the bravest commanders in the British army. Sir T. Picton received a musket ball in his right temple, and falling, expired without a struggle. The ball was cut out with a razor, on the lower and opposite side of his head, where it appeared just breaking through the skin. After his lamented fall it was discovered that he had been wounded in the hip on the 16th by a musket ball, a circumstance which he carefully concealed from every one but his servant. The wound had assumed a serious aspect from the want of surgical assistance, having been only bandaged by himself and his servant, as well as circumstances would admit.

Notwithstanding the partial repulse of the French, they once more pressed on, and succeded in driving back the Scotch division in the greatest disorder, after every resistance had been made which the bravery of the Highland regiments could effect. But the brigade of heavy cavalry coming up, supported by the 12th light dragoons, the French masses were again compelled to retire.

A column of 2000 French bore down on the position which was occupied by the 92d regiment, who immediately formed themselves into line, and charged on the centre of the advancing column, which they pierced, and the Scotch Greys dashed in at the opening. A column of French cavalry now advanced with the cuirassiers at their head, to endeavor to save their infantry. The Scotch Greys had been reinforced by the brigade of heavy dragoons, and the most dreadful engagement of cavalry which modern warfare has witnessed now took place. The impenetrable cuirasses of the French gave them a decided advantage over the English, but nothing could resist the determined valor of the latter, and after a long and sanguinary struggle, the cuirassiers retreated to the rear of their infantry. The Scotch Greys took one of the French eagles, and another was captured by Francis Stiles, a corporal in the first royal dragoons. The manner in which the first of these trophies was obtained is thus described by the individual to whom it was surrendered. "It was in the first charge I took the eagle from the enemy; he and I had a hard struggle for it; he thrust for my groin—I parried it off, and cut him through the head; after which I was attacked by one of their lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed his mark, by my throwing it off with my sword by my right side; then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went through his teeth; next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who, after firing at me, charged me with his bayonet—but he very soon lost the combat, for I parried it and cut him down through the head; so that finished the contest for the eagle. After which I presumed to follow my comrades, eagle and all, but was stopped by the general, saying to me, 'You brave fellow, take that to the rear: you have done enough until you get quit of it;' which I was obliged to do, but with great reluctance. I retired to a height, and stood there for upwards of an hour, which gave a general view of the field, but I cannot express the horrors I beheld: the bodies of my brave comrades were lying so thick upon the field that it was scarcely possible to pass, and horses innumerable. I took the eagle into Brussels amidst the acclamations of thousands of the spectators that saw it."

At this period of the engagement Sir William Ponsonby fell. He led his brigade against the Polish lancers, checked at once their destructive charges against the British infantry, and took 200 prisoners; but having pushed on at some distance from his troops, accompanied only by one aid-de-camp he entered a newly ploughed field, where the ground was excessively soft. His horse stuck in the mire, and was utterly incapable of extricating itself. At this instant a body of lancers approached him at full speed. Sir William saw that his fate was inevitable. He took out a picture and his watch, and was in the act of giving them to be delivered to his wife and family, when the lancers came up. The general and horse were both killed upon the spot. His body was found, lying beside his horse, pierced with seven lance wounds.

On the left of the centre the French obtained a temporary success. Some light troops of the German legion had been stationed in the farm of La Haye Sainte; the French succeeded in occupying the communication between them and the army, carried the farm-house, and put every man to the bayonet. This success enabled them, about two o'clock, to occupy a small mound on the left of the road, where the hedge joins the road from Brussels to Charleroi, and just opposite the gate of the farm; a position from which they were not dislodged until the grand advance of the British army at seven in the evening.

The French troops sustained considerable losses, under the difficulties of uneven and hilly ground, deep ditches and ravines, where they were checked by fresh columns concealed till the moment of attack. Every inch of ground was disputed on both sides, and neither gave way till every means of resistance was exhausted. The smallest hillock, the most trivial embankment, was frequently taken and retaken several times. Repeated charges of cavalry took place, the field of battle was heaped with dead, and the firing became more and more violent. Both sides contended with equal fury, and the defence was as obstinate as the attack was impetuous. The English artillery made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the French. They were so completely exposed, that the Congreve rockets passed easily through all their lines, and fell in the midst of their equipage, which was placed behind, on the road and its environs. A number of shells burst among them, and rendered it indispensible for the train to retire to a greater distance. This was not done without much disorder, which the English clearly perceived. The French artillery re-opened their fire with equal vivacity, but with less effect, as the British were almost entirely masked by the inequalities of the ground. The continued reverberation of more than 600 pieces of artillery; the fire of the battalions and light troops; the frequent explosion of caissoons, blown up by shells, which reached them; the hissing of balls and grape-shot; the clash of arms; the tumultuous roar of the charges and the shouts of the soldiery, all created an impression which the pen is unequal to describe, and which occurred in a narrow space, the two armies being close to each other, and their respective lines contracted into the shortest possible extent.

Napoleon, elated by the advantage obtained at La Sainte Haye, seized the opportunity with all his characteristic promptitude, and pressing on with immense masses of infantry and cavalry, attacked the centre, which was now exposed. The first battalions which he encountered, overwhelmed and crushed by the enthusiastic valor and impetuosity of the French, gave way. Had he at this time brought up all his reserves of infantry, or waited until the British squares had been thrown into confusion by the desperate charges of his foot soldiers, it might have been impossible for the duke of Wellington to restore the fortunes of the day. But he precipitately followed up his advantage, amidst a deluge of balls and grape-shot. A strong column approached Mount St. John, whence a terrific fire was pouring. The French cavalry at the same time rushed to carry the guns on the plains, but was charged in its turn by the English horse, who issued from the hollows, where they had lain in ambuscade, and the slaughter became horrible. Neither side gave way one step; reinforcements arrived to both parties; the charge was repeated. Three times the French were on the point of forcing the positions, and three times they were driven back. A few battalions of the English, who were slow or unskilful in their movements, were in a moment cut to pieces; but wherever the squares were formed the enemy could make no impression. In vain, with unexampled courage, the French cavalry walked their horses round the British squares, and dashed at the slightest opening: in vain, when they arrived within a short distance, a few of them rushed on, and would have nobly sacrificed their lives by receiving the fire of their opponents, while their main body regularly proceeded to the charge. The cool intrepidity of the allied army baffled every attempt to break them. The squadrons of French cavalry which contrived to penetrate between the squares were repulsed with sanguinary fury, and the British cavalry now arrived to share the conflict. Napoleon now advanced the whole centre of his infantry to assist and disengage the cavalry. A close column of French pressed onwards, overpowered every resistance, and marched to carry the village of Mont St. Jean, in the rear of the British position.

The duke of Wellington felt the critical situation in which he was placed, and displayed an heroism worthy of himself and his country. Wherever his presence was most requisite he was to be found. Exposed to the hottest fire, in the most conspicuous positions, he stood reconnoitering with his glass, watching the enemy's manœuvres and issuing orders with the most intrepid coolness, while balls and shells showered around him, and his staff officers fell wounded and dying by his side. Many of his escapes seemed almost miraculous. When any of the squares appeared to waver, or were almost broken, he threw himself into the midst of them, and the consciousness of his presence rendered them firm as the adamantine rock, against which the spray beats harmlessly. At length he succeeded in arresting the progress of the French, and snatching from them some advantages which they had obtained. The advance of Napoleon to menace the rear was prevented; the French were driven from the eminence they had carried; the farm of La Haye Sainte was retaken; and the combatants again occupied the ground which they had held at the commencement of the attack, except that the French continued to possess the small mound on the left of the road from Brussels to Charleroi, from which they could not be dislodged till the grand advance of the British army at the close of the engagement.

The attack on the chateau of Hougomont had recommenced, and continued during the day. Here, as in the centre, the French cavalry boldly penetrated the squares, and for a while appeared masters of the position, but on the arrival of the British dragoons, a scene of destructive confusion ensued. The artillery of the two armies reciprocally discharged an incessant torrent of round and grape-shot. The 30th regiment sustained several charges of the cuirassiers. Protected by their iron breast-plates, they galloped up to the very bayonets of the infantry. The horsemen had no sooner passed than the regiment again deployed into line, that its fire might be more extended and effectual. They had scarcely completed the evolution when the word was again given, "Re-form square: prepare to receive cavalry." The cuirassiers repeatedly walked round this regiment, eagerly watching for an opportunity of penetrating its front.

Unable to penetrate the 30th regiment, the cuirassiers rushed on the 69th, who occupied a neighboring position, and arrived in their front before the square was completely formed, a circumstance which enabled them to commit dreadful slaughter. The first foot guards were for a moment almost cut off from the rest of the army, and surrounded by the French cavalry, who repeatedly charged on every square at once— The loss was immense, but as the soldiers rapidly fell no chasm was for a moment left. The files were closed, and the square gradually diminished. At length the British cavalry came to their relief, and the few brave soldiers who were left effected their escape. A similar resistance was made in every point of the line; and the French, after incredible exertions, once more retired to their former positions. After a short and solemn interval they returned to the attack, on the whole line of the allies, but chiefly on the centre. Three hundred pieces of artillery played on every part of the British position. The slaughter was dreadful, notwithstanding the state of the ground, which was soaked with rain, and prevented the balls from rolling forwards after they had fallen. The shells were frequently buried in the mud, and produced no other effect than bespattering the men and horses. The French continued their incessant attacks with a perseverance worthy of their high reputation; and the line of checkered squares hitherto opposed to them, was gradually, from the great reduction of numbers, presenting a diminished and less formidable appearance. One general officer was under the necessity of stating that his brigade was reduced to one third of its original strength, that those who remained were exhausted with fatigue, and that a temporary relief, however short its duration, was requisite to the existence of his troops. "Tell him," said Wellington, "what he proposes is impossible.— He, I, and every Englishman in the field must die on the spot which we now occupy." "It is enough," replied the general, "I and every man under my command, are determined to share his fate."

Napoleon was astonished by the obstinate resistance of the British. He incessantly took snuff in large quantities from his waistcoat pocket, violently snuffing up half, and throwing the rest from him with a strong extension of the arm.— "These English are devils," said he, "will they never be beaten?" The frequency and impetuousness of his attacks were now redoubled, and he began to expose himself to the thickest of the fire. He evinced much personal courage, and was always collected, and in full possession of the inexhaustible resources of his genius. Seeing the guide frequently flinch at the shower of shot that fell around them, he said "Do not stir, my friend; a ball will kill you equally in the back as the front, and wound you more disgracefully."

A brigade of horse-artillery, commanded by Major Ramsay, opened its fire on the French columns. They retreated repeatedly, but it was only to advance with new fury, and to renew attempts which it seemed impossible for human strength and courage ultimately to withstand. As frequently as the cavalry retreated, the artillerymen, rushing out of the squares in which they had found shelter, began again to work their pieces, and made a destructive fire on the retiring squadrons. Two officers of artillery were particularly noticed, who being stationed in a square which was repeatedly charged, rushed out of it the instant the cavalry retreated, loaded one of the deserted guns which stood near, and fired it upon the horsemen. A French officer observed that this manœuvre was repeated more than once, and cost his troop many lives. At the next retreat of his squadron he stationed himself by the gun, waving his sword, as if defying the British officers to approach it. He was instantly shot by a grenadier, but prevented, by his self-devotion, a considerable loss to his countrymen. Other French officers and men evinced the same devoted zeal. One officer of rank, after leading his men as far as they would follow him, towards one of the squares of infantry, found himself deserted by them when the British fire opened, and instantly rode upon the bayonets, throwing open his arms, as if to welcome the bullet which should bring him down. He was immediately shot, for the moment admitted of no alternative.

Notwithstanding their well supported and undaunted defence, the situation of the British army became critical. The duke of Wellington had placed his best troops in the first line; they had already suffered severely, and the quality of those who were brought up to support them was in some instances found unequal to the task. He himself saw a Belgian regiment give way at the instant it crossed the ridge of the hill, in the act of advancing from the second into the first line.—The duke rode up to them, halted the regiment, and again formed it, intending in person to lead them into the fire.—They accordingly shouted "En avant, en avant," and marched up, arranging their ranks with great accuracy, and holding up their heads with military precision. But as soon as they crossed the ridge of the hill, and again encountered the storm of balls and shells, from which they had formerly retreated, they went to the right-about once more, and fairly left the duke to seek for more courageous followers where he could find them. He accordingly brought up a Brunswick regiment, which advanced with less apparent enthusiasm than the Belgians, but kept their ground with more steadiness, and behaved with intrepidity. In another part of the field, the Hanoverian hussars of Cumberland, a corps distinguished for their handsome appearance and complete equipments, were ordered to support a charge made by the British. Their commanding officer shewed no alacrity to obey this order, and observed so much ceremony, that, after being twice ordered to advance, an aid-de-camp of the duke of Wellington informed him of his grace's command, that he should either advance or draw off his men entirely, and not remain there to shew a bad example, and discourage others. The 'gallant' officer was not long in making his choice, and having seriously expressed to the aid-de-camp his sense of the duke's kindness, and his gracious consideration for the safety of his raw troops, under so dangerous a fire, declared that he would embrace the alternative of drawing his men off, and posting them behind the hamlet of St. John. This he accordingly did, in spite of the reproaches of the aid-de-camp, who loaded him with every epithet that is most disgraceful to a soldier. Many of the officers and soldiers of this unlucky regiment left it in shame, joined themselves to other bodies of cavalry, and behaved well in the action. But the valiant commander fled to Brussels, and alarmed the town with a report that the French were at his heels. His regiment was partly disbanded, and many of its members attached to the service of the commissariat.

While the conflict was raging, Blucher was pressing forward to the assistance of his allies. So early as between three and four o'clock the division of Bulow appeared menacing the right flank of the French, chiefly with light troops and cavalry. But this movement was foreseen, and provided against by Buonaparte. Besides the immense force with which he sustained the main conflict, he had kept in reserve a large body of troops under count Lobau, who were opposed to those of Bulow, with a promptitude which appeared like magic: the British officers being almost at a loss to conjecture whence the forces came, which appeared as it were to rise out of the earth, to oppose this new adversary. The engagement, which consisted chiefly in sharp-shooting, continued in this quarter, but with no great energy, as the Prussian general waited the coming up of the main body of Blucher's army.

Meantime Blucher pressed the march of his forces through the defiles which separated him from the British. Notwithstanding the consequences of his fall upon the 16th, he insisted on leaving his carriage, and being placed on horseback, that he might expedite the march by precept and example.—The sun was near setting before his forces appeared in strength, issuing from the woods on the left flank of the English army. Though it was now obvious that the army of the prince-marshal was appearing on the field, Napoleon was deluded to the last by a belief that they were followed by Grouchy, and either retreating or moving laterally in the same line with him. In this misconception he persisted, until the consequences proved fatal to the very last chance which he had of covering his own retreat

Notwithstanding the perseverance with which Buonaparte had renewed his attacks on the English position, and the vast number of his best cavalry and infantry who fell in the struggle, he had still in reserve near 15,000 men of his own guard, who, remaining on the ridge of La Belle Alliance, or behind it, had scarcely drawn a trigger during the action. But, about seven o'clock at night, their Emperor determined to devote this proved and faithful reserve, as his last stake, to one of those desperate games in which he had been frequently successful. His previous conduct had displayed the utmost resolution, wisdom and intrepidity. He was in full view of the field when the battle began, and remained upon it till no choice was left him but that of death or rapid flight. His first post was a high wooden observatory, which had been constructed when a trigonometrical survey of the country was made, by order of the king of the Netherlands, some weeks before. But he afterwards removed to the high ground in front of La Belle Alliance, and finally to the foot of the slope, upon the road to Brussels. He was, throughout the action, attended by his staff, and squadrons of service, destined to protect his safety. Soult, Ney and other officers of distinction, commanded under him, but he issued all orders, and received all reports in person.

At the present moment he left the more distant point of observation, which he had for some time occupied on the heights in the rear, and descending from the hill, placed himself in the rear of the line fronting Mount St. John, and within a quarter of a mile of the English line. Here he caused his guards to defile before him, and acquainted them that to carry the British position they had only to sustain with bravery a heavy fire of their artillery. He concluded by pointing to the causeway and exclaiming, "This, gentlemen, is the road to Brussels." They answered with a shout of enthusiasm, and the cry of "The Emperor for ever!" was distinctly heard as far as the British lines.

They marched on with a firm and steady step, and in dead silence. The fate of the battle; the fate of Europe depended upon them. The fire of the allies abated; and with indescribable feelings of anxiety, awe and admiration, they contemplated the approach of the chosen troops of France, the battalions who were the terror of Europe, and who had never yet been vanquished. But the pause was only momentary.—Every cannon seemed to open at once on the foe, and swept whole ranks away. As the front ranks fell, others in an instant rushed forward to fill up the chasms, and with stern and unbroken front, the imperial guard continued to advance.

Some Brunswickers first attempted to oppose them; but after an ineffectual resistance, they were defeated with immense slaughter. The French penetrated within the lines. It seemed impossible for the duke to rally a sufficient force to arrest their progress. They carried every thing before them, and once more in this strange and eventful battle, the victory was Napoleon's.

In a hollow of the ground, immediately in front of the French, and protected from the fire of their artillery, lay a regiment of the British guards. The duke of Wellington was close behind them. He had placed himself on a ridge, and declared that he would not move from it.

The imperial guard still advanced. They approached within a hundred yards, when the duke suddenly exclaimed, "Up guards and at them." The unexpected apparition of this body of men, startled the French battalions, and they suddenly paused; but immediately recovering themselves, they advanced more rapidly. At a given signal, their artillery filed off to the right and the left. They approached within twenty yards of their opponents, and were in the act of dashing upon them with the bayonet; when a volley was poured upon them by the British, which staggered them, and literally knocked them back with its shock. A second volley threw them into greater confusion, and ere they had time to deploy or to manœuvre, the British cheered and rushed furiously upon them. They waited not the attack, but retreated in disorder. The British were eagerly pursuing when a regiment of sharp-shooters, which had accompanied and protected the advancing column, attacked them, and did considerable execution; but the British rallied, and charged on their new antagonists. They likewise refused to receive the shock and followed the route of their companions. Again the French rallied, and opened a galling and destructive fire on their pursuers.

Napoleon wished to lead them on to one effort more; but Bertrand and Drouet threw themselves before him, and representing how much the safety of France and the army depended on his life, besought him to forbear. Napoleon suffered himself to be persuaded, and retired from that part of the field.

The main body of the Prussians had now arrived, and although they were bravely opposed by the troops of General Lobau, whom not even these new assailants could dishearten, perceptibly gained ground. The decisive moment had arrived, and Wellington promptly availed himself of it. He ordered the whole line, supported by the artillery and cavalry, to charge. His troops replied with one universal shout, and hastened to the attack. Nothing could resist their impetuosity. The French fought with bravery and desperation; but their first line was speedily broken through; the second afforded little more resistance, and complete confusion and route ensued.

Four squares of the old imperial guard yet remained.—With these Napoleon endeavored to cover his retreat, which was now inevitable; but they were embarrassed and borne away by the crowd of fugitives, and unable to resist the overwhelming force of English and Prussians which now pressed upon them. They defended themselves with a gallantry which excited the admiration of their foes. The duke of Wellington would have prevented the useless sacrifice of their lives, and summoned them to surrender; but, with a high sense of military honor, they refused to yield, and slowly retreating, inch by inch, were almost entirely annihilated.

Near La Belle Alliance, a farm in the rear of Napoleon's position, Wellington and Blucher accidentally met, and embraced each other with transport. Blucher proposed to continue the pursuit during the night with his troops, who were comparatively fresh, and Wellington recalling his battalions, who had been more than twelve hours under arms, and whom fatigue and want of food had completely exhausted, drew them up on the hill, and giving the Prussians three cheers as they passed, returned to the bivouack of the foregoing night.

CHAP. XXVII.

Continuation of the History of the Campaign. Disastrous retreat of the French from Waterloo. Slaughter at Genappe. French repass the Sambre. Narrow escape of Napoleon. Appearance of the field of Battle. Loss of the French—of the allies.

The tremendous scenes of the day were surpassed by the horrors of the night. The sun had long gone down, but no friendly darkness sheltered the fugitives, and an unclouded moon, near her full, lighted the blood-thirsty destroyers to their prey. The French fled in a confusion as extraordinary as the lengthened and murderous contention of the day. Lancers, dragoons, infantry, artillery and cuirassiers; guns, waggons, tumbrils and carriages of every description, formed one mingled and impenetrable mass. Some of the officers, with Marshal Ney at their head, endeavored to rally the scattered troops and form a rear-guard to check the furious pursuit of the conquerors. For a moment they succeeded. Some battalions of the guard obeyed the voice of their leaders, and endeavored to protect the retreat of their army, but the first charge of the Prussians broke and dispersed them. Again they rallied, and again were overwhelmed. At length all the regiments were completely dispersed, no attempt at further resistance was made, and every one fled with the utmost precipitation. The confusion increased every moment, and at the distance of thirty miles from the field of battle it was impossible to rally a single squadron.

In several of the villages the officers repeatedly attempted to rally the troops, and to maintain themselves under protection of the houses. But an inexplicable panic had seized on every heart, and they whose bravery had, a few hours before, excited the warmest admiration even of their enemies, were now incapable of resistance. The drum or trumpet of the Prussians was no sooner heard at a distance, than they forsook their ranks, abandoned their hasty defences and fled in every direction, with all the rapidity which their fatigue and exhaustion would permit.

It was at Genappe that the last stand was made. The French here found some cannon which had been early withdrawn from the field, or which had not reached the scene of action. These were speedily placed in the most advantageous position. Some waggons and carriages were overturned, and the streets completely blockaded. Intrenched behind this defence, they awaited with resolution the approach of the enemy, and commenced a brisk fire of artillery and musketry. The Prussians halted for an instant, and bringing up a few light pieces, directed them on the French intrenchments.—But after a few discharges, they were unable to restrain their impetuosity, and rushed on to carry the place by assault.—The French abandoned their position, and once more betook themselves to flight. The Prussians and Brunswickers galloped through the streets, and massacred, without remorse, every Frenchman who fell in their way. No resistance was offered after this; yet the slaughter continued with unabated fury.

Those of the French who had early escaped from the field, and who had been able to continue their flight without much impediment, did not expect to be so closely pursued. Worn out with fatigue, and fainting from want of food, they halted at some of the villages to recruit their exhausted powers.—But they had scarcely tasted their repast, when crowds of fugitives precipitated themselves upon them, exclaiming that the Prussians were coming. The blast of the trumpet too soon confirmed the intelligence, and they were driven from one bivouack to another until the victors were glutted with slaughter, or they were unable longer to continue the pursuit from fatigue.

At Charleroi, Napoleon himself attempted to arrest the flight of the troops. He planted a company of grenadiers on the bridge with fixed bayonets. But the immense crowd which pressed on, continually urged to new efforts by the cries of "The Prussians, the Prussians!" reiterated in the rear, overpowered all opposition. The grenadiers were totally unable to stem the torrent, and it was not until they had passed the Sambre that the French imagined themselves safe.

At break of day the feeble wreck of the French army began to arrive at Charleroi and Marchienne, where they eagerly pressed on to repass the Sambre. The most melancholy part of the cavalcade was the long column of wounded, who clung to each other, as if they sought consolation or protection in the contemplation of each other's misery. Some of them crept slowly along on foot. Others were mounted on horses which they had forcibly taken from the waggons that had been abandoned on every step of the road. They were pale, enfeebled, and covered with the bloody rags with which they had hastily bound up their wounds.

As they approached the bridge the horrible scenes of Genappe were renewed. The road taken, suddenly became considerably narrower. It had previously been completely filled with the strangely mingled column of the retreating army. But now when the space was contracted, all passage was obstructed. Horsemen, infantry and carriages rushed on, contending who should cross first. The stronger unfeelingly thrust aside or trampled upon the weaker, and too often drew their sabres, or their bayonets, on those who offered any resistance. Many were crushed by the wheels of the waggons or artillery, so that at length the heaps of dead bodies, continually increasing, formed an almost insurmountable obstacle.

At this dreadful moment the enemy appeared. The confusion now redoubled. Some hastily cut the traces of their horses, and springing upon them, abandoned their carriages, and forced their way through the crowd. Others turned off at the foot of the bridge and driving furiously along the banks of the Sambre, sought for a passage, and at length madly plunging in, were swept away by the torrent. Many hundreds who had been congratulating themselves on their escape perished here, at a distance of thirty miles from the field of battle.

Part of the army, which had early retreated, hoping that the pursuit would cease here, and that the Sambre would afford them a secure defence, had bivouacked on the right side of the river. The neighboring meadows were crowded with groups of soldiers, hastily cooking that food, the long want of which had deprived them of all remaining strength, or stretched on the grass, enjoying that repose which was even more necessary than food. But when this scene of confusion commenced, and the shouts of the Prussians were heard, their slumbers were immediately broken, their food was left untasted, and once more they betook themselves to flight.

A little beyond Charleroi two roads presented themselves, one of which conducted to Avesnes, and the other to Philippeville. No general was at hand to direct their route, and the army divided, as inclination or charge determined. The greater part pursued the road to Avesnes, while others turned to the left, and fled towards Philippeville. Great numbers abandoned the high road, and, as their only refuge from the enemy's cavalry, threw themselves into the neighboring woods. Thus the army became gradually dispersed, and at length nearly disappeared.

While Blucher was employed in pursuing the flying enemy, the duke of Wellington led his army over the field of battle. The noise and confusion which so lately reigned were heard no more, and all was hushed and still; save when the moans of the wounded, or the agonizing shrieks of the dying, burst upon the ear. The moon, riding in unveiled majesty, shed a pale and mournful light on the horrors of the scene. They retrod the field of death. They sought for their wounded companions. They eagerly afforded them every assistance in their power, and having hastily dressed their wounds, dispatched them to the hospitals of Antwerp and Brussels.—In every part of the field the troops were seen diligently employed in constructing litters, and carefully conveying both friends and foes to a place of refuge and comfort. This was a spectacle which formed an affecting contrast with the murderous occupation of the Brunswickers and Prussians.

At Genappe the carriage of Napoleon was recognised, and the conquerors dashed at it, hoping to secure the most invaluable of all prizes, the person of the Emperor. The coachman was on the box, the postilion had mounted the leaders, and they were making a desperate attempt to force their way through the throng. The Prussian officer who headed the foremost troop eagerly called to the coachman to stop, but the latter only lashed his horses with the greater violence. The hussars then cut down the postilion and killed the leaders, while the sabre of the officer brought the coachman from his box with a single stroke. He then violently tore open the door of the carriage, and deemed the prize his own. As he opened the door he saw the emperor escape from the opposite side, and before he could hastily pass round the carriage, Napoleon had mounted a horse, and was instantly lost in the throng.

Attended by a few faithful officers, Napoleon now galloped towards Charleroi. As he passed he was frequently recognised by the fugitives who crowded the road, and amidst the noise of the carriages exclaimed, "There goes the Emperor! the Emperor for ever!" A little before he arrived at Chareroi he halted, and a fire being kindled, partook of the first refreshment he had tasted during fourteen hours. He then dismissed his guide, and pursued his course to Charleroi, having been joined by eight confidential officers. At this city he attempted to rally the fugitives, but in vain, and he therefore hastened in the direction of Philippeville.

The conflict behind him was the most sanguinary and brutal that history has recorded, and surpassed in its horrors even the scenes of mid-day. The Prussians rode over the field, dispatching by their weapons the wounded French, with the most inveterate rancor, and many of the officers who have since recovered from their wounds, sustained the most lasting inconvenience, and the greatest danger, from those inflicted by the enemy, when they were in no condition to offend others, or defend themselves. The exclamation of, "What? are you not dead?" uttered by the horseman, was usually accompanied with a stroke of his sabre, which terminated the existence of his unfortunate and languishing victim.

They made a dreadful and indiscriminate slaughter, scarcely interrupted by the temptation of plundering the baggage, with which the roads were choked, and unchecked by any attempt at resistance. Those soldiers who had begun the morning with such bright and enthusiastic hopes, and whose conduct during the battle vindicated their self-confidence, were now so entirely broken in heart and spirits that many of their straggling bands fled at sight of a single Prussian hussar.

It is remarkable, that amidst the countless numbers who fled, both of privates and officers, we do not notice many of those names distinguished in the bulletins of Napoleon's former campaigns. Except Duhesme and Friant, we hear of no generals among the French list of the slain. The latter was killed by a ball as he was standing close to Ney, who commanded the imperial guards in the last attack. Duhesme was overtaken in the village of Genappe, by one of the duke of Brunswick's black hussars, of whom he begged quarter. The soldier regarded him sternly, with his sabre uplifted, and then briefly saying, "The duke of Brunswick died yesterday," bestowed on him his death wound.

The courage and impetuosity of the French had never been exceeded. Charges more desperate had not been witnessed in modern warfare. Napoleon had profoundly studied the character of the French, and the system of warfare which he had adopted was the best suited to their peculiar energies. The French soldiers are most capable of active courage. Their feelings must be highly excited, their passions must be called into full activity, and then they are nearly invincible. Ardent, impetuous and enthusiastic, they brave every danger, and surmount every obstacle. On the other hand, the tremendous and repeated charges of the French were received with a valor that never faltered, and though their ranks were thinned, and their squares diminished, they still presented a stern and unbroken front. Though Britain has triumphed in it as the proudest, she has also mourned it as the bloodiest of all her battles. Those who witnessed the most sanguinary contests of the peninsular war declared they had never seen so horrible a carnage; and the Prussians pronounced even the battle of Leipsic not to be compared to it. The dead could not be numbered; and by those who visited this dreadful field of death, the day after the battle, the spectacle of horror that it exhibited can never be forgotten.

The mangled and lifeless bodies were even then stripped of every covering—every thing of the smallest value was already carried off. The road between Waterloo and Brussels, which passes for nine miles through the thick shades of the forest of Soigny, was choked up with scattered baggage, broken waggons and dead horses. The heavy rains, and the great passage upon it, rendered it almost impassable, so that it was with extreme difficulty that the carriages containing the wounded could be brought along. The way was lined with unfortunate men who had crept from the field, and many, unable to go further, lay down and died:—holes dug by the road side served as their graves, and the road, weeks after the battle, was strewed with the tattered remains of their clothes and accoutrements. In every village and hamlet—on every road—in every part of the country, for thirty miles round, wounded soldiers were found wandering; the wounded Belgic and Dutch stragglers exerting themselves to the utmost to reach their own homes. So great were the numbers of the wounded, that, notwithstanding the most active and unremitting exertions, the last were not removed from the field of battle into Brussels until the Thursday following.

The desolation which reigned on the scene of action cannot easily be described. The fields of high standing corn were trampled down, and so completely beaten into the earth, that they had the appearance of stubble. The ground was completely ploughed up in many places with the charge of the cavalry, and the horses' hoofs, deep stamped into the earth, left the traces where many a deadly struggle had been. The whole field was strewed with the melancholy vestiges of war and devastation—soldiers' caps, pierced with many a ball and trodden under foot—eagles that had ornamented them—badges of the legion of honor—cuirasses—fragments of broken arms, belts and scabbards innumerable—shreds of tattered cloth, shoes, cartridge boxes, gloves, highland bonnets, feathers steeped in mud and gore—French novels, and German testaments—scattered music belonging to the bands—packs of cards, and innumerable papers of every description, that had been thrown out of the pockets of the dead, by those who had pillaged them. Love-letters, and letters from mothers to their sons, and from children to their parents, were scattered about in every direction.

Upon this field were performed deeds of valor as heroic as any which swell the page of history. Of those who performed them, many rest in the bed of honor, and those who survive will never relate the story of their own achievements. Modesty is ever the concomitant of true courage; and thus actions, which, could they have been witnessed, would have been the theme of an applauding world, are now unknown and unadmired. It is difficult to say who were bravest were all were brave.

Thus ended the great and decisive battle of Waterloo, which proved to Buonaparte and to France what the battle of Zama did to Hannibal and Carthage, although not from the same causes. France was not exhausted; she still had immense resources, and might have recovered from this shock, had it not been for her internal divisions. This was the fiftieth pitched battle which had been fought by Buonaparte, and perhaps in no one did he ever display more consummate generalship or cool intrepidity; but in no one, certainly, was he so unfortunate. That destiny in which he seemed to believe, and which so long smiled upon him, appeared to have changed: he was no longer the favorite of fortune; the goddess seems to have abandoned him, at a time when her favors were most wanted.

The loss to both parties was immensely great. There had fallen on the field of battle about 40,000 men, one half of whom were French. Wellington had 100 officers slain (many of the first distinction,) and 500 wounded; very many mortally. The Prussians did not arrive till near the close of the day, but the opposition they experienced, though short, was obstinate and bloody, and many were killed in the pursuit.—The total loss of the allies during the four days, was 60,500 men—that of the French 41,000 including the retreat.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Napoleon arrives at Paris. State of France after the battle of Waterloo. Wellington and Blucher cross the Frontiers. Agitation of the Chambers. Napoleon abdicates in favor of his son. Departs for Rochefort and attempts to sail for America. Surrenders himself on board the Bellerophon to the British Government. Arrives in England. Sails for St. Helena.

NAPOLEON proceeded to Philippeville, for the purpose of keeping open a communication with Marshal Grouchy, and sending his orders to the Rhine. Here he remained four hours, when he proceeded with the greatest possible expedition for Loan, and reached that place at four o'clock in the afternoon on the twentieth. Here he had an interview with the prefect, ordered his aid-de-camp, Count Bussy, to superintend the defence of the place, and gave various other orders. He waited until he received dispatches from Jerome, by which he learnt that he had rallied more than 25,000 men in rear of Avesne, and fifty pieces of cannon, that the army appeared to augment continually, that most of the general officers had arrived, and that the loss was not so great as might have been imagined. The Emperor ordered the troops to rendezvous at Fere, and fixed upon Loan as the general head-quarters, whither Marshal Soult was ordered to repair. The prefect took every measure to fill the magazines and supply provisions for an army of 80 or 90,000 men, which were expected to concentrate around the town in a few days. Prince Jerome, Marshal Grouchy and General Rapp, had all been ordered to concentrate at this place, which was made the general point of junction.

Having given the necessary orders, the Emperor proceeded from Loan to Paris, which is a journey of only twelve hours, and reached the capital on the night of the 20th. He expected to remain at the capital four or five days to make arrangements for this great national crisis, to complete the defences of Paris, and to hasten the resources that might be obtained from the depots and the provinces, and calculated to return to the head-quarters of the army by the 25th.

On the evening of the 18th, and on the 19th, Marshal Grouchy attacked the Prussian general Thielman, repulsed him, and was pursuing him in the direction of Brussels, when he was informed of the loss of the battle, and received the orders of the Emperor to retreat towards Namur. He commenced his retreat, and was followed cautiously by the Prussians, who, advancing too near, were attacked and repulsed with the loss of several hundred prisoners. The Marshal arrived at Loan on the 26th, with a force of 32,000 men, 6,500 of whom were cavalry.

The situation of France after the battle of Waterloo, was not so desperate as has been considered. This battle might have been to France what the battle of Cannæ was to Rome, not what that of Zama was to Carthage, had it not been for the unsettled condition of the government. By the 27th of June 70,000 men had rallied between Paris and Loan, from 25 to 30,000 were on their march from the capital and the depots, and General Rapp with 25,000 select troops would have arrived early in July, on the Marne, making a force of 120,000 men, equal to that which the Emperor had at the commencement of hostilities. At Paris there were 500 field pieces; and for it defence it had 36,000 national guards, 30,000 riflemen, 6,000 gunners and 600 pieces of ordnance in battery; formidable entrenchments were erected on the right bank of the Seine, and the works on the left could soon have been completed.

The allied armies, weakened by the loss of probably 70 or 80,000 men, would not have been able to cross the frontiers with more than 90,000. They would not have hazarded to penetrate to Paris with so inconsiderable a force, but would have been obliged to wait for the arrival of the Austrian and Russian armies, which could not reach the Marne before the fifteenth of July; nor more than 30 or 40,000 of their troops, at so early a period as that. This would have given Paris twenty-five days to prepare for its defence, to complete its armaments and fortifications, and to collect troops from all parts of the empire. Besides, Marshal Suchet would at the same time have more than 30,000 men at Lyons, exclusive of the garrison of the town. The defence of the fortified places were such as could be relied upon, they being commanded by select officers and garrisoned by faithful troops.

On the 21st of June, Wellington and Blucher entered the territory of France in two columns; on the 24th the former had reached Cambray, and the latter Guise. On the 26th Wellington entered Peronne. But during all this time the three lines of fortresses in their rear on the frontiers of Flanders were invested. On the 25th they heard of the abdication of the Emperor, of the tumultuary and disorderly conduct of the chambers, the divisions and agitation of the government, and the general alarm and confusion which prevailed at the capital. On receiving this information they instantly determined to march to Paris; they reached the capital on the last day of June. As their united forces amounted only to 90,000 men, this step would not have been hazarded if Buonaparte had been in power, or if it had it would have been fatal; but nothing was to be feared now; Napoleon had abdicated, and the government was in confusion.

The abdication of the Emperor was occasioned by the disaffection of the chambers. He arrived at Paris on the night of the 20th of June, and confirmed all that had been feared as to the defeat of the army, and the critical situation of the nation; he immediately called a council of ministers. The two houses assembled, and their sitting of the 21st was characterised by great agitation and alarm. Their fears were not only from the troops of the allies, which were marching towards Paris, but an apprehension prevailed that the Emperor would dissolve the legislative bodies. The utmost agitation prevailed; various propositions were made, debated and withdrawn; all appeared sensible that something must be done, and that immediately, but no one knew what to do. At length the venerable patriot, La Fayette, arose and addressed the chambers: "This is the first time that I have raised my voice within these walls, and I feel the necessity of opening my whole soul to my colleagues. In a time of public distress, the true friends of liberty will perhaps recognise this voice which has always been raised in its defence, and never has been mingled with the cries of faction. Our armies have suffered a reverse, and our territory is threatened. It is to you representatives of the people, that it belongs to rally the nation around the tri-colored banner of 1789, that sacred standard which is the signal of the revival of liberty, independence and public order. It is to you that it belongs to summon the whole nation to the defence of its rights, its independence and its territory against foreign usurpation. A veteran of liberty, and, I repeat it, a stranger to the spirit of faction, I am about to propose to you those measures which our present critical circumstances imperiously require."

He then proposed that the Chamber declare that the independence of the nation is threatened; that it declare itself permanent, and every individual who shall attempt disorder to be guilty of treason; that the troops who have fought for the integrity of the French territory have deserved well of their country; that measures be immediatey taken to furnish arms to the national guards who might be destitute, and that the ministers be required to attend before the Chamber to answer such questions as might be asked of them. The resolutions of La Fayette with some modifications, were adopted.—The ministers did not appear until 5 o'clock in the afternoon; they were accompanied by Lucien Buonaparte, which occasioned great murmurs; they, however, subsided, on the house being informed by the president that Lucien appeared as the commissioner of the Emperor. The information communicated by the ministers increased the agitation and alarm. M. Duchene and other republican members declared that as the allies had refused to treat with the man at the head of the government, it was a duty which the Chamber owed to the nation, to insist on the unqualified abdication of the Emperor. In this critical conjuncture, Buonaparte seems to have been greatly embarrassed how to act. He was urged by some of his adherents to dissolve the mutinous assembly and establish himself dictator. He hesitated and seemed undecided—exhausted from fatigue, anxiety and the loss of sleep, and impressed from the awfully responsible situation in which he was placed, the war being declared to be prosecuted against him and not against the nation, his energy and decision of character seemed to have forsaken him. Lucien declared that the smoke of the battle of Mount St. Jean had turned his brain. He finally decided to abdicate in favor of his son. Accordingly on the 22d, the following declaration was communicated to the legislative bodies.

"FRENCHMEN! In commencing war for the maintenance of the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills and all authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me.—Circumstances appear to be changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and to have aimed only at me! My political life is ended; and I proclaim my son Napoleon II, Emperor of the French. Unite for the public safety, if you would remain an independent nation.—Done at the palace Elysee, June the 22d, 1815. NAPOLEON."

The two chambers voted Buonaparte an address of thanks for the sacrifice he had made for the interest of the nation, which was presented by their president Lanjuinias, and answered by Napoleon. A decree was then proposed by M.

Dupin introduced by a warm compliment to the Emperor for his abdication, declaring that the Chamber, in the name of the nation, accepted of the abdication of Napoleon, and for constituting the Chamber of Deputies the National Assembly; for constituting a commission to treat for peace with the allies in the name of the nation; for appointing a provisional executive of five members; and for raising a committee to form the basis of a new constitution. The agitation was so great that these propositions were not acted upon. After long discussion, Fouche, minister of general police, Carnot, minister of the interior, and General Grenier were chosen on the part of the Chamber of Deputies, as members of a provisional government, to consist of five. Caulaincourt and Quinette were added by the House of Peers. On the sitting of the 23d, a unanimous vote passed accepting the abdication of Napoleon, and after various propositions were moved and discussed, M. Manuel delivered a long and animated speech, which concluded with the following resolution: "Napoleon the second has become Emperor of the French by the fact of the abdication of Napoleon the first, and the constitutions of the empire; the decision shall be transmitted to the Chamber of Peers by a message." The resolution was seconded by innumerable voices. On its being put to vote, the whole Assembly rose, and the president declared the resolution adopted.—As the vote was declared, the cry of vive l'Empereur, burst forth in the assembly and the tribune, and was prolonged amidst the most lively applause. The same evening the House of Peers concurred in the above resolution.

After his abdication Napoleon took up his residence at Malmaison, where on the 25th he communicated to the army his farewell address:—

"NAPOLEON to the brave men of the army under the walls of Paris. Soldiers!—In obeying the necessity which separates me from the brave French army, I feel the happy certainty that it will justify, by the eminent service which the country expects from it, the eulogiums, which even our enemies have not been able to refuse to it.

Soldiers! I shall follow your movements although absent. I know every corps, and not one of them will gain a single advantage over the enemy, but I shall take notice of the bravery that it will display. They have calumniated you and me. Men little calculated to appreciate our exertions, have seen in the proofs of attachment which you have given me, only a zeal of which I was the only object. May your future success teach them that it was the country above all things that you served by obeying me, and that if I had any part in your affection, I owed it to my ardent love for France, our common mother.

Soldiers! A few efforts more and the coalition is dissolved; Napoleon will be a spectator of the blows which you are about to give them. Preserve the honor, the independence of the French. Continue to the end, the men whom I have known you for twenty years, and you will be invincible.

NAPOLEON."

Thus terminated the second reign—the "hundred days" of Napoleon.

He requested two frigates to be placed at his disposal, which the minister of marine was immediately ordered to furnish, and General Bekear was ordered to provide for his safety during his route to Rochefort, from whence he was expecting to sail for America, which is the asylum for the oppressed, even among kings. On the 29th he set out for Rochefort with his suit amounting to forty persons, faithful officers and domestics, who had determined to remain the devoted partners of his fortunes.

On the night of the 2d July a general council of war was held at Paris, which decided on the necessity of sending a deputation to treat with the commissioners of the allied generals for the surrender of the city; which it was agreed should be a military capitulation only, and have no reference to political questions. The French troops were to evacuate the capital in three days, and retire beyond the Loire, and all the military posts and barriers were to be delivered up to the allies. The chamber continued their sittings after the convention, and their hall was closed on the 7th by order of the commander of the national guard. The next day Louis made his public entry into Paris the second time, borne upon foreign bayonets.

Buonaparte reached Rochefort on the 3d of July, and commenced his preparations for his voyage to America. But the port being blockaded by eleven English ships with the greatest vigilence, it was found impossible to put to sea. He remained here until the 15th, probably expecting that some event might occur favoring his escape. On the 8th he embarked on board the Saale, one of the frigates assigned him, to try the disposition of the English fleet. On the 10th Bertrand was sent in a boat to ask permission of the English admiral for the frigates destined to convey Buonaparte to America to pass; but received for answer that they would be attacked the moment they might attempt to leave the port. He however communicated to the ex-emperor that if he was inclined to come on board of his ship, he should be treated with respect; that he would guarantee his safety and conduct him to England, where his destiny would depend upon the British government, which he presumed would convey him where he might desire to go. On the 12th Nanpoleo ascertained from his brother Joseph the dissolution of the chambers and the king's entrance into Paris. The same day he landed with his suit and baggage on the isle of Aix, and on the following night two half-decked boats arrived there from Rochelle. These boats the ex-emperor had purchased with the expectation of embarking in them, and attempting under cover of night to reach a Danish smack, which was to wait for him at the distance of 30 or 40 leagues. This attempt however was not made.

In this emergency Napoleon resolved to trust to the magnanimity of the British government, and accordingly on the 13th he addressed the following letter to the Prince Regent of England. This was sent on board the Bellerophon, and Captain Maitland of that vessel, immediately despatched it to England in the Slaney, and prepared his own vessel for the reception of the fallen Emperor.

Rochefort, July 13, 1815.

"Your Royal Highness,

A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to seat myself on the hearth of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant and the most generous of my enemies.

NAPOLEON."

He was accompanied by four of his generals—Bertrand, Savary, L'Allemand and Montholon, and by Count Las Cases. Of these, Bertrand and Montholon had their ladies on board, with three children belonging to Count Bertrand, and one of Count Montholon's. The son of Las Cases accompanied the Emperor as a page. There were nine officers of inferior rank, and thirty-nine domestics.

Buonaparte came out of Aix Roads on board of the Epervier. Wind and tide being against the brig, Captain Maitland sent the barge of the Bellerophon to transport him to that ship. Most of the officers and crew of the Epervier had tears in their eyes, and they continued to cheer the Emperor while their voices could be heard. He was received on board the Bellerophon respectfully, but without any salute or distinguished honors. As Captain Maitland advanced to meet him on the quarter-deck, Napoleon pulled off his hat, and addressing him in a firm tone of voice, said, "I come to place myself under the protection of your prince and laws." During the whole passage, notwithstanding his situation, and the painful uncertainty under which he labored, Napoleon seemed always tranquil, and in good temper; at times, he even approached to cheerfulness. He spoke with tenderness of his wife and family, complained of being separated from them, and had the tears in his eyes when he showed their portraits to Captain Maitland. His health seemed perfectly good; but he was occasionally subject to somnolency, proceeding, perhaps, from the exhaustion of a constitution which had gone through such severe service.

On the 23d July, they passed Ushant. Napoleon remained long on deck, and cast many a melancholy look to the coast of France, but made no observations. At day-break, on the 24th, the Bellerophon was off Dartmouth; and Buonaparte was struck, first with the boldness of the coast, and then, as he entered Torbay, with the well-known beauty of the scenery. "It reminded him," he said, "of Porto Ferrajo, in Elba;" an association which must at the moment have wakened strange remembrances in the mind of the deposed Emperor.

The Bellerophon had hardly anchored, when orders came from the admiral, Lord Keith, which were soon after seconded by others from the admiralty, enjoining that no one, of whatever rank or station, should be permitted to come on board of the Bellerophon, except the officers and men belonging to the ship. On the 26th, the vessel received orders to move round to Plymouth sound.

That frenzy of popular curiosity, which, predominating in all free states, seems to be carried to the utmost excess by the English nation, caused such numbers of boats to surround the Bellerophon, that, notwithstanding the peremptory orders of the admiralty, and in spite of the efforts of the man-of-war's boats, which maintained constant guard round the vessel, it was almost impossible to keep them at the prescribed distance of a cable's length from the ship. They incurred the risk of being run down—of being, as they might apprehend, shot, (for muskets were discharged for the purpose of intimidation,) of all the dangers of a naval combat, rather than lose the opportunity of seeing the Emperor whom they had heard so much of. When he appeared he was greeted with huzzas, which he returned with bows, but could not help expressing his wonder at the eagerness of popular curiosity, which he was not accustomed to see in such a pitch of excitation. On the evening of the 30th of July, Major-General Sir Henry Bunbury, one of the under secretaries of state, arrived, bringing with him the final intentions of the British government, for the disposal of Buonaparte and his suite.—Upon the 31st, Lord Keith and Sir Henry waited upon the ex-emperor, on board of the Bellerophon, to communicate to him the unpleasant tidings. Napoleon received the admiral and under secretary of state with becoming dignity and calmness. The letter of Lord Melville (first Lord of the admiralty,) was read to the ex-emperor, announcing his future destination. It stated that "it would be inconsistant with the duty of the British ministers to their sovereign and his allies, to leave General Buonaparte the means or opportunity of again disturbing the peace of Europe—announced that the island of St. Helena was selected for his future residence, and selected as such, because its local situation would permit his enjoying more freedom than could be compatible with adequate security elsewhere—that, with the exception of Generals Savary and L'Allemand, the General might select three officers together with his surgeon, to attend him to St. Helena—that twelve domestics would also be allowed." The same document stated, "that the persons who might attend upon him would be liable to a certain degree of restraint, and could not be permitted to leave the island without the sanction of the British government. Lastly, it was announced that Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, appointed to the chief command of the Cape of Good Hope, would be presently ready to sail for the purpose of conveying General Buonaparte to St. Helena, and therefore it was desirable that he should without delay make choice of the persons who were to form his suite."

The letter was read in French to Buonaparte by Sir Henry Bunbury. He listened without impatience, interruption, or emotion of any kind. When he was requested to state if he had any reply, he began, with great calmness of manner and mildness of countenance, to declare that he solemnly protested against the orders which had been read—that the British ministry had no right to dispose of him in the way proposed—that he appealed to the British people and the laws—and asked what was the tribunal which he ought to appeal to. "I am come," he continued, "voluntarily to throw myself on the hospitality of your nation—I am not a prisoner of war, and if I was, have a right to be treated according to the law of nations. But I am come to this country a passenger on board one of your vessels, after a previous negotiation with the commander. If he had told me I was to be a prisoner, I would not have come. I asked him if he was willing to receive me on board and convey me to England. Captain Maitland said he was, having received, or telling me he had received, special orders of government concerning me. It was a snare that had been spread for me; I came on board a British vessel as I would have entered one of their towns—a vessel, a village, it is the same thing. As for the island of St. Helena, it would be my sentence of death. I demand to be received as an English citizen. How many years entitle me to be domiciliated?"

Sir Henry Bunbury answered, that he believed four were necessary. "Well, then," continued Napoleon, "let the Prince Regent during that time place me under any superintendence he thinks proper—let me be placed in a country-house in the centre of the island, thirty leagues from every seaport—place a commissioned officer about me, to examine my correspondence and superintend my actions; or, if the Prince Regent should require my word of honor, perhaps I might give it. I might then enjoy a certain degree of personal liberty, and I should have the freedom of literature.—In St. Helena I could not live three months; to my habits and constitution it would be certain death. I am used to ride twenty miles a day—what am I to do on that little rock at the end of the world? No! Botany Bay is better than St. Helena—I prefer death to St. Helena—and what good is my death to do you? I am no longer a sovereign. What danger could result from my living as a private person in the heart of England, and restricted in any way which the government should think proper?"

He referred repeatedly to the manner of his coming on board the Bellerophon, insisting on his being perfectly free in his choice, and that he had preferred confiding to the hospitality and generosity of the British nation.

"Otherwise," he said, "why should I not have gone to my father-in-law, or to the Emperor Alexander, who is my personal friend? We have become enemies, because he wanted to annex Poland to his dominions, and my popularity among the Poles was in his way. But otherwise he was my friend, and he would not have treated me in this way. If your government act thus, it will disgrace you in the eyes of Europe. Even your own people will blame it. Besides, you do not know the feeling that my death will create both in France and Italy. There is, at present, a high opinion of England in these countries. If you kill me it will be lost, and the lives of many English will be sacrificed. What was there to force me to the step I took? The tri-colored flag was still flying at Bourdeaux, Nantes, and Rochefort. The army has not even yet submitted. Or, if I had chosen to remain in France, what was there to prevent me from remaining concealed for years amongst a people so much attached to me?"

He then returned to his negotiation with Captain Maitland, and dwelt on the honors and attentions showed to him personally by that officer and Admiral Hotham. "And after all, it was only a snare for me!" He again enlarged on the disgrace to England which was impending. "I hold out to the Prince Regent," he said, "the brightest page in his history, in placing myself at his discretion. I have made war on you for twenty years, and I give you the highest proof of confidence by voluntarily giving myself into the hands of my most inveterate and constant enemies. Remember" he continued, "what I have been, and how I stood among the sovereigns of Europe. This courted my protection—that gave me his daughter—all sought for my friendship. I was Emperor, acknowledged by all the powers in Europe, except Great Britain, and she had acknowledged me as Chief Consul. Your government has no right to term me General Buonaparte," he added, pointing to the offensive epithet in Lord Melville's letter. "I am Prince, or Consul, and ought to be treated as such, if treated with at all. When I was at Elba, I was at least as much a sovereign in that island as Louis on the throne of France. We had both our respective flags, our ships and our troops—mine to be sure," he said with a smile, "were rather on a small scale—I had six hundred soldiers, and he two hundred thousand. At length I made war upon him, defeated him, and dethroned him. But there was nothing in this to deprive me of my rank as one of the sovereigns of Europe."

During this remarkable scene, Napoleon's manner was perfectly calm and collected, his voice equal and firm, his tones very pleasing. Once or twice only he spoke more rapidly, and in a harsher key. He used little gesticulation, the action of the head was dignified, and the countenance remarkably soft and placid, without any marks of severity. He seemed to have made up his mind, anticipating what was to be announced, and perfectly prepared to reply. In expressing his positive determination not to go to St. Helena, he left it to his hearers to infer, whether he meant to prevent his removal by suicide, or to resist it by force.

The inconvenient resort of immense numbers, sometimes not less than a thousand boats, scarce to be kept off by absolute force by those who rowed guard within the prescribed distance of 300 yards from the Bellerophon, was rendered a great annoyance, when Napoleon's repeated expressions that he would never go to St. Helena, occasioned some suspicions that he meant to attempt his escape. Two frigates were therefore appointed to lie as guards on the Bellerophon, and sentinels were doubled and trebled, by day and night. On the 4th of August, the Bellerophon was appointed to put to sea and remain cruising off the Start, where she was to be joined by the squadron destined for St. Helena, when Napoleon was, with his immediate attendants, to be removed on board the Northumberland.

His spirit for some time seemed wound up to some desperate resolve, and though he gave no hint of suicide before Captain Maitland, otherwise than by expressing a resolution not to go to St. Helena, yet to Las Cases, he spoke in undisguised terms of a Roman death; but the philosophical arguments of Las Cases determined him to survive and write his history.

On the 4th of August, the Bellerophon set sail, and next morning fell in with the Northumberland, and the squadron destined for St. Helena, as also with the Tonnant, on board of which Lord Keith's flag was hoisted. It was now that Napoleon gave Captain Maitland the first intimation of his purpose to submit to his exile, by requesting that Mr. O'Meara, surgeon of the Bellerophon, might be permitted to attend him to St. Helena instead of his own surgeon, whose health could not stand the voyage. His baggage was subjected to a form of search, but without unpacking or disturbing any article. The treasure of Buonaparte, amounting only to 4000 gold Napoleons, was taken into custody, to abridge him of that powerful means of effecting his escape. His suite as finally arranged, consisted of Count Bertrand, Count Montholon, Count Las Cases, General Gourgaud, his aid-de-camp, and Dr. O'Meara. Bertrand and Montholon were accompanied by their respective countesses and children, and twelve domestics of the imperial household followed their master's fortunes.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 7th of August, Lord Keith came in his barge to transfer Napoleon from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland. About 1 o'clock, when Buonaparte had announced that he was in full readiness, a captain's guard was turned out; Lord Keith's barge was prepared; and as Napoleon crossed the quarter-deck, the soldiers presented arms under three ruffles of the drum. His step was firm and steady; his farewell to Captain Maitland polite and friendly.

"It may appear surprising," says Captain Maitland, "that a possibility could exist of a British officer being prejudiced in favor of one who had caused so many calamities to his country; but to such an extent did he possess the power of pleasing, that there are few people who could have set at the same table with him for nearly a month, as I did, without feeling a sensation of pity, allied perhaps to regret, that a man possessed of so many fascinating qualities, and who had held so high a station in life, should be reduced to the situation in which I saw him."

To the extraordinary power of fascination which Napoleon had at command, a still more striking testimony occurs in an anecdote, apparently well authenticated, of Lord Keith.—When some one alluded in his hearing to Buonaparte's repeated request of a personal interview with the Prince Regent, "On my conscience," said the admiral, "I believe, if you consent to that, they will be excellent friends within half an hour."

Sir George Cockburn received Napoleon on board the Northumberland with the same honors paid on leaving the Bellerophon, and on the 8th of August set sail for St. Helena. Napoleon spent his mornings in reading or writing; his evenings in his exercise upon deck, and at cards. The game was generally 'vingt un.' But when the play became rather deep, he discouraged that amusement and substituted chess.

During this voyage, Napoleon's 'jour de fete' occurred, which was also his birthday. It was the 15th of August; a day for which the Pope had expressly canonized a St. Napoleon to be the Emperor's patron. And now, strange revolution, it was celebrated by him on board of an English man-of-war, which was conducting him to his place of imprisonment, and, as it proved, his tomb. Yet Napoleon seemed cheerful and contented during the whole day, and was even pleased with being fortunate at play which he received as a good omen.

Upon the 15th October, 1815, the Northumberland reached St. Helena, which presents but an unpromising aspect to those who design it for a residence, though it may be a welcome sight to the sea-worn mariner. Its destined inhabitant, from the deck of the Northumberland, surveyed it with his spy-glass. St. James's Town, an inconsiderable village, was before him, enchased, as it were, in a valley, amid arid and scarped rocks of immense height; every platform, every opening, every gorge, was bristled with cannon. Las Cases, who stood by him, could not perceive the slightest alteration of his countenance. The orders of government had been, that Napoleon should remain on board till a residence could be prepared suitable for the line of life he was to lead in future. But as this was likely to be a work of time, Sir George Cockburn readily undertook, on his own responsibility, to put his passengers on shore, and provide in some way for the security of Napoleon's person, until the necessary habitation should be fitted up. He was accordingly transferred to land upon the 16th of October; and thus the Emperor of France, nay, well nigh of Europe, sunk into the Recluse of St. Helena.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the land where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have war'd with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on Victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France!—but when liberty rallios
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—

The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tears will unfold it again;
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee, and call on the chief of thy choice!

On the justice of consigning Napoleon to the isle of St. Helena, we shall make a few comments.—The British ministers exceeded their powers, in determining to seclude their prisoner in this solitary abode. Without the sanction of parliament, and without the authority of an express act for the purpose, they had no legal right to detain or thus dispose of the stranger who had sought the protection of their laws. But, confiding in the facility with which a majority can always be obtained in the house of commons, they boldly ventured upon a rigour beyond the law, and were afterwards redeemed from blame by an act of indemnity. The decision of the ministers was probably accelerated by the appearance of the following document, which excited a powerful sensation in England, and on the continent of Europe:—

TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

The machinations of treason have obliged me again to separate from you; but, the victims of the same treason, I lament only your misfortunes.

I coveted the sceptre but to sway it for your glory and welfare. The knowledge of my devotion to your honor and prosperity excited the hatred of the sovereigns of Europe.—Had I sought only to reign, without regard to the interests of my people, I should have established, in their estimation, the legitimacy of my title to the throne. Had agriculture been neglected, had manufactories languished, had debt accumulated, and public spirit been degraded, then I should have possessed the assured friendship of rival potentates. Had I circumscribed the prosperity of the empire to the embellishment of its palaces, or sacrificed the majesty of the throne to the preservation of the royal authority, then my dynasty might have possessed the inglorious inheritance.

The sovereigns of Europe confederated against me as a legislator whose establishments nurtured and animated the talents and industry of the community, of which I had been elected the chief magistrate, and they proscribed my person as the shield of the power and independence of the state.—The enemies of a revolution which had triumphed over the abuses that occasioned it, and mercenary traitors, insensible to the calamities of an invaded country, associated their efforts to paralyse national exertion, and make you believe that war was my policy, and peace the boon which the governments of Europe solicited from France. Unwilling to sacrifice the illustrious remnant of your defenders, thus isolated from their country, I yielded to the wishes of your representatives, and, to consummate your security, I surrendered myself into the hands of my enemies.

History affords no example where repose and independence were the rewards of submission, but many instances of individual devotion to the hopes of a nation. Since the fatal moment when France announced that she ceased to combat for her liberty and safety, what misfortunes, crimes and humiliations have devastated and degraded the empire? War with all its devastations—conquest, with all its violence—tyranny, with all its abuses—and subjugation, with all its shame, have overwhelmed you. Outrage and perfidy have outstripped even my forebodings.

The perfidy of Austria, which uncovered my line and occasioned my disasters in Russia, which bartered Poland, violated the military convention of Dresden and negotiated but to betray;—the perfidy of Prussia, whose monarchy I preserved, when treason had undermined the throne, and cowardice had rendered the kingdom defenceless;—of Russia, whose civil, military and political history is a series of systematic contempt of faith and equity;—of Bavaria, whose unparalleled turpitude obliged me to fight at Leipsic for preservation, and not for conquest;—of Switzerland, who, for a paltry bribe, sold the tranquility of her citizens, the safety of her country, and the sanctity of her neutrality;—of England, whose sophisms have annihilated public law, and whose policy, since the era of Pitt, has unblushingly substituted power for principle, and expedience for justice: not the recollection of all these perfidies had prepared me for those which have now been emulously perpetrated by sovereigns who professed that they bore arms against France only so long as I was seated on her throne. The most lawless barbarians have never manifested such contempt for solemn obligations. The darkest ages have never presented such scenes of treachery and lincentious direction of force in an unresisting country. The miserable king, who was content to render France their prey, has even his wrongs to plead. The mockery of his sway desecrates the divinity of his right, and he trembles lest the vengeance of the nation should sweep him and the despoilers from the soil before the work of ruin is accomplished.

Frenchmen! you are now told that not only my ambition, but your contumacious spirit of conquest demanded punishment. Even the acquisitions of former sovereigns and former epochs are now cited as your crimes. And by whom are these charges advanced? By sovereigns whose empires have been formed of successive encroachments on the independence and territories of their neighbors. What was Russia in the beginning of the last century? How became the elector of Brandenburgh monarch of a powerful kingdom? Has Austria absorbed no kingdoms, dismembered no provinces, and does she now hold no domain by the sole tenure of force? Look at the map of Europe. Has France only usurped?—Do all the states recognised as independent, even by the treaty of Westphalia, exist? Look around the globe. See the English flag flying in every quarter, and in countries where religion, laws, and language are most dissonant. Has she not subjugated the greater part of Asia? Is she not still endeavoring to force the rampart which separates her from China, and has she not been waging a second war to recover her influence on the American continent?

Our ambition was security. If England had not aspired at the sovereignty of three fourths of the globe, I should have temporised with the unfriendly counsels of Spain. If Russia had not partitioned Poland, and aimed at empire in the south, I never should have proposed to repulse her from the Vistula to the Volga. Europe had acknowledged the baneful influence of England's usurpation. The blood that has flowed for the last twenty-five years has flowed at her purchase; and Europe will further rue the event of a struggle that removes the ascendancy of a civilized people for the domination of northern barbarians.

You are accused of having preferred war to peace, so long as war was successful. Your answers are these. Who first warred against your revolution? Who violated the treaty of Amiens, and violated it with shameless disdain of truth?—Who rejected negotiations repeatedly offered, or broke them when conciliation was practicable? Who declared the war of which you are now the victims? Is it not of their own decreeing? I regreted your sacrifices. I was moved to vindicate your indignities, but I adopted the policy of peace, which was the will of the nation, and I respected it as the bond of union between me and my people. Frenchmen!

posterity will judge how far I am responsible to my country for the event of our military efforts. They will decide, when the records are before them, whether I could have mastered fortune; but my love for France, my gratitude for her confidence, and my devotion to her welfare, can never be subject to suspicion. To France I owe my existence, and the consciousness of that claim has confirmed the rights of nature.

Frenchmen! I am still your emperor: but I hold the crown for my son and your interests. His succession can alone ensure the fruits of your efforts against a dynasty whose reign is identified with your slavery. Foreign force may support the throne of a patricide king: but the power of fifty millions of Frenchmen is not to be permanently subdued. You have acquired mournful but useful experience. You are now convinced that arms alone can redeem you from vassalage and ignominy.

Cherish the brave men who have fought your battles.—They will again conduct you to glory and victory.

On the rock where I am doomed to pass my future days by the disloyal sentence of your enemies, I shall hear the echo of your triumph, and hail, in the loom of its horizon, the flag of your independence. NAPOLEON.

CHAP. XXIX.

Napoleon at St. Helena. The Briars. Longwood, his residence. Precautions taken for his safe custody. Sir Hudson Lowe. Napoleon's domestic habits, amusements and exercises. Sir Pulteney Malcolm.—Interview with Captain Basil Hall.

NAPOLEON was weary of shipboard, and, therefore, landed immediately. Finding the curiosity of the people troublesome, he took up his quarters at 'the Briars,' a small cottage about half a mile from James's Town, during the interval which must needs elapse before the admiral could provide suitable accommodation for his permanent residence. For that purpose, Longwood, a villa about six miles from James's Town, was, after an examination of all that the island afforded, determined on: except Plantation House, the country residence of the governor, there was no superior house in St. Helena; and two months having been employed diligently in some additions and repairs, the fallen emperor took possession of his appointed abode on the 10th of December. The very limited accommodation of the Briars (where, indeed, Napoleon merely occupied a pavilion of two chambers in the garden of a Mr. Balcombe,) had hitherto prevented him from having all his little suite of attendants under the same roof with him. They were now reassembled at Longwood, with the exception of M. and Mme. Montholon, who occupied a separate house at some little distance from it. While at the Briars, Napoleon made himself eminently agreeable to the family of the Balcombes, particularly the young ladies and children, and submited on the whole with temper and grace to the inconveniences of narrow accommodation, in doors, and an almost total want of exercise abroad—this last evil occasioned wholly by his own reluctance to ride out in the neighborhood of the town. He continued also to live on terms of perfect civility with Sir George Cockburn; and, there seemed to be no reason for doubting, that, when fairly established with his suite about him, he would gradually reconcile himself to the situation in which he was likely to remain, and turn his powerful faculties upon some study or pursuit worthy of their energy, and capable of cheating captivity of half its bitterness. These anticipations were not realized.

A subaltern's guard was posted at the entrance of Longwood, about six hundred paces from the house, and a cordon of sentinels and piquets was placed round the limits. At nine o'clock the sentinels were drawn in and stationed in communication with each other, surrounding the house in such positions that no person could come in or go out without being seen and scrutinized by them. At the entrance of the house double sentinels were placed, and patrols were continually passing backward and forward. After nine, Napoleon was not at liberty to leave the house, unless in company with a field officer, and no person whatever was allowed to pass without the countersign. This state of affairs continued until day-light in the morning. Every landing-place in the island, and, indeed, every place which presented the semblance of one, was furnished with a piquet, and sentinels were even placed upon every goat-path leading to the sea; though in truth the obstacles presented by nature, in almost all the paths in this direction, would of themselves, have proved insurmountable to so unwieldly a person as Napoleon

Rock of St. Helena, the place of Napoleon's Exile.

From the various signal-posts on the island, ships are frequently discovered at twenty-four leagues' distance, and always long before they can approach the shore. Two ships of war continually cruised, one to windward, and the other to leeward, to whom signals were made as soon as a vessel was discovered from the posts on shore. Every ship, except a British man-of-war, was accompanied down to the road by one of the cruisers, who remained with her until she was either permitted to anchor, or was sent away. No foreign vessels were allowed to anchor, unless under circumstances of great distress; in which case, no person from them was permitted to land, and an officer and party from one of the ships of war was sent on board to take charge of them as long as they remained, as well as in order to prevent any improper communication. Every fishing-boat belonging to the island was numbered, and anchored every evening at sunset, under the superintendence of a lieutenant in the navy No boats, excepting guard-boats from the ships of war, which pulled about the island all night, were allowed to be down after sunset. The orderly officer was also instructed to ascertain the actual presence of Napoleon, twice in the twenty-four hours, which was done with as much delicacy as possible — In fact, every human precaution to prevent escape, short of actual incarcerating or enchaining him, was adopted by Sir George Cockburn.

Hitherto as we have prosecuted our task, each year has been a history which we have found it difficult to contain within our narrow limits, conscious, that, in the necessary compression, we have been obliged to do injustice to the importance of our theme. But the years of imprisonment, which pass so much more slowly to the captive, occupy, with their melancholy monotony, only a small portion of the page of history; and the tale of five years of St. Helena, might, so far as events are concerned, be sooner told than the history of a single campaign, the shortest which was fought under Buonaparte's auspices. Yet these years were painfully marked, and indeed imbittered, by a train of irritating disputes between the prisoner and the officer, (Sir Hudson Lowe,) to whom was committed the task of restricting his liberty, and cutting off all prospect of escape.

These unpleasant and discreditable disputes form, unhappily, the most marked events of Napoleon's latter life. For the five years and seven months that he remained in the island of St. Helena, few circumstances occurred to vary the melancholy tenor of his life, excepting those which affected his temper or his health. Our present object is a short and general view of his personal and domestic habits, while in this melancholy and secluded habitation.

Napoleon's life, until his health began to give way, was of the most regular and monotonous character. Having become a very indifferent sleeper, perhaps from his custom of assigning during the active part of his life no precise time for repose, his hours of rising were uncertain, depending upon the rest which he had enjoyed during the earlier part of the night. It followed from this irregularity, that during the day time he occasionally fell asleep, for a few minutes, upon his couch or arm-chair. At times his favorite valet-de-chambre, Marchand, read to him while in bed until he was composed to rest, the best remedy, perhaps, for that course of "thick-coming fancies," which must so oft have disturbed the repose of one in circumstances so singular and so melancholy. So soon as Napoleon arose from bed, he either began to dictate to one of his generals (Montholon or Gourgaud generally,) and placed upon record such passages of his remarkable life as he desired to preserve; or, if the weather and his inclinations suited, he went out for an hour or two on horseback. He sometimes breakfasted in his own apartment, sometimes with his suite, generally about 10 o'clock, and almost always 'a la fourchette.' The forepart of the day he usually devoted to reading, or dictating to one or other of his suite, and about two or three o'clock received such visiters as had permission to wait upon him. An airing in the carriage or on horseback usually succeeded to this species of levee, on which occasion he was attended by all his suite. Their horses, supplied from the Cape of Good Hope, were of a good race and handsome appearance. On returning from his airings, he again resumed the book, or caused his amanuensis to take up the pen until dinner time, which was about eight o'clock at night.—He preferred plain food, and eat plentifully, and with an apparent appetite. A very few glasses of claret, scarcely amounting to an English pint in all, and chiefly drank during the time of dinner, completed his meal. Sometimes he drank champaign; but his constitutional sobriety was such, that a large glass of that more generous wine immediately brought a degree of color to his cheek. No man appears to have been in a less degree than Napoleon, subject to the influence of those appetites which man has in common with the lower range of nature. He never took more than two meals a day, and concluded each with a small cup of coffee. After dinner, chess, cards, a volume of light literature, read aloud for the benefit of his suite, or general conversation, in which the ladies of his suite occasionally joined, served to consume the evening till ten or eleven, about which time he retired to his apartment, and went immediately to bed.

We may add to this brief account of Napoleon's domestic habits, that he was very attentive to the duties of the toilette. He usually appeared in the morning in a white night-gown, with loose trowsers and stockings joined in one, a checquered red Madras handkerchief round his head, and his shirt collar open. When dressed, he wore a green uniform, very plainly made, and without ornament, similar to that which by its simplicity used to mark the sovereign among the splendid dresses of the Tuilleries, white waistcoat, white or nankeen breeches, with silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles, a black stock, a triangular cocked hat, with a very small tri-colored cockade. He usually wore, when in full dress, the riband and grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

His intercourse with his familiar friends, was of a character the most amiable. It is true, indeed, that, determined, as he expressed himself, to be Emperor within Longwood and its little demense, he exacted from his followers the same severe etiquette which distinguished the Court of the Tuilleries; yet, in other respects, he permitted them to carry their freedom in disputing his sentiments, or replying to his arguments, almost beyond the bounds of ordinary decorum. He seemed to make a distinction between their duty towards him as subjects, and their privileges as friends. All remained uncovered and standing in his presence, and even the person who played at chess with him, sometimes continued for hours without sitting down. But their verbal intercourse of language and sentiments was that of free men, conversing with a superior indeed, but not with a despot. Captain Maitland mentions a dispute betwixt Napoleon and General Bertrand. The latter had adopted a ridiculous idea that £30,000 a year, or some such extravagant sum, was spent in maintaining the grounds and establishment at Blenheim. Napoleon's turn for calculation easily detected the improbability. Bertrand insisted upon the assertion, on which Buonaparte said, with quickness, "Bah! c'est impossible."—"Oh!" said Bertrand, much offended, "if you are to reply in that manner, there is an end of all argument;" and for some time would not converse with him. Buonaparte, so far from taking umbrage, did all he could to sooth him and restore him to good humor, which was not very difficult to effect.

But although Napoleon tolerated freedoms of this kind to a considerable extent, yet he still kept in his own hands the royal privilege of starting the topic of conversation, and conducting it as he should think proper; so that, in some respects, it seemed that, having lost all the substantial enjoyments of power, he had become more attached than ever to the observance of its monotonous ceremonial. The gentlemen who inhabited Longwood had followed him from the purest motives, and there was no reason to suppose that their purpose would waver, or their respect diminish. Still their mutual situation compelled the deposed sovereign, and his late subjects, into such close familiarity, as might perhaps beget, if not contempt, at least an inconvenient degree of freedom between the parties, the very possibility of which it might be as well to exclude by a strict barrier of etiquette.

In respect of personal exercise at St. Helena, he walked occasionally, and while strong, did not shun steep, rough and dangerous paths. But although there is some game on the island, he did not avail himself of the pleasure of shooting.—It does not indeed appear that he was ever much attached to field sports, although, whem Emperor, he replaced the hunting establishment upon a scale still more magnificent, as well as better regulated, than formerly. It is supposed he partook of this princely pastime, as it has been called, rather out of a love of magnificent display than any real attachment to the sport. We may here mention, in his own words, the danger in which he was once placed at a boar hunt. The picture will remind the amateur of the pieces of Rubens and Schneider.

"Upon one occasion at Marli," said the Emperor, "at a boar hunt, I kept my ground with Soult and Berthier against three enormous wild boars, who charged us up to the bayonet's point. All the hunting party fled: 'twas a complete military route. We killed the three animals dead; but I had a scratch from mine, and had nigh lost my finger" (on which a deep scar was still visible.) "But the jest was to see the numbers of men, surrounded with their dogs, concealing themselves behind the three heroes, and crying at top of their throats—'to the Emperor's assistance! save the Emperor! help the Emperor!'—and so forth; but not one coming forward."

While on the subject of Napoleon's exercises, we may mention another danger which he incurred by following an amusement more common in England than in France. He chose at one time to undertake the task of driving a carriage, which he overturned, and had a severe and dangerous fall.—Josephine and others were in the vehicle. The reader cannot fail to recollect that a similar accident happened to Cromwell, who, because, as the historian says, he could manage three nations, took upon him to suppose that he could drive six fiery horses, of which he had just received a present; and, being as unsuccessful as Napoleon in latter days, overturned the carriage, to the great damage of the secretary Thurlow, whom he had placed inside, and to his own double risk, both from the fall, and from the explosion of a pistol, which he carried privately about his person. Buonaparte's sole observation was, "I believe every man should confine himself to his own trade."

The chief resource of Napoleon at St. Helena was society and conversation, and those held chiefly with the gentlemen of his own suite. This need not have been the case, had he been able in the present instance to command that temper which had not failed him under great misfortunes, but seemed now to give way under a series of petty quarrels and mortifications.

The governor and the staff belonging to him were of course excluded from the society of Longwood, by the terms on which Napoleon stood with Sir Hudson Lowe. The officers of the regiments which lay in the island might most probably have afforded some well informed men, who, having been engaged in the recent war, would have occasionally supplied amusing society to the Emperor and his suite. But they did not in general frequent Longwood. Dr. O'Meara observes that the governor had exerted his influence to prevent the officers from cultivating the acquaintance of the French.

The rank and character of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who commanded the squadron upon the station, sat him above the feelings which might influence inferior officers, whether of the army or navy. He visited Napoleon frequently, and was eulogised by him in a description, which may have been painted the more willingly, because it gave the artist an opportunity of contrasting the appearance of the admiral with that of the governor, in a manner most unfavorable to the latter.—Nevertheless we transcribe it, to prove that Buonaparte could do justice, and see desert even in a Briton.

"He said he had seen the new admiral, 'Ah! there is a man with a countenance really pleasing, open, frank, and sincere. There is the face of an Englishman. His countenance bespeaks his heart, and I am sure he is a good man; I never yet beheld a man of whom I so immediately formed a good opinion, as of that fine soldier-like old man. He carries his head erect, and speaks out open and boldly what he thinks, without being afraid to look you in the face at the time. His phisiognomy would make every person desirous of a further acquaintance, and render the most suspicious confident in him.'"

"Does your government mean," said Napoleon one day to the English admiral, "to detain me upon this rock until my death's day?" "I am sorry to say, sir," answered Sir Pulteney, "that such I apprehend is their purpose."—"Then the term of my life will soon arrive," said Napoleon. "I hope not, sir," answered the admiral; "I hope you will survive to record your great actions, which are so numerous that the task will ensure you a term of long life." Napoleon bowed, and was gratified, probably, both as a hero and an author.

The society of St. Helena receives a great temporary increase at the seasons when vessels touch there on their way to India, or on their return to Europe. Of course, every officer and every passenger on such occasions was desirous to see a person so celebrated as Napoleon; and there might sometimes occur individuals among them whom he too might have pleasure in receiving. The regulation of those visits to Longwood seems to have been one of the few parts of the general system of which Napoleon made no complaints. He had a natural reluctance to gratify the idle curiosity of strangers, and the regulations protected him effectually against their intrusion. Such persons as desired to wait upon Napoleon were obliged to apply, in the first place, to the governor, by whom their names were transmitted to General Bertrand, as Grand Marshal of the household, who communicated Napoleon's reply, if favorable, and assigned an hour at which he was to receive their visit.

Those visiters who were admitted to pay their respects at Longwood, were chiefly either persons of distinguished birth, officers of rank in the army and navy, persons of philosophical inquiry, (to whom he was very partial,) or travellers from foreign regions, who could repay, by some information, the pleasure which they received from being admitted to the presence of a man so distinguished. Of these interviews, some who enjoyed the benefit of them have published an account. All agree in extolling the extreme good grace, propriety and benevolence of Napoleon whilst holding these levees. His questions were uniformly introduced with great tact, so as to put the person interrogated at his ease, by leading to some subject with which he was acquainted, while, at the same time, they induced him to produce any stock of new or curious information which he possessed.

The journal of Captain Basil Hall, affords a pleasing example of what we have been endeavoring to express, and displays at the same time the powerful extent of Buonaparte's memory. He recognised the name of Captain Hall instantly, from having seen his father, Sir James Hall, when he was at the military academy of Brienne. Buonaparte explained the cause of his recollecting a private individual, after the intervention of such momentous events as he had himself been concerned in. "It is not," he said, "surprising. Your father was the first Englishman that I ever saw; and I have recollected him all my life on that account." He was afterwards minute in his inquiries respecting the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which Sir James Hall was long president. He then came to the very interesting subject of the newly discovered island of Loo-Choo; and Captain Hall gives an account of the nature of the interrogations which he underwent, which we will not risk spoiling by an attempt at condensing it.

"Having settled where the island lay, he cross-questioned me about the inhabitants with a closeness—I may call it a severity of investigation—which far exceeds everything I have met with in any other instance. His questions were not by any means put at random, but each one had some definite reference to that which preceded it, or was about to follow. I felt in a short time so completely exposed to his view, that it would have been impossible to have concealed or qualified the smallest particular. Such, indeed, was the rapidity of his apprehension of the subjects which interested him, and the astonishing ease with which he arranged and generalized the few points of information I gave him, that he sometimes outstripped my narrative, saw the conclusion I was coming to before I spoke it, and fairly robbed me of my story.

"Several circumstances, however, respecting the Loo-Choo people, surprised even him a good deal; and I had the satisfaction of seeing him more than once completely perplexed, and unable to account for the phenomena which I related. Nothing struck him so much as their having no arms.

'Point d'armes!' he exclaimed, 'c'est a dire point de cannons—ils ont des fusils?' Not even muskets, I replied. 'Eh bien donc—des lances, ou, au, moins, des arcs et des fleches?' I told him they had neither one nor other. 'Ni poignards?' cried he with increasing vehemence. No, none. 'Mais!' said Buonaparte, clenching his fist, and raising his voice to a loud pitch, 'Mais! sans armes, comment se bat-on?'

"I could only reply, that as far as we had been able to discover, they had never had any wars, but remained in a state of internal and external peace. 'No wars?' cried he, with a scornful and incredulous expression, as if the existence of any people under the sun without wars was a monstrous anomaly.

"In like manner, but without being so much moved, he seemed to discredit the account I gave him of their having no money, and of their setting no value upon our silver or gold coins. After hearing these facts stated, he mused for some time, muttering to himself, in a low tone, 'Not know the use of money—are careless about gold and silver.' Then looking up, he asked, sharply, 'how then did you contrive to pay these strangest of all people for the bullocks and other good things which they seem to have sent on board in such quantities?' When I informed him that we could not prevail upon the people of Loo-Choo to receive payment of any kind, he expressed great surprise at their liberality, and made me repeat to him twice, the list of things with which we were supplied by these hospitable islanders."

The conversation proceeded with equal spirit, in which it is singular to remark the acuteness of Napoleon, in seizing upon the most remarkable and interesting facts, notwithstanding the hurry of a casual conversation. The low state of the priesthood in Loo-Choo was a subject which he dwelt on without coming to any satisfactory explanation. Captain Hall illustrated the ignorance of the people of Loo-Choo with respect to all the world, save Japan and China, by saying they knew nothing of Europe at all—knew nothing of France and England—and never had even heard of his Majesty; at which last proof of their absolute seclusion from the world, Napoleón laughed heartily. During the whole interview, Napoleon waited with the utmost patience until his questions were replied to, inquired with earnestness into every subject of interest, and made naturally a most favorable impression on his visitor.

"Buonaparte," says the acute traveller, "struck me as differing considerably from the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square, larger, indeed, in every way, than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time universally reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of color in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle was discernable on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent; though at this period it was generally believed in England, that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct; he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions, and a reference to Count Bertrand was necessary only once during the whole conversation. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eye could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindliness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore, he were at this time out of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed; for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his countenance, indicated a frame in perfect health and a mind at ease.

The date of this meeting was 13th of August 1817.

Having now given some account of the general circumstances attending Buonaparte's residence in St. Helena, while he enjoyed a considerable portion of health, of his mode of living and amusements, we have to resume, in the next chapter, the melancholy particulars of his decline of health, and the few and unimportant incidents which occurred betwixt the commencement of his sickness and its final termination.

CHAP. XXX.

Napoleon's Illness, Cancer in the Stomach. Removal of Las Cases from St. Helena. Treatment of Napoleon brought forward in Parliament.—Symptoms of his illness increases. Removal of Dr. O'Meara. Two Catholic Priests sent to St. Helena. Napoleon's opinions on the subject of Religion. Antommarchi arrives to supply the place of Dr. O'Meara. Plans for effecting Napoleon's escape. Scheme of Johnstone the Smuggler. Disturbed state of Italy, occasions fresh vigilance. Disease increases. Napoleon employs himself in making his Will, and gives Directions respecting his Decease. Extreme Unction administered to him. HIS DEATH, 5th May 1821. Body Anatomized. His Funeral.

REPORTS had been long current concerning the decline of Buonaparte's health, even before the battle of Waterloo; and many were disposed to impute his failure in that decisive campaign, less to the superiority of his enemies than to the decrease of his own habits of activity. There seems no room for such a conclusion: the rapid manner in which he concentrated his army upon Charleroi, ought to have silenced such a report for ever. He was subject occasionally to slight fits of sleepiness, such as are incident to most men, especially after the age of forty, who sleep ill, rise early, and work hard.—When he landed at St. Helena, so far did he seem from showing any appearance of declining health, that one of the British grenadiers, who saw him, exclaimed with his national oath, "They told us he was growing old;—he has forty good campaigns in his belly yet, d—n him." We have mentioned Captain Hall's account of his apparent state of health in summer 1817; that of Mr. Ellis, who visited St. Helena about the same period, is similar, and he expresses his belief that Buonaparte was never more able to undergo the fatigues of a campaign than at the moment he saw him. It is probable, however, that he himself felt, even at that period, the symptoms of that internal malady which consumed his life.—It is now well known to have been the cruel complaint of which his father died, a cancer in the stomach, of which he had repeatedly expressed his apprehensions, both in Russia and elsewhere. The progress of this disease, however, is slow and insidious, if indeed it had actually commenced so early as 1817. Gourgaud, at a much later period, avowed himself a complete disbeliever of his illness. He allowed, indeed, that he was in low spirits to such an extent as to talk of destroying himself and his attached followers, by shutting himself and them up in a small apartment with burning charcoal—an easy death which Berthollet the chemist had, it seems, recommended. Nevertheless, on the subject of Buonaparte's health, General Gourgaud stated that he was not, so far as bodily health was concerned, in any degree materially altered.

Yet, as before hinted, notwithstanding the belief of friends and foes, it seems probable that the dreadful disease of which Napoleon died, was already seizing upon the vitals, though its character was not decisively announced by external symptoms. Dr. Arnott, surgeon to the 20th regiment, who attended on Napoleon's death-bed, has made the following observations upon this important subject:

"We are given to understand from great authority, that this affection of the stomach cannot be produced without a considerable predisposition of the parts to disease. I will not venture an opinion; but it is somewhat remarkable, that he often said that his father died of scirrhus of the pylorus; that the body was examined after death, and the fact ascertained. His faithful followers, Count and Countess Bertrand, and Count Montholon, have repeatedly declared the same to me. If, then, it should be admitted that a previous disposition of the parts to this disease did exist, might not the depressing passions of the mind act as an exciting cause? It is more than probable that Napoleon Bounaparte's mental sufferings in St. Helena were very poignant. By a man of such unbounded ambition, and who once aimed at universal dominion, captivity must have been severely felt."

In November 1816, Napoleon sustained a loss to which he must have been not a little sensible, in the removal of Count Las Cases from his society. The devoted attachment of the Count to his person could not be doubted, and his age, and situation as a civilian, made him less apt to enter into those disputes, which sometimes, notwithstanding their general attachment to Napoleon, seemed to have arisen among the military officers of the household of Longwood. He was of a literary turn, and qualified to converse upon general topics, both of history and science. He had been an emigrant, and understanding all the manœuvres and intrigues of the ancient Noblesse, had many narrations which Napoleon was not unwilling to listen to. Above all, he received and recorded every thing which was said by Napoleon, with undoubting faith and unwearied assiduity. The count gave a substantial mark, also, of his sincerity, in dedicating to his master's service a sum of £4000, or thereabout, his whole private fortune, which was vested in the English funds.

For our misfortune, as also for his own, since he must have considered his separation from Buonaparte as such, Count Las Cases had been tempted into a line of conduct inconsistent with the engagement he had come under with the other attendants of the Ex-Emperor, not to hold secret communication beyond the verge of the island. The opportunity of a servant of his own returning to England induced him to confide to the domestic's charge a letter, written upon a piece of white silk, that it might be the more readily concealed, which was stitched into the lad's clothes. It was addressed to Prince Lucien Buonaparte. As this was a transgression of the conditions which Count Lases had promised to observe, he was dismissed from the island and sent to the Cape of Good Hope, and from thence to Europe. The abridgment of the Count's stay at the island was much to be regreted, as his journal forms the best record, not only of Napoleon's real thoughts, but of the opinions which he desired should be received as such. Unquestionably, the separation from this devoted follower added greatly to the disconsolate situation of the exile of Longwood.

An effort was made by the accomplished and compassionate advocate of Napoleon (Lord Holland) in the British Parliament, in 1817, to institute an inquiry into the personal treatment of the ex-emperor, and to obtain some relaxation of the restrictions upon their illustrious prisoner. Considerable debate ensued, but the motion of Lord Holland was finally negatived. There can be no doubt, that the failure of this effort in the British Senate had a deep effect on Napoleon's spirits, and may, perhaps, have aggravated that tendency to disease in the stomach, which was suspected to have already taken place. Nothing is better known, though perhaps few things are more difficult to be satisfactorily explained, than the mysterious connexion betwixt distress of mind and the action of the digestive powers. Violent sickness is produced on many persons by extreme and sudden affliction, and almost every one feels the stomach more or less affected by that which powerfully and painfully occupies the mind. Lord Holland's kindness and compassion for so great a man, under such severe circumstances, were shown by a variety of delicate attentions on his part and that of his lady, and that the supplies of books and other articles sent by them through the foreign office, where every facility was afforded for the conveyance, continued from time to time to give Napoleon assurance of their sympathy. But though he gratefully felt their attentions, his distress of body, and perhaps of mind, assumed a character incapable of receiving consolation.

The physician of Napoleon had till now enjoyed an easy office. His health was naturally sound, and like many persons who enjoy the same inestimable advantage, the ex-emperor doubted of the healing powers of medicines which he never needed to use. Abstinence was his chief resource against stomach complaints, when these began to assail him, and the bath was frequently resorted to when the pangs became more acute. He also held it expedient to change the character of his way of living, when he felt affected with illness. If it had been sedentary, he rode hard and took violent exercise; and if, on the contrary, he had been taking more exercise than usual, he was accustomed to lay it aside for prolonged repose. But more recently he had not the wish to mount on horseback, or take exercise at all.

About the 25th of September, 1818, Napoleon's health seems to have been seriously affected. He complained much of nausea, his legs swelled, and there were other unfavorable symptoms, which induced his physician to tell him that he was of a temperament which required much activity; that constant exertion of mind and body was indispensable; and that without exercise he must soon lose his health. He immediately declared, that while exposed to the challenge of sentinels, he would never take exercise, however necessary. Dr. O'Meara proposed calling in the assistance of Dr. Baxter, a medical gentleman of eminence on Sir Hudson Lowe's staff. "He could but say the same as you do," said Napoleon, "and recommend my riding abroad; nevertheless, as long as the present system continues, I will never stir out." At another time, he expressed the same resolution, and his determination to take no medicines. Dr. O'Meara replied that, if the disease should not be encountered by remedies in due time, it would terminate fatally. "That which is written is written," said Napoleon, looking up. "Our days are reckoned."

The removal of Dr. O'Meara from Napoleon's person, which was considered by him as a great injury, was the next important incident in the monotony of his life It seems that

Dr. O'Meara had been for some time a confidant of Sir Hudson Lowe, and was recommended by him to ministers as a person by whose means he could learn what passed in the family of Napoleon. But in process of time, Dr. O'Meara, growing perhaps more intimate with the prisoner, became unwilling to supply the governor with the information which he had formerly given, and a quarrel took place betwixt him and Sir Hudson Lowe. Under these circumstances Dr. O'Meara was withdrawn by the governor's mandate from attending on the person of Napoleon, and sent back to England. Napoleon complained severely when he was recalled from his household; expressing his belief that the depriving him of this medical attendant, was a direct and bold step in the plan contrived for murdering him.

After this period, Napoleon expressed his determination, whatever might be the extremity of his case, not to permit the visits of an English physician; and a commission was sent to Italy to obtain a medical man of reputation from some of the seminaries in that country. At the same time, Napoleon signified a desire to have the company of a catholic priest. The proposition for this purpose came through his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, to the papal government, and received the assent of the British ministry.

It would appear that this mission had been thought by his Holiness, to resemble, in some degree, those sent into foreign and misbelieving countries, for two churchmen were despatched to St. Helena instead of one. The senior priest, Father Bonavita, was an elderly man, subject to the infirmities belonging to his period of life, and broken by a residence of twenty-six years in Mexico. His speech had been affected by a paralytic stroke. His recommendation to the office which he now undertook, was his having been Father Confessor to Napoleon's mother. His companion was a young Abbe called Vignali. Both were pious, good men, well qualified, doubtless, to give Napoleon the comfort which their church holds out to those who receive its tenets, but not so much so to reclaim wanderers, or confirm those who might doubt the doctrines of the church.

Argument or controversy, however, were not necessary. Napoleon had declared his resolution to die in the faith of his fathers. He was neither an infidel, he said, nor a philosopher. On various occasions, he expressed, with deep feelings of devotion, his conviction of the existence of the Deity, the great truth upon which the whole system of religion rests; and this at a time when the doctrines of atheism and materialism were generally current in France. Immediately after his elevation to the dignity of First Consul, he meditated the restoration of religion; and thus, in a mixture of feeling and of policy, expressed himself upon the subject to Thibandeau, then a counsellor of state Having combated for a long time the system of modern philosophers upon different kinds of worship, upon deism, natural religion, and so forth, he proceeded. "Last Sunday evening, in the general silence of nature, I was walking in these grounds, (of Malmaison.) The sound of the church-bell of Ruel fell upon my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth. I was profoundly affected, such is the power of early habit and associations; and I considered, if such was the case with me, what must not be the effect of such recollections upon the more simple and credulous vulgar? Let your philosophers answer that.—The people must have a religion." He went on to state the terms on which he would negotiate with the Pope, and added, "They will say I am papist—I am no such thing. I was a Mahomedan in Egypt—I will be a Catholic here, for the good of the people. I do not believe in forms of religion, but in the existence of a God!" He extended his hands towards Heaven—"Who is it that has created all above and around us?" This sublime passage proves that Napoleon had at least crossed the threshold of the temple, and believed in and worshipped the Great Father of the Universe.

The missionaries were received at St. Helena with civility, and the rites of mass were occasionally performed at Longwood. Both the clergymen were quiet unobtrusive characters, confining themselves to their religious duties, and showing neither the abilities nor the active and intriguing spirit which Protestants are apt to impute to the Catholic priesthood.

The same vessel which arrived at St. Helena on the 18th of September, in 1819, with these physicians for the mind, brought with them Dr. Antommarchi, anatomic pro-secutor (that is, assistant to a professor of anatomy,) to the hospital of St. Marie Neave of Florence, attached to the University of Pisa, who was designed to supply the place about the prisoner's person, occupied by Dr. O'Meara, and after him provisionally by Dr. Stokoe. He continued to hold the office till Napoleon's death, and his account of the emperor's Last Moments, a work in two volumes, is useful and entertaining, as relating to the last days of so extraordinary a person.

Dr. Antommarchi seems to have been acceptable to Napoleon, and the rather that he was a native of Corsica. He brought also news from his family. The Princess Pauline Borghese had offered to come to attend him. "Let her remain where she is," said Napoleon; "I would not have her witness the degrading state which I am reduced to, and the insults to which I am subjected."

Schemes for Napoleon's escape were not wanting. A Colonel Latapie, was said to be at the head of an attempt to carry him off from St. Helena, which was to be undertaken by a band of desperadoes. But Napoleon said, he knew too well the character of such adventurers to hope to profit by them. Government had other information of attempts to be made from America, but none of them seem to have proceeded to any serious length.

It was different with the undertaking of Johnstone, a smuggler of uncommonly resolute character, and whose life had been a tissue of desperate risks. He had made a memorable escape from Newgate, and had afterwards piloted Lord Nelson's vessel to the attack of Copenhagen, when the ordinary master of the fleet, and pilots, declined the task. Johnstone was also said to have meditated a bold attempt to carry off Buonaparte on a former occasion, when he trusted himself on the water for the purpose of visiting Flushing. The attempt was to have been made by Johnstone and his desperate associates in a boat, which they were to row across the Scheldt, towards Flushing, just when Napoleon was proceeding thither. They were to board the imperial barge, throw every one save Napoleon into the sea, and, removing him to their own light row-boat, were to pull out and deliver him up to the British squadron, then cruising off the island. It is added, that Napoleon took the alarm from seeing a boat rowing very swiftly towards him, and, ordering his crew to pull harder or give way, as it is called, the smuggler, instead of running athwart the barge, fell astern, and the opportunity was lost. And now he certainly engaged in a plot to deliver Napoleon from St. Helena, of a very singular kind. A submarine vessel, that is, a ship capable of being sunk under water for a certain time, and of being raised again at pleasure, by disengaging certain weights, was to be the means of effecting this enterprise. It was thought that, by sinking the vessel during the daytime, she might escape the notice of the British cruisers, and being raised at night, might approach the guarded rock without discovery. The vessel was actually begun in one of the building yards upon the Thames; but the peculiarity of her construction having occasioned suspicion, she was seized by the British government.

The complexion of the times, indeed, had now become such as to strengthen every reason which existed for detaining him in captivity. The state of England, owing to the discontent and sufferings of the manufacturing districts, and more especially that of Italy, convulsed by the short-lived revolutions of Naples and Savoy, rendered the safe custody of Napoleon a matter of more deep import than it had been at any time since his fall. What the effect of his name might have produced in that moment of general commotion cannot be estimated, but the consequences of his escape must have been most formidable.

The British ministry, aware of the power of such a spirit to work among the troubled elements, anxiously enjoined additional vigilance to the governor of St. Helena.

"The overthrow of the Neapolitan government, the revolutionary spirit which more or less prevails over all Italy, and the doubtful state of France itself, must excite his attention, and clearly show that a crisis is fast approaching, if not already arrived, when his escape would be productive of important consequences. That his partisans are active cannot be doubted; and if he be ever willing to hazard the attempt, he will never allow such an opportunity to escape. You will, therefore, exert all your attention in watching his proceedings, and call upon the admiral to use his utmost vigilance, as upon the navy so much must ultimately depend."

The alarm was natural, but there was no real cause for apprehension. Politics and war were never more to know the powerful influence of Napoleon Buonaparte. His lost hopes aggravating the progress of the cruel disease, which had its source in the stomach, it now affected the whole frame, and undermined the strength of the constitution. Death was now to terminate the fretful and degrading discussions, by which he inflicted, and from which he received, so much pain, and to open the gates of a prison, for which Hope herself could scarce present another key. The symptoms of disorganization in the digestive powers became more and more apparent, and his reluctance to take any medicine, as if from instinctive persuasion that the power of physic was in vain, continued as obstinate as ever. On one of the many disputes which he maintained on this subject, he answered Antommarchi's reasoning, thus—"Doctor, no physicking. We are, as I already told you, a machine made to live. We are organized for that purpose, and such is our nature. Do not counteract the living principle. Let it alone—leave it the liberty of defending itself—it will do better than your drugs. Our body is a watch, that is intended to go for a given time. The watchmaker cannot open it; and must, on handling it, grope his way blindfolded and at random. For once that he assists and relieves it by dint of tormenting it with his crooked instruments, he injures it ten times, and at last destroys it." This was on the 14th of October, 1820.

As the ex-emperor's health grew weaker, it cannot be thought extraordinary that his mind became more and more depressed. In lack of other means of amusing himself, he had been somewhat interested in the construction of a pond and fountain in the garden of Longwood, which was stocked with small fishes. A mixture of copperas in the mastick employed in cementing the basin, had affected the water.—The creatures, which had been in a good measure the object of Napoleon's attention, began to sicken and die. He was deeply affected by the circumstance, and, in language strongly resembling the beautiful verses of Moore, expressed his sense of the fatality which seemed to attach itself to him.—"Every thing I love—every thing that belongs to me," he exclaimed, "is immediately struck. Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me." At other times he lamented his decay of energy The bed, he said, was now a place of luxury, which he would not exchange for all the thrones in the universe. The eyes which formerly were so vigilant, could now scarcely be opened. He recollected that he used to dictate to four or five secretaries at once. "But then," he said "I was Napoleon—now I am no longer anything—my strength, my faculties, forsake me—I no longer live, I only exist."—Often he remained silent for many hours, suffering as may be supposed, much pain, and immersed in profound melancholy.

About the 22d of January 1821, Napoleon appeared to resume some energy, and to make some attempt to conquer his disease by exercise. He mounted his horse, and galloped for the last time, five or six miles around the limits of Longwood, but nature was overcome by the effort. He complained that his strength was sinking under him rapidly. Towards the end of February the disease assumed a character still more formidable, and Dr. Antommarchi became desirous of obtaining a consultation with some of the English medical men.—The emperor's aversion to their assistance had been increased by an offer of the governor, announcing that a physician of eminence had arrived in the island, whom he therefore placed at Buonaparte's devotion. "He wants to deceive Europe by false bulletins," said Napoleon; "I will not see any one who is in communication with him."

At length the ex-emperor consented that Dr. Antommarchi should consult with Dr. Arnott, surgeon of the 20th regiment. But the united opinion of the medical gentlemen could not overcome the aversion of Napoleon to medicine, or shake the belief which he reposed in the doctrines of fatalism. "Quod scriptum scriptum," he replied in the language of a Moslem, "All that is to happen is written down. Our hour is marked, and it is not in our power to claim a moment longer of life than Fate has predestined for us."

Dr. Antommarchi finally prevailed in obtaining admittance for Dr. Arnott into the apartment and presence of the patient, who complained chiefly of his stomach, of the disposition to vomit, and deficiency of the digestive powers. He saw him for the first time, on the 1st of April 1821, and continued his visits regularly. Napoleon expressed his opinion that his liver was affected. Dr. Arnott's observations led him to think, that though the action of the liver might be imperfect, the seat of the disease was to be looked for elsewhere. And here it is to be remarked, that Napoleon, when Antommarchi expressed doubts on the state of his stomach, had repelled them with sharpness, though his own private belief was, that he was afflicted with the disease of his father. Thus with a capricious inconsistency, natural to a sick-bed, he communicated to some of his retinue his sense of what disease afflicted him, though, afraid perhaps of some course of medicine being proposed, he did not desire that his surgeon should know his suspicions. From the 15th to the 25th of April, Napoleon was engaged from time to time in making his testamentary bequests. On the day last mentioned, he was greatly exhausted by the fatigue of writing, and showed symptoms of over-excitation.—Among these may be safely included, a plan which he spoke of for reconciling all religious dissentions in France, which he said he had designed to carry into effect.

As the strength of the patient gradually sunk, the symptoms of his disease became less equivocal, until, on the 27th of April, the ejection of a dark-colored fluid gave further insight into the nature of the malady. Dr. Antommarchi persevered in attributing it to the climate, while Dr. Arnott expressed his belief that the disease was the same which cut off his father in the pure air of Montpellier. Upon the 28th of April, Napoleon gave instructions to Antommarchi, that after his death his body should be opened, but that no English medical man should touch him, unless in the case of assistance being absolutely necessary, in which case he gave Antommarchi leave to call in that of Dr. Arnott. He directed that his heart should be conveyed to Parma, to Maria Louisa, and requested anxiously that his stomach should be particularly examined, and the report transmitted to his son. "The vomitings," he said, "which succeed one another without interruption, lead me to suppose that the stomach is, of all my organs, the most diseased; and I am inclined to believe that it is attacked with the same disorder which killed my father, I mean a scirrhus in the pylorus." On the 2d of May, the patient returned to the same interesting subject, reminding Antommarchi of his anxiety that the stomach should be carefully examined. "The physicians of Montpellier had announced that the scirrhus in the pylorus would be hereditary in my family. Their report is, I believe in the hands of Louis. Ask for it, and compare it with your own observaions, that I may save my son from the sufferings I now experience."

During the 3d of May, it was seen that the life of Napoleon was evidently drawing to a close; and his followers, and particularly his physician, became desirous to call in more medical assistance;—that of Dr. Shortt, physician to the forces, and of Dr. Mitchell, surgeon of the flag-ship, was referred to. Dr. Short, however, thought it proper to assert the dignity belonging to his profession, and refused to give an opinion on a case of so much importance in itself, and attended with so much obscurity, unless he were permitted to see and examine the patient. The officers of Napoleon's household excused themselves, by professing that the emperor's strict commands had been laid on them, that no English physician, Dr. Arnott excepted, should approach his dying bed. They said, that even when he was speechless, they would be unable to brook his eye, should he turn it upon them in reproof for their disobedience.

About two o'clock of the same day, the priest Vignali administered the sacrament of extreme unction. Some days before, Napoleon had explained to him the manner in which he desired his body should be laid out in state, in an apartment lighted by torches, or what Catholics call 'un chambre ardente.' "I am neither," he said, in the same phrase which we have formerly quoted, "a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not everybody who can be an atheist. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of the Catholic Church, and receive the assistance which it administers." He then turned to Dr. Antommarchi, whom he seems to have suspected of heterodoxy, which the doctor however, disowned. "How can you carry it so far?" he said. "Can you not believe in God, whose existence everything proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?"

A dreadful storm of wind and rain swept the island on the 4th of May, which preceded the day that was to close the mortal existence of this extraordinary man. A willow, which had been the exile's favorite, and under which he had often enjoyed the fresh breeze, was torn up by the hurricane; and almost all the trees about Longwood shared the same fate. The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around. The words "tete d'armee," the last which escaped his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heavy fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon, after a struggle which indicated the original strength of his constitution, breathed HIS LAST.

General Bertrand and Montholon, with Marchand, the valet-de-chambre of the deceased, were present at the operation of dissecting the body, which was also witnessed by Sir Thomas Reade and some British staff-officers. Drs. Thomas Shortt, Archibald Arnott, Charles Mitchell, Matthew Livingstone and Francis Burton, all of them medical men, were also present. The cause of death was sufficiently evident. A large ulcer occupied almost the whole of the stomach. It was only the strong adhesion of the diseased parts of that organ to the concave surface of the lobe of the liver, which, being over the ulcer, had prolonged the patient's life by preventing the escape of the contents of the stomach into the cavity of the abdomen. All the other parts of the viscera were found in a tolerably healthy state. The report was signed by the British medical gentlemen present.

The gentlemen of Napoleon's suite were desirous that his heart should be preserved and given to their custody. But Sir Hudson Lowe did not feel himself at liberty to permit this upon his own authority. He agreed, however, that the heart should be placed in a silver vase, filled with spirits, and interred along with the body; so that, in case his instructions from home should so permit, it might be afterwards disinhumed and sent to Europe.

The place of interment became the next subject of discussion. Napoleon's testamentary disposition expressed a wish that his remains should be deposited on the banks of the Seine; a request which could not be complied with. A grave for the Emperor of France, within the limits of the rocky island to which his last years were limited, was the alternative that remained; and sensible that this was likely to be the case, he had himself indicated the spot where he wished to lie. It was a small secluded recess, called Slane's Valley, where a fountain arose, at which his Chinese domestics used to fill the silver pitchers which they carried to Longwood for Napoleon's use. The spot had more of verdure and shade than any in the neighborhood; and the illustrious exile was often accustomed to repose under the beautiful weeping willows which overhung the spring. The body, after lying in state in his small bed-room, during which time it was visited by every person of condition in the island, was on the 8th of May, carried to the place of interment. The pall which covered the coffin was the military cloak which Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo. The members of his late household attended as mourners, and were followed by the governor, the admiral and all the civil and military authorities of the island. All the troops were under arms upon this solemn occasion. As the road did not permit a near approach of the hearse to the place of sepulture, a party of British grenadiers had the honor to bear the coffin to the grave. The prayers were recited by the priest Abbe Vignali. Minute guns were fired from the admiral's ship. The coffin was then let down into the grave, under a discharge of three successive volleys of artillery, fifteen pieces of cannon firing fifteen guns each. A large stone was then lowered down on the grave,and covered the moderate space now sufficient for the man for whom Europe was once too little.

FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Napoleon Bertrand, son of the marshal.	The priests in full robes.
Dr. Arnott, 20th regt.	Buonaparte's physician.

Grenadiers. { THE BODY in a car drawn by four horses. } Grenadiers.

[24 grenadiers—12 on each side, to carry the body down a steep hill, where the car could not go.]

Count Montholon. { Buonaparte's horse, led by two servants. } Marshal Bertrand.

Servants. { Mad. Bertrand and daughter, in an open vehicle } Servants

Servants.

Naval Officers.

Staff Officers.

Members of Council.

Gen. Coffin. Marq. de Montcheno.

The Admiral. The Governor.

Servants. { Lady Low and daughter, in an open vehicle. } Servants.

Servants.

Dragoons.

St. Helena Volunteers.

St. Helena Regiment.

St. Helena Artillery.

Sixty-sixth Regiment.

Royal Marines.

Twentieth Regiment. Royal Artillery.

CONCLUSION.

ARRIVED at the conclusion of this momentous narrative, the reader may be disposed to pause a moment to reflect on the character of that wonderful person, on whom fortune showered so many favors in the beginning and through the middle of his career, to overwhelm its close with such deep and unwonted afflictions.

The external appearance of Napoleon was not imposing at the first glance, his stature being only five feet six inches English His person, thin in youth, and somewhat corpulent in age, was rather delicate than robust in outward appearance, but cast in the mould most capable of enduring privation and fatigue. He rode ungracefully, and without the command of his horse, which distinguishes a perfect cavalier; so that he showed to disadvantage when riding beside such a horseman as Murat. But he was fearless, sat firm in his seat, rode with rapidity, and was capable of enduring the exercise for a longer time than most men. We have already mentioned his indifference to the quality of his food, and his power of enduring abstinence. A morsel of food, and a flask of wine hung at his saddle-bow, used, in his earlier campaigns, to support him for days. In his latter wars, he used a carriage more frequently; not, as has been surmised, from any particular illness, but from feeling in a frame so constantly in exercise, the premature effects of age.

The countenance of Napoleon is familiar to almost every one from description, and the portraits which are found everywhere. The dark brown hair bore little marks of the attentions of the toilette. The shape of the countenance approached more than is usual in the human race, to a square. His eyes were gray, and full of expression, the pupils were rather large, and the eyebrows not very strongly marked.—The brow and upper part of the countenance was rather of a stern character. His nose and mouth were beautifully formed. The upper lip was very short. The teeth were indifferent, but were little shown in speaking. His smile possessed uncommon sweetness, and is stated to have been irresistible. The complexion was a clear olive, otherwise in general colorless. The prevailing character of his countenance was grave, even to melancholy, but without any signs of severity or violence. After death, the placidity and dignity of expression which continued to occupy the features, rendered them eminently beautiful, and the admiration of all who looked upon him.

Such was Napoleon's exterior. His personal and private character were decidedly amiable, excepting in one particular. His temper, when he received, or thought he received provocation, especially if of a personal character, was warm and vindictive. He was, however, placable in the case even of his enemies, provided that they submitted to his mercy; and no one was a more liberal rewarder of the attachment of his friends. He was an excellent husband, a kind relation, and, unless when state policy intervened, a most affectionate brother. General Gourgaud, whose communications were not in every case to Napoleon's advantage, states him to have been the best of masters, laboring to assist all his domestics whereever it lay in his power, giving them the highest credit for such talents as they actually possessed, and imputing in some instances, good qualities to such as had them not.

There was gentleness, and even sensibility, in his character. He was affected when he rode over the field of battle, which his ambition had strewed with the dead and the dying, and seemed not only desirous to relieve the victims, issuing for that purpose directions which too often were not, and could not, be obeyed, but subject to the influence of that more acute and imaginative species of sympathy which is termed sensibility. He mentions a circumstance which indicates a deep sense of feeling. As he passed over a field of battle in Italy, he saw a houseless dog lying on the body of his slain master. The creature came towards them, then returned to the dead body, moaned over it pitifully, and seemed to ask their assistance. "Whether it were the feeling of the moment," continued Napoleon, "the scene, the hour or the circumstance itself, I was never so deeply affected by any thing which I have seen upon a field of battle. That man, I thought, has perhaps had a house, friends, and comrades, and here he lies deserted by every one but his dog. How mysterious are the impressions to which we are subject! I was in the habit, without emotion, of ordering battles which must decide the fate of a campaign, and could look with a dry eye on the execution of manœuvres which must be attended with much loss, and here I was moved—nay, painfully affected—by the cries and grief of a dog. It is certain that at that moment I would have been more accessible to a suppliant enemy, and could better understand the conduct of Achilles in restoring the body of Hector to the tears of Priam." The anecdote at once shows that Napoleon possessed a heart amenable to human feelings, and that they were usually in total subjection to the stern precepts of military stoicism. It was his common and expressive phrase, that the heart of a politician should be in his head, but his feelings sometimes surprised him in a gentler mood.

A calculator by nature and by habit, Napoleon was fond of order, and a friend to that moral conduct in which order is best exemplified. The libels of the day have made some scandalous averments to the contrary, but without adequate foundation. Napoleon respected himself too much, and understood the value of public opinion too well, to have plunged into general or vague debauchery.

Considering his natural disposition, then, it may be assumed that if Napoleon had continued in the vale of private life, and no strong temptation of passion or revenge crossed his path, he must have been generally regarded as one whose friendship was every way desirable, and whose enmity it was not safe to incur.

But the opportunity afforded by the times, and the elasticity of his own great talents both military and political, raised him with unexampled celerity to a sphere of great power, and at least equal temptation.

The consequences of the Revolution, however fatal to private families, were the means of filling the camps of the nation with armies of a description which Europe had never seen before. There was neither safety, honor nor almost subsistence, in any other profession, and accordingly it became the refuge of the best and bravest of the youth of France, until the army ceased to consist, as in most nations, of the miserable and disorderly class of the community, but was levied in the body and bosom of the state, and composed of the flower of France, whether as regarded health, moral qualities or elevation of mind. With such men the generals of the republic achieved many and great victories, but without being able to ensure corresponding advantages. This may have been in a great measure occasioned by the dependence in which the generals were held by the administrators of the republic at home—a dependence accounted for by the necessity of having recourse to the government of Paris for the means of paying and supporting their armies. From the time that Napoleon passed the Alps, he inverted this state of military dependence, and made the newly conquered countries not only maintain the army by means of contributions and confiscations, but even contribute to support the French government. Thus war, which had hitherto been a burden to the republic, became in his hands a source of public revenue; whilst the youthful general, contributing to the income of the state, on which his predecessors had been dependent, was enabled to assert the independence at which he speedily aimed, and correspond with the directory upon a footing approaching to equality. His talents as a soldier, and situation as a victorious general, soon raised him from equality to pre-eminence.

These talents applied not less to the general arrangements of the campaign, than to the dispositions for actual battle.—In each of these great departments of war, Napoleon was not merely a pupil of the most approved masters of the art,—he was an improver, an innovator and an inventer.

In strategie, he applied upon a gigantic scale, those principles which Frederick of Prussia had acted upon, and gained a capital or a kingdom, when Frederick would have won a town or a province. His system was, of course, that of assembling the greatest possible force of his own upon the vulnerable point of the enemy's position, paralyzing, perhaps, two parts of their army, whilst he cut the third to pieces, and then following up his position by destroying the remainder in detail. For this purpose, he taught generals to divide their armies upon the march, with a view to celerity of movement, and facility of supply, and to unite them at the moment of contest, where an attack would be most feebly resisted, because least expected. For this, also, he first threw aside all species of baggage which could possibly be dispensed with—supplied the want of magazines by the contributions exacted from the country, or collected from individuals by a regular system of marauding—discontinued the use of tents, and trusted to bivouacking with his soldiers, where hamlets could not be found, and there was no time to erect huts. His system was ruinous in point of lives, for even the military hospitals were often dispensed with. But although Moreau termed Napoleon a conqueror at the rate of ten thousand men a day, yet the sacrifice for a length of time uniformly attained the object for which it was designed. The enemy who had remained in their extensive cantonments, distracted by the reports of various columns moving in different directions, were surprised and defeated by the united force of the French, which had formed a junction where and when it was least expected. It was not till they had learned the art of withdrawing from his attack so soon as made, that the allies learned to defeat the efforts of his moveable columns.

Napoleon was not less original as a tactician than as a strategist. His manœuvres on the field of battle had the promptness and decision of the thunderbolt. In the actual shock of conflict, as in his preparations which he had made for bringing it on, his object was to amuse the enemy upon many points, while he oppressed one by an unexpected force of numbers. The breaking through the line, the turning of a flank, which had been his object from the commencement of the fight, lay usually disguised under a great number of previous demonstrations, and was not attempted until both the moral and physical force of the enemy was impaired by the length of the combat. It was at this period that he brought up his guards, who, impatient of inactivity, had been held in readiness for hours, and now, springing forward like wolf-dogs from the leash, had the glorious task, in which they rarely failed, of deciding the long-sustained contest. It may be added, as characteristic of his tactics, that he preferred employing the order of the column to that of the line, perhaps on account of the faith which he might rest in the extreme valor of the French officers by whom the column was headed.

The interest which Napoleon preserved in the French soldier's affection by a frequent distribution of prizes and distinctions, as well as by his familiar notice of their persons, and attending to their wants, joined to his possession of absolute and independent command, rendered it no difficult matter for him to secure their support in the revolution of the eighteenth Brumaire, and in placing him at the head of affairs.—Most part of the nation were heartily tired by this time of the continually unsettled state of the government, and the various changes which it had experienced from the visionary speculations of the Girondists, the brutal and bloody ferocity of the Jacobins, the sordid and undecided versatility and imbecility of the Directory; and the nation in general desired a settled form of government, which, if less free, should be more stable in duration, and better calculated to assure to individuals the protection of property and personal freedom, than those which had followed the downfall of the monarchy. A successful general of a character more timid, or conscience more tender than that of Napoleon, might have attempted the restoration of the Bourbans. But Napoleon foresaw the difficulties which would occur by an attempt to reconcile the recal of the emigrants to the assurance of the national sales, and aptly concluded that the parties which tore France to pieces, would be most readily amalgamated together under the authority of one who was in a great measure a stranger to them all.

Arrived at the possession of supreme power, a height that dazzles and confounds so many, Napoleon seemed only to occupy the station for which he was born, to which his peculiar powers adapted him, and his brilliant career of success gave him, under all circumstances, an irresistible claim. He continued, therefore, with a calm mind and enlightened wisdom, to consider the means of rendering his power stable, of destroying the republican impulse, and establishing a monarchy, of which he destined himself to be the monarch. To most men the attempt to revive a government, which had been rejected by what seemed the voice of the nation with universal acclaim, would have seemed an act of desperation. The partizans of the republic were able statesmen, and men of superior talent, accustomed also to rule the fierce democracy, and organize those intrigues, which had overthrown crown and altar. It was hardly to be supposed that such men would, were it but for shame's sake, have seen their ten years' labor at once swept away by the sword of a young though successful general.

But Napoleon knew himself and them, and felt the confidence that those who had been associates in the power acquired by former revolutions, must be now content to sink into the instruments of his advancement, and the subordinate agents of his authority, contented with such a share of spoil as that with which the lion rewards the jackall.

To the kingdom at large, upon every new stride towards power, he showed the certificate of superior efficacy, guaranteed by the most signal success; and he assumed the empire of France under the proud title 'Detur dignissimo.' In practice, his government was brilliant abroad, and, with few exceptions, liberal and moderate at home. The murder of the Duke d' Enghien showed a vindictive spirit, but in general the public actions of Napoleon, at the commencement of his career, were highly laudable. The battle of Marengo, with its consequences, the softening of civil discord, the reconciliation with the church of Rome, the recall of the great body of the emigrants, the revivification of National Jurisprudence, were all events calculated to flatter the imagination, and even gain the affections of the nation.

But with a dexterity peculiar to himself, Napoleon proceeded, while abolishing the republic, to press into his service those very democratical principles which had given rise to the revolution, and encouraged the attempts to found a commonwealth. His sagacity had not failed to observe, that the popular objections to the ancient government were founded less upon any objection to the royal authority in itself, than to a dislike, amounting to detestation, of the privileges which it allotted to the nobles and to the clergy, who held, from birth and office, the right to fill the superior ranks in every profession, and barred the competition of all others, however superior in merit. When, therefore, Napoleon constructed his new form of monarchical government, he wisely considered that he was not like hereditary monarchs, tied down to any particular rules, arising out of ancient usage, but being himself creator of the power which he wielded, he was at liberty to model it according to his own pleasure. He had been raised so easily to the throne, by the general acknowledgment of his merits, that he did not need the assistance of a party of his own; consequently, being unlimited by previous engagements, and by the necessity of gratifying old partisans or acquiring new ones, his choice was in a very unusual degree free and unlimited

Having, therefore, attained the summit of human power, he proceeded advisedly and deliberately, to lay the foundation of his throne on that democratic principle which had opened his own career and which was the throwing open to merit, though without further title, the road to success in every department of the state. This was the secret key of Napoleon's policy, and he was so well aided in the use of it, by acute perception of character, as well as by good nature and good feeling, (both of which, in his cooler moments, he possessed;) that he never, through all his vicissitudes, lost an opportunity of conciliating and pleasing the multitude by evincing a well-timed attention to distinguish and reward talent To this his discourse perpetually alluded; and for this he claims, and is entitled to, the highest praise. We have little hesitation in naming the opening a full career to talent of every kind, as the key-stone of his reputation, the main foundation of his power.

His favorite saying during the continuance of his power was, "I am the state;" and in the exile of St. Helena he constantly talked of himself as having been, from necessity, the dictator of France. The whole territory was divided into prefectures—each prefect being appointed by Napoleon—carefully selected for a province with which he had no domestic relations—largely paid—and intrusted with such a complete delegation of power that, in Napoleon's own language, each was in his department an 'empereur a petit pied.' Each of these officers had under his entire control inferior local magistrates, holding power from him as he did from the emperor; each of them had his instructions direct from Paris; each of them was bound by every motive of interest to serve, to the utmost of his ability, the government from which every thing was derived, to be hoped for, and to be dreaded.—Wherever the emperor was, in the midst of his hottest campaigns, he examined the details of administration at home more closely than, perhaps, any other sovereign of half so great an empire did during the profoundest peace. It was said of him that his dearest amusement, when he had nothing else to do, was to solve problems in algebra or geometry.—He carried this passion into every department of affairs; and having with his own eye, detected some errors of importance in the public accounts, shortly after his administration begun, there prevailed thenceforth in all the financial records of the state such clearness and accuracy as are not often exemplified in a large private fortune. Nothing was below his attention, and he found time for every thing. The humblest functionary discharged his duty under a lively sense of the emperor's personal superintendence; and the omnipresence of his police came in lieu, wherever politics were not touched upon, of the guarding powers of a free press, a free senate, and public opinion. Except in political cases, the trial by jury was the right of every citizen. The 'Code Napoleon,' that elaborate system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which the emperor labored personally along with the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of the time, was a boon of inestimable value to France. "I shall go down to posterity," said he, with just pride, "with the code in my hand." It was the first uniform system of laws which the French monarchy had ever possessed; and being drawn up with consummate skill and wisdom, it at this day forms the code, not only of France, but of a great portion of Europe besides. Justice, as between man and man, was administered on sound and fixed principles, and by unimpeached tribunals. The arbitrary commission courts of Napoleon interfered with nothing but offences, real or alleged, against the authority of the emperor.

The clergy were, as we have seen, appointed universally under the direction of government; they were also its direct stipendiaries; hence nothing could be more complete than their subjection to its pleasure. Education became a part of the regular business of the state; all the schools and colleges being placed under the immediate care of one of Napoleon's ministers, all prizes and bursaries bestowed by the government, and the whole system so arranged, that it was hardly possible for any youth who exhibited remarkable talents to avoid the temptations to a military career, which on every side surrounded him. The chief distinctions and emoluments were every where reserved for those who excelled in accomplishments likely to be serviceable in war; and the Lyceums, or schools set expressly apart for military students, were invested with numberless attractions, scarcely to be resisted by a young imagination. The army was at all times the primary object of his thoughts. Every institution of the state was subservient and ministered to it, and none more efficaciously than the imperial system of education.

The ranks of the army, however, were filled during the whole reign of Napoleon by compulsion. The conscription law of 1798 acquired under him the character of a settled and regular part of the national system; and its oppressive influence was such as never before exhausted, through a long term of years, the best energies of a great and civilized people. Every male in France, under the age of twenty-five, was liable to be called on to serve in the ranks; and the regulations as to the procuring of substitutes were so narrow, that young men of the best families were continually forced to comply, in their own persons, with the stern requisition. The first conscription-list for the year included all under the age of twenty; and the results of the ballot within this class amounted to nearly 80,000 names. These were first called on: but if the service of the emperor demanded further supply, the lists of those aged twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, and twenty-five, were successively resorted to. There was no exemption for any one who seemed able to bear arms. The only child of his parents, the young husband and father, were forced, like any others, to abandon fireside, profession, all the ties and all the hopes of life, on a moment's notice: and there is nothing in the history of modern Europe so remarkable, as that the French people should have submitted, during sixteen years, to the constant operation of a despotic law, which thus sapped all the foundations of social happiness, and condemned the rising hopes of the nation to bleed and die by millions in distant wars. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that the great majority of the conscripts, with whatever reluctance they might enter the ranks, were soon reconciled to their fate. The avenues to promotion, distinction, wealth, honor, nobility, even royal dignity, were all open before the devoted and successful soldiers of Napoleon; and the presence of so many youths of good condition and education, among the ranks of the private soldiery, could not fail, first, to render that situation immeasurably less irksome than it otherwise could have been to each individual of that class, and secondly, to elevate the standard of manners and acquirements among the soldiery generally. There never was an army in whose ranks intelligence so largely abounded; nor in which so many officers of the highest rank had originally carried a musket.

The taxation rendered necessary by the constant wars of Napoleon was great; and the utter destruction of the foreign commerce and marine of France, which the naval supremacy of England effected, made the burden the more intolerable for various important classes of the community. On the other hand, the taxes were levied fairly on the whole population, which presented a blessed contrast to the system of the old regime; and the vast extension and improvement of agriculture consequent on the division of the great estates at the revolution, enabled the nation at large to meet the calls of the government with much less difficulty than could have been anticipated at any former period of French history. Napoleon's great public works, too, could not be executed without furnishing subsistence to vast bodies of the laboring poor, and were thus serviceable to more important ends. From his attempts to supply the want of English manufactured goods and colonial produce, by new establishments and inventions (such especially as that of manufacturing a substitute for sugar out of beet root,) partial good, in like manner resulted.

The evils of the conscription, of a heavy taxation, of an inquisitorial police, and of a totally enslaved press—were endured for so many years chiefly in consequence of the skill with which Napoleon knew "to play on the imagination," and gratify the vanity of the French people. In the splendor of his victories, in the magnificence of his roads, bridges, aqueducts, and other monuments, in the general pre-eminence to which the nation seemed to be raised through the genius of its chief, compensation was found for all financial burdens, consolation for domestic calamities, and an equivalent for that liberty in whose name he had achieved his first glories. But it must not be omitted that Napoleon in every department of government, made it his first rule to employ the men best fitted, in his mind, to do honor to his service by their talents and diligence; and that he thus attached to himself, throughout the whole of his empire, as well as in his army, the hopes and the influence of those whose personal voices were most likely to control the opinions of society.

He gratified the French nation by adorning the capital, and by displaying in the Tuilleries a court as elaborately magnificent as that of Louis XIV himself. The old nobility, returning from their exile, mingled in those proud halls with the heroes of the revolutionary campaigns; and over all the ceremonials of these stately festivities Josephine presided with the grace and elegance of one born to be a queen. In the midst of the pomp and splendor of a court, in whose antechambers kings jostled each other, Napoleon himself preserved the plain and unadorned simplicity of his original dress and manners. The great emperor continued throughout to labor more diligently than any subaltern in office. He devoted himself wholly to the ambition to which he compelled all others to contribute.

Napoleon, as emperor, had little time for social pleasures. His personal friends were few; his days were given to labor, and his nights to study. If he was not with his army in the field, he traversed the provinces, examining with his own eyes into the minutest details of local arrangement; and even from the centre of his camp he was continually issuing edicts which showed the accuracy of his observation during these journeys, and his anxiety to promote by any means, consistent with his great purpose, the welfare of some French district, town, or even village.

He gave to France a regular government, schools, institutions, courts of justice, and a code of laws. In Italy, his rule was equally splendid and beneficial. The good effects which arose to other countries from his reign and character, begin also to be felt. His invasions tending to reconcile the discords which existed in many states between the governor and governed, by teaching them to unite together against a common enemy, have tended to loosen the feudal yoke, enlightened the mind both of prince and people, and led to many admirable results, which will not be the less durably advantageous, that they have arisen and are arising slowly, and without contest.

In bidding adieu to the subject of Napoleon we are called upon to observe that he was a man tried in the two extremities of the most exalted power and the most ineffable calamity; and it is scarce within the capacity of those whose steps have never led them beyond the middle path of life to estimate either the strength of the temptations to which he yielded, or the force of mind which he opposed to those which he was able to resist.

APPENDIX.

BUONAPARTE'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

NAPOLEON.

This 15*th April*, 1821, *at Longwood, Island of St. Helena. This is my Testament, or act of my last Will.*

1. I DIE in the apostolical Roman religion, in the bosom of which I was born, more than fifty years since.

2. It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so well.

3. I have always had reason to be pleased with my dearest wife, Maria Louisa. I retain for her to my last moment, the most tender sentiments—I beseech her to watch, in order to preserve my son from the snares which yet environ his infancy.

4. I recommend to my son, never to forget that he was born a French Prince, and never to allow himself to become an instrument in the hands of the triumvirs who oppress the nations of Europe; he ought never to fight against France, or to injure her in any manner; he ought to adopt my motto —"Every thing for the French people."

5. I die prematurely, assassinated by the English oligarchy * * *. The English nation will not be slow in avenging me.

6. I thank my good and most excellent mother, the Cardinal, my brothers Joseph, Lucien, Jerome, Pauline, Caroline, Julie, Hortense, Catarine, Eugene, for the interest which they have continued to feel for me. I pardon Louis for the libel which he published in 1820: it is replete with false assertions and falsified documents.

7. I disavow the "Manuscript of St. Helena," and other works under the title of Maxims, sayings, &c. which persons

have been pleased to publish for the last six years. These are not the rules which have guided my life. I caused the Duc d'Enghien to be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the safety, interest, and honor of the French people, when the Count d'Artois was miantaining, by his confession, sixty assassins at Paris. Under similar circumstances, I would act in the same way.

II.

1. I bequeath to my son, the boxes, orders, and other articles; such as my plate, field-bed, saddles, spurs, chapel plate, books, linen, which I have been accustomed to wear and use. It is my wish that this slight bequest may be dear to him, as recalling the memory of a father, of whom the universe will discourse to him.

2. I bequeath to Lady Holland the antique Cameo which Pope Pius VI. gave me at Tolentino.

3. I bequeath to Count Montholon two millions of francs, as a proof of my satisfaction with the filial attention which he has paid to me during six years, and as an indemnity for the losses which his residence at St. Helena has occasioned.

4. I bequeath to Count Bertrand five hundred thousand francs.

5. I bequeath to Marchand, my first valet de chambre, four hundred thousand francs. The services which he has rendered to me are those of a friend; it is my wish that he should marry the widow, sister, or daughter of an officer of my Old Guard.

6. Item. To St. Denis, one hundred thousand francs.

7. Item. To Navarre, one hundred thousand francs.

8. Item. To Pieron, one hundred thousand francs.

9. Item. To Archambaud, fifty thousand francs.

10. Item. To Cursor, twenty-five thousand francs.

11. Item. To Chandellier, item.

12. To the Abbe Vignali, one hundred thousand francs.—It is my wish that he should build his house near the Ponte novo di Costino.

13. Item. To Count Las Cases, one hundred thousand francs.

14. Item. To Count Lavellete, one hundred thousand francs.

15. Item. To Larrey, surgeon in chief, one hundred thousand francs.—He is the most virtuous man I have known.

16. Item. To General Brayher, one hundred thousand francs.

17. Item. To General Le Febvre Desnouettes, one hundred thousand francs.

18. Item. To General Drouet, one hundred thousand francs.

19. Item. To General Cambrone, one hundred thousand francs.

20. Item. To the children of General Mouton Duvernet, one hundred thousand francs.

21. Item. To the children of the brave Labedoyere, one hundred thousand francs.

22. Item. To the children of General Girard, killed at Ligny, one hundred thousand francs.

23. Item. To the children of General Marchand, one hundred thousand francs.

24. Item. To the children of the virtuous General Travost, one hundred thousand francs.

25. Item. To General Lallemand, the elder, one hundred thousand francs.

26. Item. To Count Real, one hundred thousand francs.

27. Item. To Costa de Basilica, one hundred thousand francs.

28. Item. To General Clausel, one hundred thousand francs.

29. Item. To Baron de Menevalle, one hundred thousand francs.

30. Item. To Arnault, the author of Marius, one hundred thousand francs.

31. Item. To Colonel Marbot, one hundred thousand francs. I engage him to continue to write in defence of the glory of the French armies, and to confound their calumniators and apostates.

32. Item. To Baron Bignon, one hundred thousand francs. I engage him to write the history of French diplomacy from 1792 to 1815.

33. Item. To Poggi de Talavo, one hundred thousand francs.

34. Item. To surgeon Emmery, one hundred thousand francs.

35. These sums will be raised from the six millions which I deposited on leaving Paris in 1815; and from the interest, at the rate of five per cent, since July 1815. The account will be settled with the banker by Counts Montholon, Bertrand and Marchand.

36. Whatever that deposit may produce beyond the sum of five millions six hundred thousand francs, which have been above disposed of, shall be distributed as a gratuity amongst the wounded at the battle of Waterloo, and amongst the officers and soldiers of the battalion of the Isle of Elba, according to a scale to be determined upon by Montholon, Bertrand, Drouet, Cambrone, and the surgeon Larry.

37. These legacies, in case of death, shall be paid to the widows and children, and in default of such, shall revert to the bulk of my property.

III

1. My private domain being my property, of which no French law deprives me, that I am aware of, an account of it will be required from the Baron de la Bouillerie, the treasurer thereof; it ought to amount to more than 200,000,000 francs; namely, 1. The portfolio containing the savings which I made during fourteen years out of my civil list, which amounted to more than 12,000,000 per annum, if my memory be good.—2. The produce of this portfolio. 3. The furniture of my palaces, such as it was in 1814, including the palaces of Rome, Florence and Turin. All this furniture was purchased with moneys accruing from the civil list. 4. The proceeds of my houses in the kingdom of Italy, such as money, plate, jewels, furniture and equipages; the accounts will be rendered by Prince Eugene, and the steward of the crown, Campagnoni. NAPOLEON.

2. I bequeath my private domain, one half to the surviving officers and soldiers of the French army, who have fought since 1792 to 1815, for the glory and independence of the nation. The distribution shall be made in proportion to their appointments upon active service. One half to the towns and districts of Alsace, of Lorraine, of Franche Compte, of Burgundy, of the Isle of France, of Champagne Forest, Dauphine, which may have suffered by either of the invasions. There shall be previously deducted from this sum, one million for the town of Brienne, and one million for that of Meri. I appoint Counts Montholon, Bertrand and Marchand, the executors of my will.

This present will, wholly written with my own hand, is signed and sealed with my own arms.

(L. S.) NAPOLEON.

LIST (A.)

I. The consecrated vessels which have been in use at my chapel at Longwood. I enjoin the Abbe Vignali to preserve them, and to deliver them to my son, when he shall reach the age of sixteen years.

II. My arms, that is to say, my sword, that which I wore at Austerlitz, the sabre of Sobiesky, my dagger, my broad sword, my hanger, my two pair of Versailles pistols. My gold travelling box, that of which I made use on the morning of Ulm and of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Eylau, of Friedland, of the island of Lobau, of Moscow, of Montmirail. In this point of view, it is my wish that it may be precious in the eyes of my son. I charge Count Bertrand with the care of preserving these objects, and of conveying them to my son, when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

This is my Codicil, or Note of my last Will.

Out of the settlement of my civil list of Italy, such as money, jewels, plate, linen, equipages, of which the Viceroy is the depository, and which belonged to me, I dispose of two millions, which I bequeath to my most faithful servants. I hope that, without acting upon the credit of any account, my son Eugene Napoleon, will pay them faithfully. He cannot forget the forty millions which I gave him in Italy, and in the tribulation of the inheritance of his mother.

1. Out of these two millions, I bequeath to Count Bertrand 300,000 francs, of which he will deposit 100,000 in the treasurer's chest, to be disposed of according to my dispositions in payment of legacies of conscience.

2. To Count Montholon, 200,000 francs, of which he will deposit 100,000 in the chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

3. To Count Las Cases, 200,000 francs, of which he will deposit 100,000 in the chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

4. To Marchand, 100,000, of which he will deposit 50,000 in the chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

5. To Count La Valette, 100,000.

6. To General Hogendorf, of Holland, my aid-de-camp, who has retired to the Brazils, 100,000.

7. To my aid-de-camp, Corbineau, 50,000.

8. To my aid-de-camp, General Caffarelli, 50,000.

9. To my aid-de-camp, Dejean, 50,000.

10. To Percy, surgeon-in-chief at Waterloo, 50,000.

11. 50,000, that is to say, 10,000 to Pieron, my maitre d'hotel; 10,000 to St. Denis, my head chasseur; 10,000 to Novarre; 10,000 to Cursor, my clerk of the kitchen; 10,000 to Archambaud, my overseer.

12. To Baron Maindvalle, 50,000.

13. To the Duke d'Istria, son of Bessieres, 50,000.

14. To the daughter of Duroc, 50,000.

15. To the children of Labedoyere, 50,000.

16. To the children of Mouton Duvernet, 50,000

17. To the children of the brave and virtuous General Travost, 50,000.
18. To the children of Chartrand, 50,000.
19. To General Cambrone, 50,000.
20. To General Lefebvre Desnouettes, 50,000.
21. To be distributed amongst such proscribed persons as wander in foreign countries, whether they may be French, or Italian, or Belgians, or Dutch, or Spanish, or inhabitants of the departments of the Rhine, at the disposal of my executors, 100,000.
22. To be distributed amongst those who suffered amputation, or were severely wounded at Ligny, or Waterloo, who may be still living, according to lists drawn up by my executors, to whom shall be added, Cambrone, Larry, Percy and Emmery. The Guard shall be paid double; those of the island of Elba, quadruple; 200,000 francs.

This codicil is written entirely with my own hand, signed and sealed with my arms.

NAPOLEON.

(L. S.)

EXTRACTS

FROM "A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA," BY DR. O'MEARA.

JOSEPHINE AND MARIA LOUISA.

I had some conversation with him relative to the Empress Josephine, of whom he spoke in terms the most affectionate. His first acquaintance with that amiable being, commenced after the disarming of the sections in Paris, subsequently to the 13th of Vendemiare, 1795, "A boy of twelve or thirteen years old presented himself to me," continued he, "and intreated that his father's sword (who had been a general of the republic,) should be returned. I was so touched by his affectionate request, that I ordered it to be given to him.—This boy was Eugene Beauharnois. On seeing the sword, he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct, that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards his mother came to return me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her esprit.—This first impression was daily strengthened, and marriage was not long in following."

"I have," said Napoleon, "been twice married. Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes. Let Maria Louisa be asked with what tenderness and affection I always treated her. After her forcible separation from me, she vowed in the most feeling terms to**** her ardent desire to enjoy me, extolled with many tears both myself and my conduct to her, and bitterly lamented her cruel separation, avowing her ardent desire to join me in my exile."

NAPOLEON'S MOTHER AND BROTHER JOSEPH

"My excellent mother," said he, "is a woman of courage and of great talent, more of a masculine than of a feminine nature, proud and high-minded. To the manner in which she formed me at an early age, I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion is that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely upon the mother." Of Joseph he thus speaks:—"His virtue and talents are those of a private character; and for such, nature intended him; he is too good to be a great man. He has no ambition. He is very like me in person, but handsomer. He is extremely well informed, but his learning is not that which is fitted for a king; nor is he capable of commanding an army."

THE BOURBONS.

"To give you an instance of the general feeling in France towards the Bourbons, I will relate to you an anecdote:—On my return from Italy, while my carriage was ascending the steep hill of Tarare, I got out and walked, without my attendants, as was often my custom. My wife and my suite were at at a little distance behind me. I saw an old woman lame, hobbling about with the help of a crutch, endeavoring to ascend the mountain. I had a great coat on, and was not recognised. I went up to her and said, well 'ma bonne,' where are you going with a haste which so little belongs to your years. What is the matter? 'Ma foi,' replied the old dame, 'they tell me the emperor is here, and I want to see him before I die.' Bah! bah! said I, what do you want to see him for—what have you gained by him? he is a tyrant as well as the others; you have only changed one tyrant for another, Louis for Napoleon. 'Mais Monsieur, that may be, but after all he is the king of the people, and the Bourbons were the kings of the nobles; we have chosen him, and if we are to have a tyrant, let him be one chosen by ourselves.' There, you have the sentiments of the French nation expressed by an old woman."

GENERAL VANDAMME.

General Vandamme when made a prisoner by the Russians, was brought before the Emperor Alexander, who reproached him in bitter terms with being a robber, a plunderer, and a murderer; adding, that no favor could be granted to such an execrable character. This was followed by an order that he should be sent to Siberia, whilst the other prisoners were sent to a much less northern destination. Vandamme replied with great sang froid, "It may be, sire, that I am a robber and a plunderer, but, at least, I have not to reproach myself with having soiled my hands with the blood of a father."

EMPEROR PAUL.

"Paul," said Napoleon, "was murdered by B——. O——, P——, and others. There was a Cossack, in whom Paul had confidence, stationed at his door. The conspirators came up and demanded entrance. P—— told him who he was, and that he wanted to see the emperor upon immediate business. The faithful Cossack refused. The conspirators fell upon him, and after a desperate resistance, overpowered and cut him to pieces. Paul, who was in bed, hearing the noise, got out and endeavored to escape to the empress' apartments. Unluckily for himself, he, in his suspicions, a day or two before had ordered the door of communication to be closed up. He then went and concealed himself in a press. Meanwhile the conspirators broke open the door and running to the bed, perceived that there was nobody in it. 'We are lost,' they cried; 'he has escaped,' P——, who had more presence of mind than the rest, went to the bed and putting his hand under the bed-clothes, said, 'the nest is warm, the bird cannot be far off.' They then began to search, and finally dragged Paul out of his hiding place. They presented him a paper containing his abdication, which they wanted him to sign. He refused at first, and said that he would abdicate if they would release him. They then seized and knocked him down, and tried to suffocate him. Paul made a desperate resistance; and, fearful that assistance might arrive, B—— dispatched him, by stamping his heels into his eyes, and thus beating his brains out, while the others held him down. Paul in his struggles for life, once got B——'s heel in his mouth, and bit a piece out of the skin of it."

NAPOLEON'S ESCAPES.

Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds, one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which, he said, he had received in his first campaign in Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmuhl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sydney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized and closely embraced me, one in front, and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand.—We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One of them has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress."

"Many times in my life, have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me, when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me; never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, vive l'Empereur."

DESSAIX.

"Of all the generals I ever had under me, Dessaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents. Dessaix was wholly wrapped up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasures were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought.—He was a little black looking man about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or convenience. When in Egypt, I made him a present of a complete field-equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapped up in a cloak, Dessaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as comfortably as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs 'the just Sultan.' He was intended by nature for a great general Kleber and Dessaix were a loss irreparable to France. Had Kleber lived the British army in Egypt would have perished. Had that imbecile Menou attacked them on their landing with twenty thousand men, as he might have done, instead of the division Lanusse, the army would have been only a meal for them. The British army was seventeen or eighteen thousand strong, without cavalry."

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

On that lone barren Isle, where the loud roaring billows
Assail the stern rocks while the wild tempests rave,
The hero lies still—and the dew-dropping willows
Like fond weeping mourners, bend over his grave.
The sea-storm may rage, and the hoarse thunders rattle,
He heeds not,—he hears not,—he's free from all pain:
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle—
No sound can awake him to glory again!

O! shade of the mighty! where now are the legions
That rush'd but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Alas! they have perished in far chilly regions,
And all but the fame of their triumphs is gone!
The trumpet may sound, and the cannon-peal rattle,—
They heed not,—they hear not,—they 're free from all pain:
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,—
No sound can awake them to glory again!

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee—
For like thine own eagles, that soar'd to the sun,
Thou spring'st from thy bondage, and leavest behind thee
Such fame as no mortal before thee had won.
Tho' nations may combat, where war thunders rattle,
No more on thy steed shalt thou sweep o'er the plain,
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

THE END.

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